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A Picturesque Connecticut Home

A Painting by Willard H. Bond, Jr.

July, 1932

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JOHN HANRAHAN, Publisher
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From the Smart Shops and Antique Galleries

By ELIZABETH LOUNSBERY

HAND-wrought iron is featured at the Hand Craft Studio with pottery, pewter and copper in a variety of decorative incidentals that add to the charm of the country house. Here, also, are colorful pottery bowls and vases of various sizes and forms, effective for flowers. These are of hand-turned North Carolina pottery in warm colorings. Others have been converted into lamps and fitted with attractive shades, all most reasonable.



Pottery bowl in green, turquoise or rose and wrought iron plant stand with pewter pots. Courtesy Hand Craft Studio, 648 Mad. Ave., N. Y. C.



Old maple Windsor chair with writing arm; duck foot table; hooked rug of homespun wools; white overlay glass lamp and milk glass bowl with wild flower decoration. Courtesy Mrs. Schernikow, 932 Mad. Ave., N. Y. C.

Painted daisy garden tea spike table, to stick into the ground for individual use. Variety of colors with green base. Courtesy W. G. Streeter, 841 Mad. Ave., N. Y. C.



Painted garden furniture is also included in the ironwork, as well as unusual plant stands. Pewter coffee sets, wall brackets, candlesticks and sconces, cigarette boxes and beverage shakers are other interesting items offered.

HOOKED rugs of exceptional rarity and beauty comprise a large collection at Mrs. Schernikow's shop. With these are needlework scatter rugs in flower patterns that lend themselves most appropriately to bedroom use.

Authentic Early American furniture in maple, pine and cherry is also to be had—corner cupboards, desks, tables, highboys, and unusual examples of children's furniture. These are sturdily built and denote a child-loving thought of their maker in providing rockers that will not tip and armchairs that stand firmly upon their diminutive legs. The American pattern glass includes rare examples of hobnail, ribbed ivy leaf, saw tooth, paneled and beaded grape together with milk glass and overlay glass lamps. Old painted trays, mirrors, Staffordshire and quilts, of the finest handwork, are also included.

CANDLES in a wide range of insidious colors, that comprise thirty different shades, offer a wide choice at W. G. Streeter's. These are shown in three different grades from the least expensive to the finest quality. All the appointments for bridge are also to be found here. Among these, the suède table cover with an embroidered monogram is distinctly smart. These may be had in red, blue, tan or

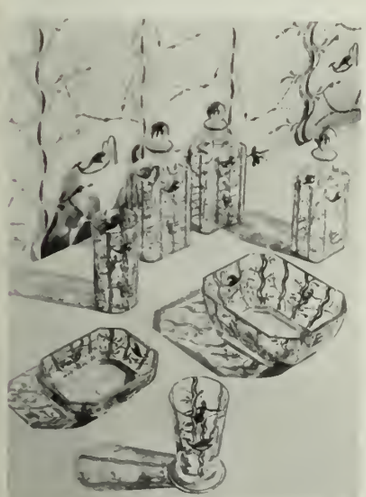
DECORATIONS OF DISTINCTION

green. Duplicate bridge boards are also available as well as monogrammed playing cards.

For the smoking table there are attractive cigarette boxes in glass and metal and distinctive ashtrays. Ornamental and table glassware is shown, likewise decanters equipped with metal labels; liqueur sets, crystal beer mugs, bookends and coffee sets with an assortment of amusing incidentals, generally useful and decorative, for the home.



"Roll-about-couch" with adjustable back rest, removable magazine pocket and back. Several finishes. Glass table. Courtesy Lewis & Conger, 6th Ave. & 45th St., N. Y. C.



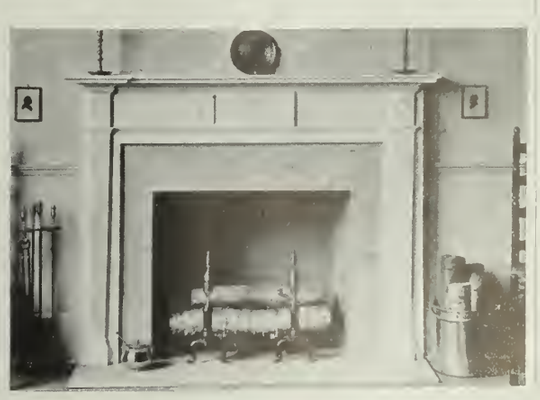
Hand decorated 7 piece bathroom set, fish and mermaid design, in green and black, to match wallpaper. Courtesy Elsie de Wolfe, 677 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

GARDEN furniture and other things that contribute to the enjoyment of the garden are combined in a large department at Lewis & Conger's. For the woman who likes to work among her flowers there is also a complete equipment that includes gay colored smocks, eyeshades that tie securely about the head, made of straw and bound in calico. There are complete garden sets included in a decorated basket, with gloves and scissors.

The two-compartment metal garden cart easily pushed about on rubber tires is another convenience. There are lawn sprinklers in the form of animals; there are sundials, birdbaths and straw houses, also a straw beehive, recently received. A new driveway nameplate, especially appropriate for the smaller type of country house, consists of an iron plate surmounted by a bird in natural colors.

SUMMER furniture of luxurious comfort, as sponsored by Elsie de Wolfe, shows the use of grained white moleskin, bound in green tape in one of the new deep seated armchairs, and a wheel chaise longue with sectional cushions in green that are washable.

A distinct innovation is the folding tent chair with a removable green linen back, that becomes a bag into which the chair may be packed when not in use. There is, likewise, the willow sun-chair with a pagoda top, so desirable for the beach. The folding "Marvel" table of natural pine with a glass top is also quite new. This may be made to assume two heights, as desired, or in a third position become a tray that may be readily carried about. A convenient accessory for



Reproduction of Colonial mantle with hand cut incised sunbursts. White finish. Courtesy Columbia Mantle Co., Louisville, Ky.

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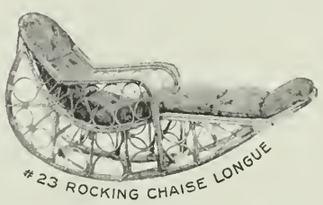
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American walnut "chest-dinette", with bench that draws out and two chairs, in green Rodier fabric desirable for small room. Courtesy Modernage Furniture Co., 541 E. 17th St., N. Y. C.

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Crystal chandelier fitted with "Candylbeme" lamps giving the effect of candlelight although electric. Courtesy Butler-Kohaus, Inc., 2823 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

longue with its yellow, glazed chintz cushions; the kidney shaped sofa and a fan back chair. Also of rattan is a practical round-backed armchair that is made to fit on top of an ordinary dining room chair to be used in place of a high chair, or on the floor, as desired. An Eskimo tent, among the toys, offers much amusement for a child.



Child's English natural willow furniture with rose colored cushions. Striped canvas campstool. Courtesy Childhood, Inc., 32 E. 65th St., N. Y. C.



"Dancers," a Frieze by Daniel Lockwood Rumsey — *Courtesy Grand Central Art Galleries*

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Cover

A Picturesque Connecticut Home—*A painting by Willard H. Bond, Jr.; inspired by the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wesley Dunn. Frank J. Forster, Architect*

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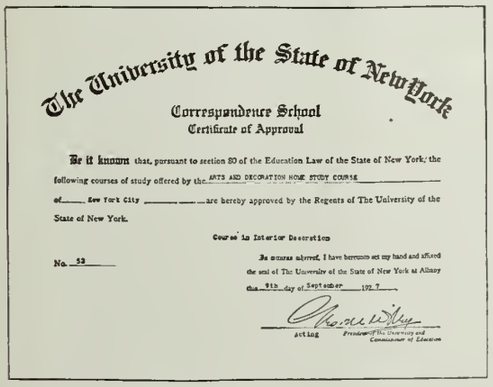
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FRANK J. FORSTER, Architect

MY first glimpse of South Norwalk was from a train window, speeding East. The great curving bay swung into view with sparkling suddenness; still, deep blue water gently lapped long stretches of shining ivory sand and the Sound was a green line at the far horizon. The sand dunes, large and small, were half hidden by bay bushes and wild roses in bloom; little water crafts were cradled on the almost motionless bay; low houses bordered the inlet, and many little children ran wildly over the smooth beaches. There were three dominating colors, blue, green and rose, shot through with dazzling sunlight, and the smell of the sea drifted for an instant over the dunes and inlet into the open window.

A low hill just back from this bay is the spot chosen by Mr. Douglas Nash for his New England home. Although this house was influenced by the sturdy beauty of the French Provincial style it is really a very individual home made to carry out a feeling about life which Mr. and Mrs. Nash have. It is gracious and hospitable and comfortable to a degree. The colors are in harmony with the beautiful country of the seashore type. The rough plaster is a soft tone and the old oak timbers are all left in the natural color. Only local stone is used and that in warm browns and yellows; the bricks are dark, overburned and full of clinkers. A richer color note was struck in the roof, of variegated slate with greens and blues predominating.

Although the exterior of the house is one of great simplicity, it is so exceedingly well planned and carried out there is an air of luxury about the place which removes it, on one plane, far from the Provincial mode, yet the general effect remains low and sturdy and pleasant. Single casement windows have been used throughout the house. A low oak porch with a slate roof protects the entrance.

The interior of the house, although it is reminiscent of the French Provincial atmosphere and in harmony with the type of architecture, is nevertheless entirely an outgrowth of what the owners feel to be a charming, comfortable way of living in a country home. Everything is substantial and appropriate and, for that reason, satisfactory without definite thought of style. Downstairs the floors are random oak, with strip oak in the other rooms. The woodwork is stained oak in the living room and library with bookcases of knotty white pine. In the bedrooms all the woodwork is whitewood, painted. The finish of the casement windows varies a little throughout the house. In the living room and library there are leaded panes and elsewhere the sashes and frames are of wood. On the second floor dormers are used to emphasize important groups of windows.

An interesting feature of the house is the plaster ceilings in the living room and library, beamed with old oak, and the sun porch has a vaulted plaster ceiling, which gives a fine sense of space. There are fireplaces in both living room and library, both hooded with plaster. Wrought iron is used effectively wherever necessary throughout the house. In the basement there is ample room for a playroom, laundry, boiler room and storage. It is a thoughtfully planned house and belongs to the landscape in its simplicity of form and also its most carefully modulated coloring.



THE slate roof with its rounded valleys is of interesting texture and at one end it curves down over a dove cote. About the front entrance of the house is a little walled-in terrace



PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD AVERILL SMITH

THE recessed bookshelves either side of the fireplace are unusual in their simplicity. The heavy supporting lintel of the fireplace is weathered oak and the boarding around the room is knotty pine. The wing chair at the right is upholstered in an old Breton quilted petticoat

THE living room shows a sense of luxurious comfort. The stone fireplace is wide and deep, the beamed ceiling is low, and fine pieces of old French Provincial furniture add charm. There are bright splashes of color in the upholstery in this room and the curtains





THIS library wall faces the fireplace. The wood throughout is pine boarding. An early Provincial desk fits comfortably between the bookcases. Near the door, unfortunately not seen, is a kidney shaped love seat covered with a roughly woven fabric in orange and beige

THE architectural features of this dining room are particularly fitting. Among them the hooded corner fireplace, the inset closet with arched doors, the door itself of small panels, and the dresser which fits in a wall embrasure and holds much colorful china and pewter





THE centerpiece is a most ornamental group of Venus speeding Mercury on his way. But Venus seems far too alluring to accomplish this purpose, and Mercury seems quite content. Background of flowers. From H. Blairman Son

BOTTOM—An elaborate dish in the form of a boar's head, with an under dish ornamented with tree branches, carving knife with impish serpent's head on handle, and moulded pocket of arrows. The modelling is in greens and reds

BELOW—Each boar has a cluster of fruit at his feet, opportunely placed there for the artist, enabling him to use the delicate pastel pinks and greens for which old Chelsea is famous

Naive Old Chelsea for the Sophisticated Modern Home

The Victorian Revival Brings Us Upholstered Furniture, Draped Curtains and Antique Porcelains

BOTTOM, LEFT—A decorative Chelsea figure of a fierce wild boar, very white, with grizzled coat, lightly touched with soft tones and gilt. By the courtesy of Law, Foulsham & Cole









LEFT—A pair of old Chelsea candlesticks set upon the heads of a little shepherdess and shepherd boy. The shepherd boy is ready to blow upon his horn and call his sheep and the shepherdess has gathered a little bouquet of pink, green and blue flowers. The blossom-like rosette on the shoe of each figure has been skillfully and delicately colored





THE three figures shown above are three hemispheres, Asia, Europe and America. Unhappily, Africa has been omitted. These are amusingly supposed to be of geographical significance



THE coquettish little figure at the left is Asia, though for what reason no one could imagine. The rather robust center lady is Europe, and at the right is America with a fat little leg placed firmly on an animal which might be an alligator. Around her waist is a feather band and a strange little hat adorns her head, which the artist imagined of Indian origin

BELOW—A slender shepherdess—a delicate blush suffuses her cheek as she leans against the trunk of a tree which is filled with a miraculous bloom of Chelsea colors. The candleholders are set on flower petals, ornamented with butterflies





ABOVE we see a candlestick, one of the same pair, of a shepherd and his dog. Upon his knee is a pheasant which he may be intending as a gift for the shepherdess. The base is finished with gold scroll and the colors are in true Chelsea style—pink, blue and green. The little dog looks very self conscious, even a little silly, and the shepherd has a courtly air

It's Smart to Be Sea-Worthy in New Accessories for Yachts and Cruisers

By ELIZABETH LOUNSBERY



YACHT trophy of etched crystal in a silver frame, 11" high, on a black enamel base with silver-gilt rings and rope. Most effectively shown before a strong light. Suitable racing prize or gift to yacht owner. Courtesy Cartier, Inc.

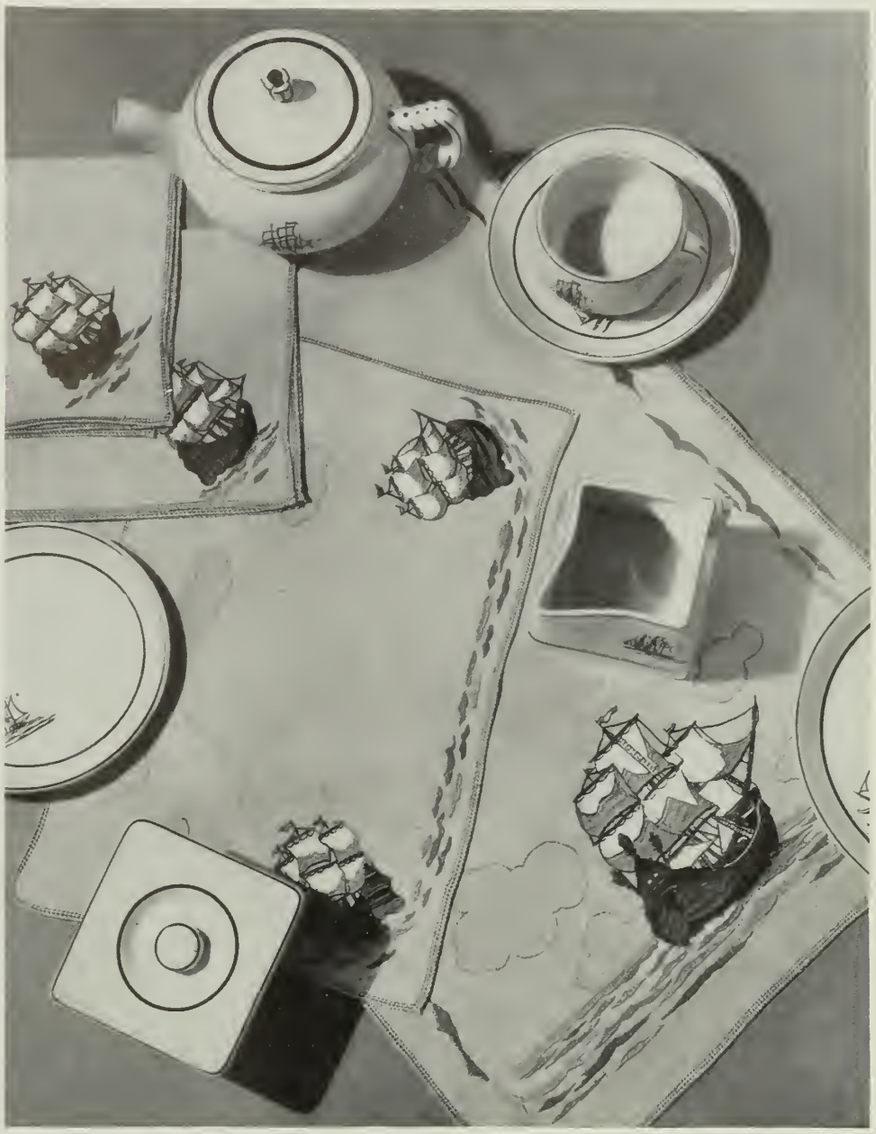


ROLLING awning seat adjustable as a bed. Elco Works. Rubberized leather cushions with pennants and penguins. Ovington's. Rattan armchair with anchor back, life-preserver cushion and water-proof seat. Grand Central Wicker Shop. Green tray with yacht-decorated glasses. Abercrombie & Fitch



YACHT china and glassware with nautical emblems and conventionalized wave decoration in blue; international code center table decoration consisting of a cork base with small colored metal flags. The cocktail shaker and beverage set carry international code signals in brilliant enamel. The latter includes a decanter, highball glasses, old fashioned cocktail glasses and those of ordinary size, beer mugs and Pilsner glasses. From Ovington's

The Consistent Touches That Enhance a Boat's Comfort and Convenience Add Much to the Enjoyment of Life on the Water —Here Are Gay Nautical Designs and Brilliant Colors to Make Summer Sea Trips Merry



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT MACLEAN GLASGOW

IN the many conveniences represented here, devised to contribute to the pleasure as well as comfort in sailing, are the latest innovations the season has introduced with a view to their practicality. These may also be enjoyed ashore, after the cruising season has ended.

Color in brilliant tones of red and blue prevail, adding a touch of gaiety to the setting whether it be in the enamel decorated glasses, the china, linen, cushions, and awning seat or in the finish of the deep seated deck chairs. With the background of varying blue water, these seem to be the colors most effective.

In the many metal accessories, used in the yacht and motor cruiser alike, chromium, aluminum and pewter have proved most successful in resisting the tarnish produced by salt air. Hence their popularity for ashtrays, beverage trays, cigarette containers, toilet bottles, and the new tubular flower holder. This is of satin and shiny finished aluminum and may be hung on the cabin wall as a spill-proof container for long-stemmed flowers.



ABOVE—Modern earthenware breakfast service with ship motif in black. Practical and inexpensive. R. H. Macy & Co. "Caravella" runner-set of natural linen, with fine Florentine embroidery in blues and greens. James McCutcheon & Co.

LEFT—Chromium yachts for modern table decoration. Rena Rosenthal. Mirror tray, with aluminum handles, red anchor and star decoration. Double pewter ashtray. Tubular aluminum flowerholder. Hammacher Schlemmer & Co.



BELOW—A low coffee table, useful also for flowers or magazines, made of matched white holly veneer with an ebony base and glass top. Charming in a white room or against a chintz background. The graceful flowing lines employed in the design suggest pleasure in its permanent possession. Draperies are in vivid colors. H. Hambidge Warner, designer

TWO PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAURICE GOLOBERG



ABOVE—A nest of three very compact tables in white holly and ebony. These are especially suited to the modernistic room, but interesting with any type of decoration. The ebony makes a beautiful background for brilliant flowers. Designed by H. Hambidge Warner



THIS low coffee or magazine table is executed in harewood. It is very substantial, and lovely in tone. The sofa is also harewood, with arms unupholstered. The curve of the wood at each end of the sofa lends beauty to the design which is also exceedingly comfortable. Designed by H. Hambidge Warner for Wm. H. Berri, Inc.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ADAMS

Small Modern Tables Expressed in New Designs and Materials

A Single Table in Modern Form, or a Nest of Them, May Be Introduced into Antique Settings of Any Period, Adding a Convenient and Friendly Touch



TWO PHOTOGRAPHS BY DANA B. MERRILL



ABOVE—Convenient bakelite tea and coffee table with chromium frame. This table is of the sled type which may be easily pushed about by the handle to any convenient location, just suited to afternoon tea. Useful at the side or head of a couch or used separately for books or magazines. By courtesy of Lord & Taylor



CENTER—A nest of three occasional tables in harewood with black inlay. Their compactness and simplicity make them especially suitable for the modern apartment or country home, with either modern or antique furniture. Courtesy Lord & Taylor

LEFT—This table of black formica with metal work of brushed aluminum is made sturdy by a broad metal base and arched supports. The chair is aluminum, upholstered in silver gray fabric. Courtesy Nessen Studios. Rug is in grays and brilliant tones



Fine Things From All Over the World Can Be Found in This Cape Cod Garden of Mr. Charles D. Armstrong

FINE pieces of sculpture are placed at intervals through the garden against vivid evergreen backgrounds. Back of the garden the pine woods are planted with many flowering shrubs, rhododendron, azaleas, mountain laurel, holly and lilies

FINE old Florentine columns form a suggestion of a border to this turf path running through the center of the garden. Between the columns are seats of antique marble and the effect is one of stately, decidedly old world charm and beauty



PHOTOGRAPHS BY NORA SAYRE



IN the main garden, a rectangular enclosure, 120 feet by 80 feet, there are many annuals and fine specimens of box. Brick steps lead down to a grass bordered pool with a 15th Century fountain at one end. There is also a natural rock garden, with a picturesque miniature brook and waterfall

THE collection of evergreens is said to be the finest in New England. The largest specimen, 12 ft. high by 15 ft. thick, came from Cape Cod and the second, from Virginia. The coniferous border of this garden has been awarded a merit certificate by the Massachusetts Horticulture Society

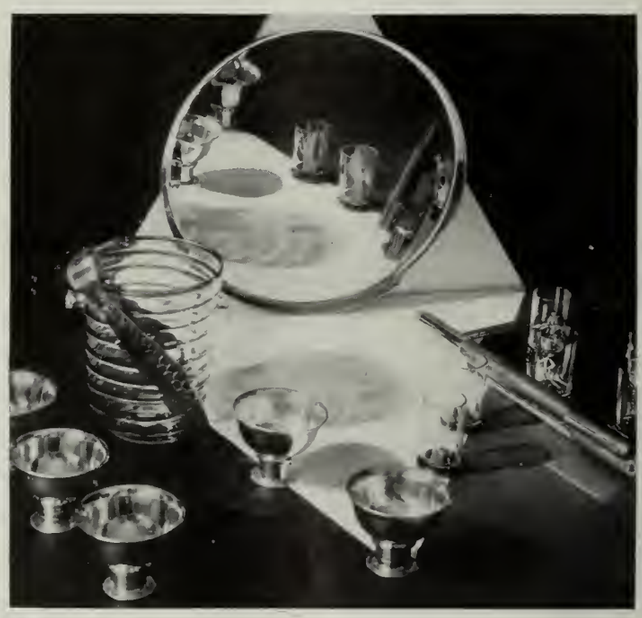


The Summer's Newest Beverage Sets

OUTDOOR living, which involves eating and drinking, has become a vogue which has swept the country. Whether you are in the city and have luncheon or afternoon tea in a backyard garden, on a terrace or the garden of your penthouse, whether you are at the seashore and have a cocktail party on the beach, or, whether you are living on a great country estate or in some lovely suburban house, you must take cognizance of the fact that your house is not completely furnished unless you have many little tables to move about, some in modernistic fashion, others made after the vogue of Chippendale and Sheraton, or the new wicker, or painted slat furniture. And there are endless, specially made covers for these tables in linen and gingham and chintz and oilcloth. There are, too, beverage sets of every form, pattern and color. In this article, we are showing a variety of tables and many pitchers and glasses. There are styles suited to afternoon tea, soft drinks, cocktails, styles that are conveniently placed on fascinating tables or that are carried about on tables with handles, at tennis and golf parties.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT MACLEAN GLASGOW



ABOVE—Refreshment set consisting of a pitcher and twelve glasses, decorated with oranges by Jean Luce. The glass-lined tray, covered in black and white grass cloth, contains a fruit basket, cigarette holder and match box. Courtesy of Mrs. Ehrich Co.



ABOVE, right—Polished aluminum cocktail glasses which, when filled, show a hand-painted nude under crystal in the base. The yellow and blue striped ice pail has fish-shaped tongs. Etched figures decorate the Orrefors glasses. Florence Ackerman

RIGHT—Amber tip pitcher in a set with six mugs. Glasses at extreme right show Japanese fish. Stern Bros. The beverage mixer and glasses are striped in black and white and measuring glasses in red. Copper ice pail. Hammacher-Schlemmer & Co.

Complying with the Urge to Entertain in the Open at This Season, Colorful Striped Glass Lends Its Touch of Gaiety to the Setting. This Is Combined in Attractive Services, Suitable for Every Kind of Beverage with Trays and Metal Stands That May Be Conveniently Carried Out into the Garden or the Shady Terrace





ABOVE—The cocktail hour on the penthouse terrace is provided for in this miniature bar tray, finished in green or mahogany, with a folding mirror back, easily carried about. Within are compartments to hold glasses. On the "counter" are shown solid base glasses decorated with polo players, the new, tiny bottle lighters, inexpensive favors, and cocktail napkins. On the table is a pewter beverage mixer. The golf cocktail set of sterling silver cleverly combines the game's complete equipment in shaker, decanter, and glasses. All from Abercrombie & Fitch

AN innovation in the glass top wrought iron table, with ivy holders below, is found in this one with a convenient handle to carry it about. Consistent with the demand for brilliant coloring is the cocktail set striped in yellow, blue and red, with six glasses and a tray. At the right is a lemonade set gaily striped in red, green and yellow. Glasses and pitcher fit compactly within a metal stand intended for out-of-door use. Lewis & Conger







ESCUDERO dancing the "Flamenco." Since the commencement of the present century, the dancing and singing peculiar to the Gitanos have encroached upon the older branch of Spanish popular dancing. The first dance Escudero gave in public was the Flamenco

The Great Escudero
Gypsy and Artist



AS an Aragonese peasant, Escndero is dancing the "Jota" with one of his partners, Carmita Garcia. He extracts to the fullest the flavor of this folk dance, with the primness and grim humor of the Spanish peasant

BELOW—Portrait of Escudero and his two dancing partners, Carmita Garcia and Carmela. These two vivacions Spanish gypsy dancers were on tour with him in America and the gay trio met with great appreciation

COURTESY HUROK MUSICAL BUREAU



LEFT There is probably not a national dance that Escudero has not studied among natives and each one is translated through his own vivid personality. This gypsy artist dances with the castanets as gaily as with his heels. He has some rare costumes and a fine collection of castanets



Magnificent Villa d'Este

At one time the home of Lucrezia Borgia, this lovely old villa has always been associated with the great fighting nobles of Europe

At the Gateway to the Pyrenees

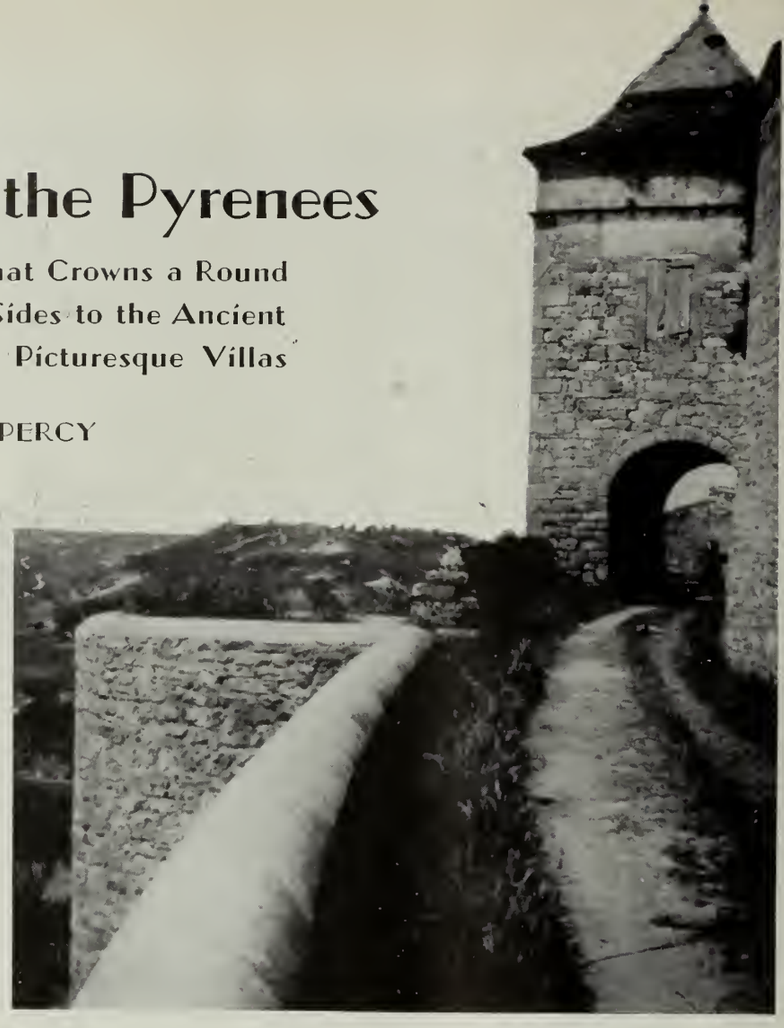
Cordes—An Old City of France that Crowns a Round Hill and then Rambles down its Sides to the Ancient Walls that Are Interlaced with Picturesque Villas

By ALFRED ISHAM PERCY

THE old town of Cordes in the Province of Tarn, France, shown perhaps for the first time illustrated, is not far from well-known cities of Southern France—Montauban, with its Ingres Museum; Toulouse, the Gateway to the Pyrenees; Albi and its Cathedral; and Carcassonne. A railroad passes near it and a government highway touches its lower edge. It makes a convenient headquarters from which one can make excursions to the attractive châteaux and towns of this and adjoining provinces.

It is quite possible that Carcassonne draws the tourist attention away from Cordes. Though Carcassonne is much older both towns are walled relics of the past. However, the essential difference lies in the fact that, while Carcassonne is exploited and restored it is a dead town—a beautifully preserved ghost city—embalmed by the coin of the tourist. Cordes, on the other hand, running up and around and over its high hill, seems to keep actively alive in the setting and environment of another day. No doubt its citizens would welcome tourists but they are too busy with their own various trades and callings to bring forth the necessary concerted effort to direct the flood of traffic to their hill.

Although we had passed many hill towns during our journey afoot we were unprepared for our first glimpse of Cordes. We topped the ridge of mountains to the West. Eastward lay a bowllike valley with Cordes in the center climbing up the high hill. As though to impress us especially the afternoon sun



ABOVE—Cordes is a town of towers and fortified gates, steep streets and steps and high sturdy walls. Some of these walls are hidden under grapevines and wisteria decades old. Most of the roofs are red with a misty softness about them

BELOW—The old town of Cordes lies close to Montauban and Carcassonne. It is one of the most picturesque hill towns of all Southern France and throws the wide shadows of its old towers over the blossoming valleys below





A ROADWAY at Cordes below the inner wall showing the fine old houses, the walled gardens, the walled terraces and the smaller roadway which runs below

A ROAD running around the city, with a view of the outer wall, the watch tower, and the far off ridges of hills. The stonework here is fine and many centuries old

came from behind the clouds and picked out the more massive buildings clustering around the summit of the hill. For the most part the valley and the surrounding mountains lay in shadow and Cordes in the sunlight dominated the panorama.

Cordes is a town of towers, fortified gates, lovely old buildings, steep streets and steps, all laced together on its lofty hill by glorious walls. Some are frowning walls, still defiant with their ancient power; others smiling with flowers where old watch towers are garlanded as summer houses; but whether one or the other they keep their individuality as walls and march upward with the town.

With it all there is a beauty that can not be captured by the click of a camera shutter. The beauty created by time weathering the browns and grays of the buildings and touching the red of the roof tiles with a mossy softness. This in a setting of green hills across a valley splashed with the earthy red of newly-ploughed fields.

The Hostellerie du Vieux Cordes is near the top of the hill. The building, even to the grapevine climbing its façade, impresses one with its quiet old-worldliness, as does the town itself.

A jolly red-faced host met us at the entrance with greetings of welcome. We were led through a long passage to an open courtyard paved with flagstones. A very old wisteria vine shaded the whole court.

On the other side, we passed through a salon to enter our room. This part of the hotel seemed to be a continuation of what was once an old fortified wall. This helped to explain why our room could be on the first floor and yet the windows afford a view of roads, walls and gardens lower down, the valley and the mountains to the north and west. As to the room itself, the furniture was very old and of exquisite taste.

Upon returning to the court we fell to examining the antique statuary there and soon learned that our host is an antique collector. Some of his pieces have evoked the attention of museum representatives. At heart he is an artist and his activities are not confined to antiques—the guiding rule in his buying requires that an object be genu-

(Continued on page 59)





The Refectory "Bordes" of Today

Once Used in the Great Dining Halls of Baronial Homes These Tables Are Now Copied by Cabinetmakers in Sizes for Modern Interiors

By EDWARD WENHAM
Author of "The Collector's Guide to Furniture Design"

ABOVE—A reproduction of a fine old Tudor refectory table in oak. The wood is rough-hewn and has an antique finish. The candlesticks are Italian, silver. This is the slender type of table which has many uses in the apartment or country home. Courtesy Palmer & Embury

BELOW—The use of the plain wooden benches with the draw-top table and the general setting of this breakfast room reproduces in a pleasing way the atmosphere of the interior of an Early Colonial home, completed by pewter plates and a hook rug. Courtesy L. & J. G. Stickley

SEVERAL editors and writers connected with magazines were taking their ease in the library of a home not far from New York, after a day of golf. But prevalent as golf is as a topic of conversation, these men were writers and the conversation inevitably turned to "shop". They came to discussing the derivation of words and one remarked that the origin of many common words could be found right there among the furniture of that library; and then he went on to prove his contention.







ABOVE—In this charming dining room the oak refectory table is a reproduction of an Elizabethan draw-top model. The oak linenfold screen and Jacobean "hunting board" are interesting features; the two arm chairs are original Jacobean pieces. Courtesy W. & J. Sloane

LEFT—Modern table reproduced by American cabinet makers from an early English model. The apron is carved and the legs turned. By courtesy of the Hayden Co.

Here we will quote only a few of the examples he mentioned: From a wall cupboard, formerly known as a *livrée* (delivered) cupboard, we have the word "livery" as applied to a uniform for a servant, or to the place where horses are stabled, because this type of cupboard was used to hold the food for servants who were fed and clothed in lieu of wages; the piece of baggage we call a "trunk" derived from the hollowed log which was the original trunk or later dower-chest in which the clothing and valuables of the nobles were carried from one castle to another; the "Bench" referring to magistrates, from the long planks on two low trestles which were the common seats before the days of dining chairs; "chairman" from the fact that the only seat with a back was a throne-like affair known as "the chair" and reserved for the master of the house; and others, of which originals or copies were part of the furniture.

But the refectory table which was in the center of that room proved fruitful of both present-day words and various customs which we still practice; so much so that in writing this article, we think it is worth while to include some of these. The word "table" actually came from the Latin *tabula*, meaning a board or small flat slab and was adopted to distinguish chess-boards and the like from the great dining-tables which were known as "bordes"; the word "borde" meaning exactly what he says, namely boards or planks raised on trestles to serve as what we now call a dining-table.

It is from the word "borde" we have obtained "board" denoting food; hence board-wage merely means a pledge that food will be supplied in return for services, "wage" being a corruption of "gage" (a pledge). "Boarder" is another derived from the "borde" or table; and both the term "board", to indicate a board of directors, and "chairman" as the presiding official both survive from the old refectory tables; because the directors gather around a "borde" and the chairman occupies the position of the head of the house, though nowadays this is at one end of the table in place of the center of one side, as in early times.

This may seem to digress from the title of this article, but the association of present-day usages with the furniture of our homes is always a source of amusement, if not instruction. For example, at a public banquet when one table is placed across the top of the room, for the guest of honor and other important dignitaries, and other tables at right angles for lesser folk, we are repeating the custom of many centuries ago. But we fail in one respect: Guests are nowadays seated on each side of the tables running the length of the room, whereas in olden days these were near the wall and the guests only sat on one side. This arrangement was not to avoid being discourteous by being seated back turned to the host; it was in case one

(Continued on page 62)



ABOVE—The turned leg refectory table and high back chairs in this room illustrate the pleasing old-time effect of the more robust furniture against an appropriate background of paneled woodwork. This is one of the earlier types with low stretchers. Courtesy Thonet Bros.

BELOW—Several unusual features appear in the treatment of this living room in a Southern home. The refectory table and set-in Gothic cabinet combine curves with pleasantly rectangular forms of chair and table. Carroll D. Colby, decorator. Shaw Furniture Co.



Friendly Dogs and a Suspicious Panther



Photographs courtesy Averell House



MADELEINE FABRE, who does her "sculptures" of animals in wood, bronze, aluminum and ceramics, has said, "If my bulldog has not bitten these statues of animals it is because he has taken them for idols of dogs." And certainly the quality which she presents is something beyond mere portraiture, revealing in a half humorous way something of the nature of the animal kingdom. Miss Fabre's work created a great sensation when it was exhibited at the Gallery Danthon and Theatre Pigalle in Paris



THESE two delightful studies of dachshunds are wood and bronze, the upper one somewhat pensive, and the lower one more alert and youthful. Although the dogs are the same breed, the difference in personality is brought out as definitely as a photographer would in taking family likenesses





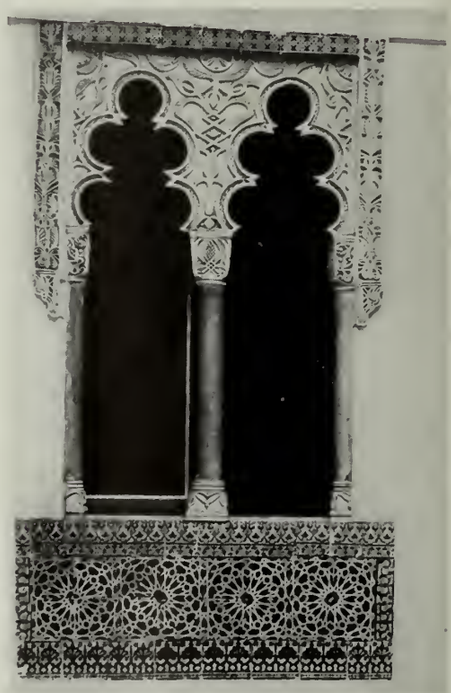
AT the right is a most telling bit of sculpture of a young panther, carved in mahogany. You feel in this curiously simple modeling, alertness, fear, curiosity, and a nervous quality of the wild animal the minute it becomes static. Just above is a wire haired terrier in silver bronze, exceedingly clever, with the individuality of that most popular dog At the top of the page is a bulldog, carved in wood, very still and heavy, with an expression of childlike innocence

Old Toledo—Incredible Beauty of Architecture and Decoration



IN the famous hospital of Santa Cruz this richly carved stone stairway leads from the entrance to the upper floors. The nobly formed arches throughout this ancient building are magnificently carved by master craftsmen in the spirit of the stairway

LOOKING up from the patio below, one has a vision of these amazingly beautiful windows, with slender columns, rich arabesques, and fringed arcs



A PATIO in one of the most ornamental gardens of all Toledo. Colored tiles decorate the house and the stairway. And there are rosettes of mosaics and plaster ornaments. Palms, laurels and oleanders fill this ancient garden

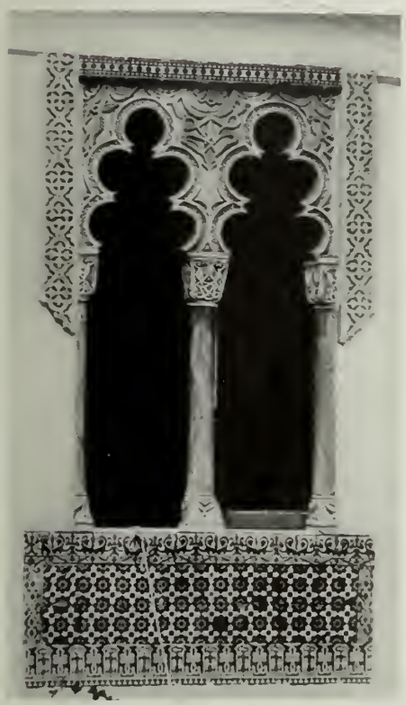


FOR over thirty centuries, Toledo has been the center of the ancient beauty of Spain. It was actually mentioned by Livy, B.C. 192. And then the Romans swept over the land and after that the Arabs came. Indeed, one of the most beautiful of the gates today in the old wall is the Arabic Puerta del Sol. But this was a short lived kingdom and the real Spain began when Alphonso the Valiant of Leon and Castille, conquered the state in the 11th Century and called it the New Castille. It is a hundred-towered city, lying south of Madrid, resting proudly on the top of a high promontory, bordered on three sides by the river Tagus, and surrounded by a lofty military wall. Its old churches and libraries and market places are of extraordinary beauty, fine architecturally and decorated with infinite imagination and skill.

Although it manufactures many sorts of things, from fans to beer, it is most famous for the Toledo blades made long before the time of the Roman domination. Roman blades today are largely under the control of the government and have been for over two centuries, and occasionally there is a private enterprise started for imitating these exquisite pieces of artistry, famous the world over. The mighty walls which surround this ancient city are pierced by many gates. The streets are narrow, winding and very steep; there are beautiful theatres and libraries and many magnificent homes in Toledo and wonderful old gardens fragrant with gardenias and magnolias. The thought of modern living has never reached it, so there are occasional inconveniences for the modern traveler. But one glimpse of this transcendently beautiful city buries for all time any thought of criticism. In fact there is probably no other Mediæval town more untouched and enchanting in its beauty.

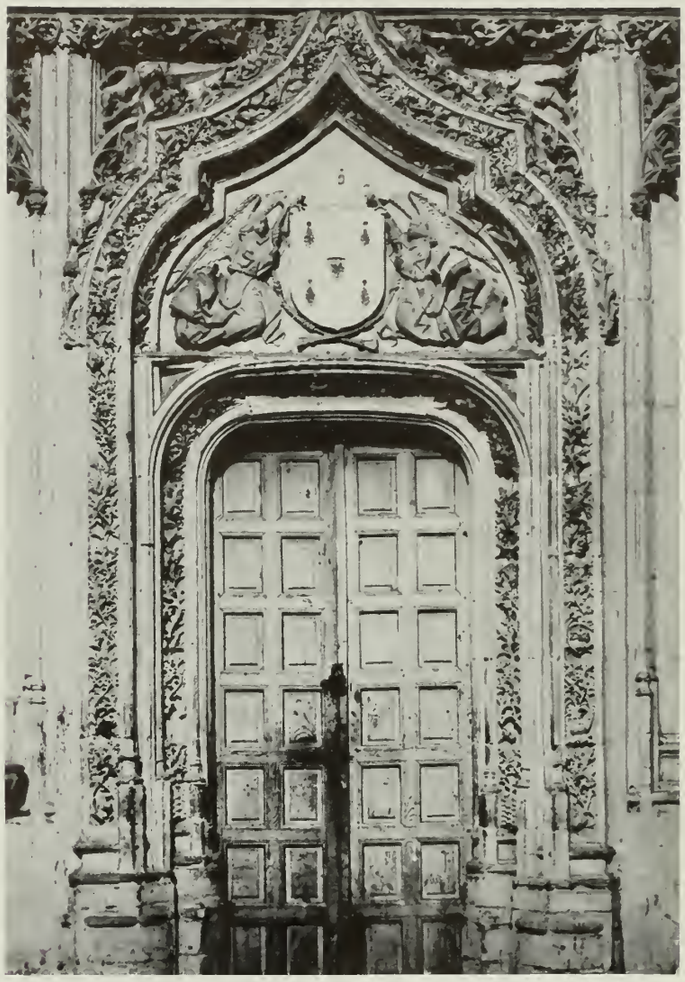
This capital of the province of Toledo is famous for its beautiful Mediæval buildings, its Gothic cathedral of the 13th Century, its forty chapels of ancient manuscripts, the

This Mediaeval City Which Was for Centuries the Center of Spanish National Life, Is Today Practically Untouched by Modern Industrial Conditions, and Exists as a Survival of That Golden Age of Spanish Beauty and Chivalry



THE capitals of the columns in these windows are intricately carved, and squares of elaborate old tilework are set below the windows, adding rich color

THE cloister of the magnificent old building, Santa Maria de la Blanca. The elaborate capitals of the splendid columns show the forms of pine cones among the tangled tendrils, and the spandrils over the arches are filled in with richly colored arabesque patterns. One of the great sights of Toledo



SPANISH Gothic in its richest form is shown in the portal through which one enters the old Church of San Juan de los Reyes. Exquisitely carved small figures adorn the lintel under the Gothic arch holding the shield



cloister of San Juan de los Reyes, a gift of Catholic sovereigns, and Santa Maria de la Blanca, a Jewish synagogue of the 12th Century.

Today, many of the ancient convents, beautiful in design and execution, have been converted into prisons and hospitals for the benefit of the state. Toledo is the seat of the archbishop who bears the title of the Primate of all Spain. In all Spain there is no more beautiful city hall, with its two great towers, and a classic façade dating from the 15th Century.

It is one of the most enchanting places for the traveller who is on the lookout for ancient beauty. Some of the very best of the Spanish Gothic architecture is to be found in Toledo and its carving and tile work are famous among the architects of the world. Excellent examples of intricate carving and rich tile and mosaic work are shown in the photographs which illustrate this article. Especially beautiful are the two Gothic windows shown.

But all the beauty of Toledo is not alone to be found in the splendor of her architecture. Her gardens are world famous, with palms of many kinds from the tropics and exotic blossoms of extraordinary beauty and fragrance.

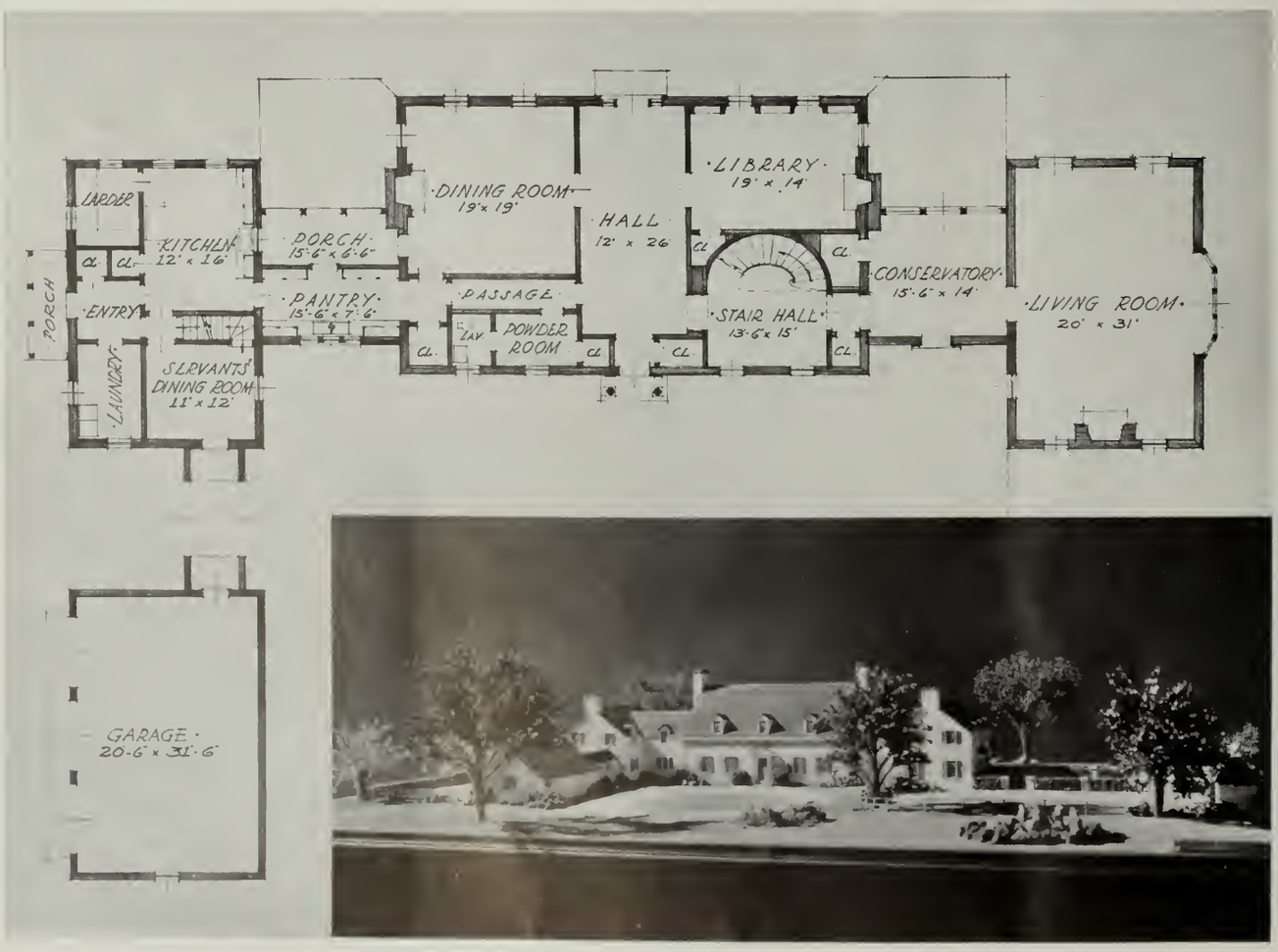




Franklin Abbott, architect *Model by Herman Knebel*

Small Scale Models for Country Homes Shown at Spring Architectural League

Polhemus & Coffin, architects *Model by Miller H. Bond*





Francis Keally, architect

TOP, opposite page—The home of Douglass Van Dyke, Esq., at Fishers Island, is shown in this scale model. The main part of this house is brick veneer painted white. The house rests on a knoll, overlooking a golf course on the Long Island Sound. The wing at the right is the guest house which contains a playroom and a flower room and connects with a one-story sunroom. At the back are the garage and servants' quarters, and in the wing at the extreme left are quarters which are reserved for the servants of the guests

ABOVE—Proposed country residence in which the greenhouse and the formal garden are part and parcel of the construction from the start. Architecturally speaking, the character of the greenhouse is determined by its proper relation to the house as well as its proportions. To be successful, it must be an intimate unit of the whole scheme, harmoniously placed in relation to the house and garden. The architectural features of the garden are also constructed in harmony with the plan and material of the house

BOTTOM, opposite page—Model of a New England country home, shown below with its floor plan, is to be built of brick painted white, with a blue slate roof. The wood trim on the exterior is pine, painted white. The floor plan is exceptionally interesting with its grouping of service quarters at one end, yet arranging to save steps and considering the comfort of service as well as master portion of the house. An interesting feature is the separation of the living room from the rest of the house by a conservatory

RIGHT—This small scale model shows the way the Gene Tunney house is going to look when it is finished this summer out near Stamford, Connecticut. It is really an extension of a 200-year-old salt-box house—a glimpse of which still shows at the back of the photograph. Sitting in the pergola of Mr. and Mrs. Tunney's home, one will look over the small garden, down the open fields, to a pool beyond which rises the old wood lot. The rambling lines of this house fit in well with the rolling Connecticut landscape



William F. Dominick, architect

If Your Glassware and Your Table China Match You Are Very Much in Fashion



THESE beverage glasses are the high note of the season's crystal decoration on glass. New York night life parades around the cocktails and highballs in black silhouettes on frosted glass. The effect is most convivial



ABOVE—This ensemble carries out on ivory bodied plates, tea cups and crystal stemware a banded effect with floral motifs in three colors, tanke red, black and mat gold. A fine mat gold edge confines the alternating lines of black and red; all three colors are in the floral figures. Courtesy Ovington's



THE New York Curb Exchange dinner ware carries the monogram on the shoulder while alternating circles of black and red travel the verge. The stemware glass matches the dinner ware in color and design. Designed by Edmondson Warrin. Courtesy W. H. Plummer

ASPECIALLY designed dinner service which had in mind the owner's taste. An ornamental monogram is used on every piece of crystal and china, and shaded bands in color finish the edges of china and glass throughout and band the stems of the glass. Courtesy Ovington's

THIS exceedingly smart modernistic china and crystal set is decorated with platinum lustre and black, particularly suited to the more modernistic dining room, for a table without cloth or lace decoration. Courtesy Stern Brothers





HERE is a grouping of china and crystal. The bands are of platinum lustre and tanke red or may be of Siam black and tallyho green. The general form of the glass and plate are in harmony and the concentric circles make a most striking effect on a table laid with modern linens. Courtesy J. E. Caldwell



THIS set of service plate, dinner plate and goblet, was designed for J. L. Brandeis to use on his ranch. The decoration in red and black is his brand mark, "Three Bar Ranch" and the head of his favorite horse. Service plate has a deep red shoulder framed by black lines

THE yacht of Earl Carroll carries this matching service, of contemporary design. The colors are red and black on ivory body, and on crystal. The lettering "Vanities", very modern, forms an appropriate motif. Designed by Edmondson Warrin. Courtesy R. H. Macy & Co.



Argentina from Spain

The Beloved Among the Dancers Who Come to Us from Foreign Lands



PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY METROPOLITAN MUSICAL BUREAU







PHOTOGRAPHS BY D'ORA, PARIS

PROBABLY no dancer of modern times has created in the hearts of her audience a more affectionate appreciation. New York loves Argentina, especially in these four most popular dances, "The Lure of Velasquez," "Goyescas," "Jota," and "The Fish Vender." And she likes to dance for us.



PHOTO BY EWING GALLOWAY

Old Ely Cathedral

This sturdy and magnificent structure was begun in the 11th Century in England and finished two hundred years later. The quaint village now nestles under its wing

A California Architect

When George Washington Smith, the Renowned Architect, Designed His Own Home at Montecito, California, He also Planned, with Mrs. Smith, the Design of the Landscaping of Their Garden which Is One of the Most Charming on the Pacific Coast. Luxurious Shrubbery, Acacias, Orange Trees and Brilliant Tiled Fountains Combine in Rich Color





ABOVE—Here we are looking down the pleached allée of black acacia. The arbor vitae are held in large terra cotta jars. The fountain is blue and white glazed Mexican tiles and the little pots are from Triana, blue patterned and glazed. Behind the four tile benches which mark the four points of the compass in this enclosure are pink oleanders growing near the hedge

IN a side wall of Mr. Smith's home is a wrought-iron grille in natural iron finish. A little inset fountain is placed below the window, and is finished with blue and white Mexican tiles. The luxurious planting includes almond trees, white Kaiserin roses and white margnerites, banked behind little pots of petunias. There are four orange trees, and two prolific clumps of daphne

Planned His Garden



RIGHT—This is the lovely blue garden, balancing the rose garden on the right of the pleached allée. Here are delphiniums for background, Chinese forget-me-nots in beds around the outside, and inner beds of argeratum and lobelia. The fountain is blue and white Mexican tile. Box borders the beds

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JESSIE TARBOX BEALS



ABOVE—Door from dining room to terrace set in the white plaster walls. Just over it is a glazed tile panel of the Virgin of Guadalupe. The balcony above is bronze, green with verdi gris, with a row of blue and white tiles as a base. The fuchsias against the wall are red and white



RIGHT—This is the further end of the pleached allée, looking toward the dining room door. Chinese willow has been planted here, the same tree that you see on the old willow-pattern plates. The surface of this large circular space is paved with bricks and enclosed by privet



One of the Pastimes in Bermuda Is Collecting Old Silver

Some of It Over Two Centuries Old and Hall-marked with Great Precision

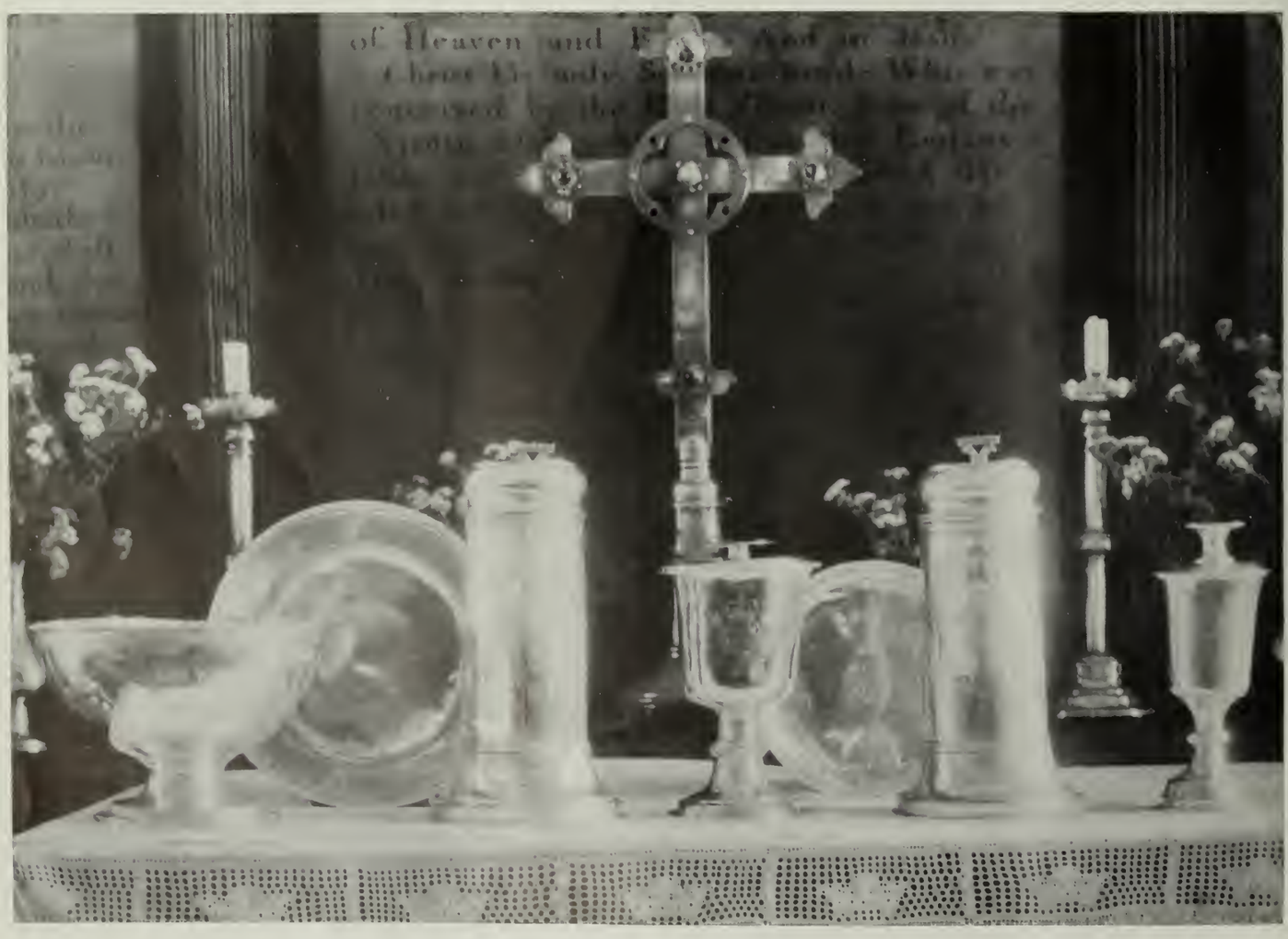
By AMELIA LEAVITT HILL

ONE of the features which most forcibly strikes the stranger who is interested in Bermuda antiques is the quantity and quality of the old silver to be found there. Nor does his surprise at the large and artistic supply diminish as he looks more closely into the matter, for in spite of the size and the remoteness of the islands, we see and wonder at the large number of silversmiths who seem to have simultaneously found lucrative employment in their tiny confines. Not less than twenty-two names have come down to us (probably even this list is incomplete) of the silversmiths of Bermuda, most of them dating from the second half of the eighteenth century, which for a group of islands of such small dimensions seems a disproportionately large number, and doubtless bears witness to the prosperity of the inhabitants.

One of the first Bermuda silversmiths was Thomas Savage (T. S.), who worked there at about 1704. To him has also been assigned the date 1650. The records are in so vague a state in many instances that just to what these dates refer is not clear, but evidently Savage's activities included these two periods. It was the local custom for the artificers to use their initials as a hall-mark,

ABOVE — Famous old pieces of silver. Left to right, silver tankard by Thomas Savage, silver corkscrew, with the arms of the Nelmes family, 1740, and a silver tankard with decorative etched band

BELOW — Communion service in old St. Peter's church at St. George, the oldest Church of England in the Empire. The silver, presented in 1697 by William and Mary, is the pride of the old town to this day





BEAUTIFUL old silver shown here from left to right—silver tankard, Sheffield plate, a silver cup by George Rankin, made in 1810, and a helmet shaped jug belonging to the period of Thomas Savage

often accompanying them with the date. This is the safest method of dating these artisans, for the records are, as has been said, in many cases highly inaccurate, so good an authority as Leffroy's History giving to one Thomas Fosbrooks of "Smith's Tribe", now known as Smith's pariah, a date a century earlier than that which is assigned him by local antiquarians (1618-1718). It seems also probable that both the paucity of records and the large number of workmen may be laid to the fact that in many cases the men were not natives of the islands, and made only a temporary sojourn there. It is notable that many of them hailed from America, hence we find natives of New Rochelle and New Brunswick, as well as one of the most famous, Samuel Lockwood, who was a native of Connecticut, which he left for political reasons after the Revolution.

In the 1780's we find a number of silversmiths at work, among whom may be mentioned Thomas Dixon (T. D.), Francis Peniston (F. P.), David Glegg Ming (D. M.), Samuel Lockwood (S. L.), John Cox (J. C.), George Hutchings (G. H.), Peter Pallais (P. P.) and Thomas Blatchley (T. B.). Most of these were in business at St. George, the capital at the time, and the local contemporary press gives an occasional advertisement which shows the extent of their activities.

The closeness of the tie to England in these early days is noticeable, and this doubtless accounts for the lack of characteristic designs or work. It is a curious fact that just as the Bermuda furniture makers copied English furniture of the period with strict accuracy, never varying it to meet the needs of totally different requirements of living and of climate, so the Bermuda silversmiths did not seek novel motifs for their designs in the semi-tropical scenery about them, but clung to the same arabesques, conventional designs and other decorations which their fathers knew in "the old country." Many of the workmen, while "carrying in stock" various articles in common use, as is obvious from their advertisements, also did work to order, and it is by no means uncommon to find as a bequest in an old will "a dozen spoons, the silver for which is in the possession of" some local craftsman of the time. The ingots of silver were frequently imported and given to the jewelers to care for until some disposition was made of them.

Legend has it that George Rankin (G. R., in raised letters on a recessed ground) was the only Bermuda workman to make the "fiddle handled spoon" and that he was the only workman of his time with an understanding of engraving. However this may be (and it does not seem founded upon actual fact) his style was the script capital lettering, the cutting being of the same thickness throughout the letter. His work is wrought, not cast, as was the case with that of most other Bermuda silversmiths.

Samuel John Cantor was a pupil of George Hutchings and made a specialty of plain work which was wrought out on the anvil. He made for the most part flatware, though he was also a jeweler and made gold jewelry, earrings, and other such articles. He was succeeded in business by his son, William Cantor, who did work similar to that of his father although, curiously enough, he did not use a hall-mark.

No account of Bermuda silver would be complete without mention of the pride of every Bermudian's heart, the communion service at old St. Peter's church in St. George, which is said to be the oldest Church of England in the Empire. A very handsome chalice was presented to the church in 1625 by the Bermuda Company, an organization in London akin to the various companies who watched over the destinies of the original colonies in America. In 1697 the remainder of the communion service now shown was presented to the church by William and Mary, and has remained one of the prides of Bermuda.

Incidentally, St. Peter's church is worthy of more than passing mention, apart from its old silver. Architecturally it has some points of interest, although its style is uncompromisingly plain, like other Bermuda buildings; but its various monuments and similar features are replete with interest. In spite of the danger of emulating the Boston inhabitant with his love of tombstones, it is impossible to leave unnoted the exquisite tribute of the wife of one of the early governors who died at St. George in her early twenties, which has the unusual merit of being, even at this late day, at once beautiful and touching. Quite the opposite is the delightful monument to Governor Popple, which he is said to have composed himself, and in which he availed himself of the opportunity to rebuke those above him somewhat after the fashion of the soldiers letters in "The First Hundred Thousand".

A RARE collection of old Bermuda silver spoons is shown here. Table spoons, 1805 by William Bearn, teaspoons stamped S. L., G. H., T. D., 1784, G. R., and T. S., 1708, and H. Hutton, the initials all indicating that these were made by very famous silversmiths





The Playhouse at Fox Hollow Farm

All Formal Entertaining Is Done Here Rather than in the Smaller Home on the Estate in Which the Family Lives

THE library in the playhouse has a Georgian fireplace, an English hob grate, and over the mantel a Carrara marble bust of great beauty. The antique sofas either side of the fireplace are from an old Cape Cod home and the game table is of oak. Woodwork is French Provincial



LIVING room in the playhouse of Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Dickey. The furniture in this charming place is provincial English, American and Italian, with objects of art collected from all over the world. The low coffee table is old Italian and the desk at the right is a fine Georgian piece





BETWEEN two small rooms, one a kitchenette and the other a dressing room, is the tap room. The old Welsh dresser is dark oak. The long tables are in old trestle design and the four chairs facing the table are Charles II. The fittings are more than precious, including Georgian candlesticks, silver dome dishes for keeping the food warm and rare crystal wine decanters

A VIEW of the stage, with backdrop of Algiers. There are old Italian chairs in rich red brocade, a desk chair of Chinese red lacquer, Italian needle-point pictures framed in curly maple, old Italian flower prints, and the stage equipment including the invisible dressing rooms



LEFT—A small dressing-table which dates from early in the 18th Century is very beautiful in colour, veneered with golden yew, into which the light actually seems to penetrate while the lustre of brass lies on it like a golden leaf

BELOW—On this pair of inlaid knife-boxes the metal fittings owe their somewhat elaborate appearance entirely to being fretted into an open-work pattern. They are not cast and chased as French metal-work of the period would have been

Brass on Old English Furniture Used to Embellish the Beauty of Wood

The Decorative Quality of Metal Associated with Wood Is Well Illustrated Here

By MACIVER PERCIVAL

THE combination of brass and wood so often found in furniture is a particularly happy one, both from a practical point of view and artistically, each supplying the qualities the other lacks. The contrast in color and surface and the variety which comes from the differing ways of working the two materials do not in the least prevent them blending in perfect harmony.

In French furniture of course, the metal work is often as important as the wood; as a matter of fact in some pieces it is the principal decorative factor. On the contrary in old English furniture of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the cabinet maker's share is always of the first importance, while the metal craftsman's part is reduced to a minimum, and may even seem to the casual observer to matter very little indeed.

Perhaps it is not until we come across a piece from which some vandal has stripped the original brasses, replacing them either with wooden handles or brass-work of a wrong type, that it is possible to realize how much of the beauty of a great deal of walnut and mahogany furniture is due to these small and almost insignificant accessories. They are just right for their purpose, and that gives them their artistic value.

During the Middle Ages and, in fact, down to the Restoration, all metal fittings were made of iron. This was, of course, a necessity as then chests and aumbries, with their successors, the court and livery cupboards, were made of massive oak and the lids and doors were exceedingly heavy. For small things such as caskets latten or brass was used, but it was not until the end of the seventeenth century that brass handles, pulls, bolts and hinges for furniture became anything like general.

Most probably they came into fashion as a result of the importation of Oriental lacquer cabinets, which had in many cases elaborate metal fitments. These cabinets were highly prized and were imitated in Europe, a colorable substitute for the exquisite polished lacquer surface being found in an elaborate combination of paint, varnish and gesso, while the metal work was copied as closely as the European workers could contrive, but, of course, having only Occidental tools and materials at their command, they had necessarily to modify the designs.

It is during the last third of the seventeenth century that we find the use of brass fittings on veneered walnut furniture becoming general. The pulls to the drawers are very small in proportion to the size of the pieces of furniture to which they are attached. They are almost always drops in the form of a pear, or a tassel-like ornament sometimes resembling a single blossom of the Garrya Elliptica. They have a small circular back plate which is sometimes plain, sometimes somewhat elaborate, resembling a rosette or star. The drop is fashioned in a rather primitive way by a tang





of strip metal or wire, of which the ends are turned outwards inside the drawer, split cotter fashion. The keyhole escutcheons are a little larger than the back plates and generally have a somewhat elaborate embossed pattern of cupids, the Royal supporters or acanthus-like foliage. These brasses look well where the wood is either richly figured or inlaid, but seem too small otherwise.

They were soon followed by loop handles with cartouche shaped back plates. The early loops are simple pieces of thick wire secured by metal tangs—a primitive expedient which almost at once gave way to cast loops whose ends fitted into the heads of bolts secured by nuts inside the drawers. Back plates and escutcheons are characteristically shaped with curved and fretted outlines and further deco-

(Continued on page 58)

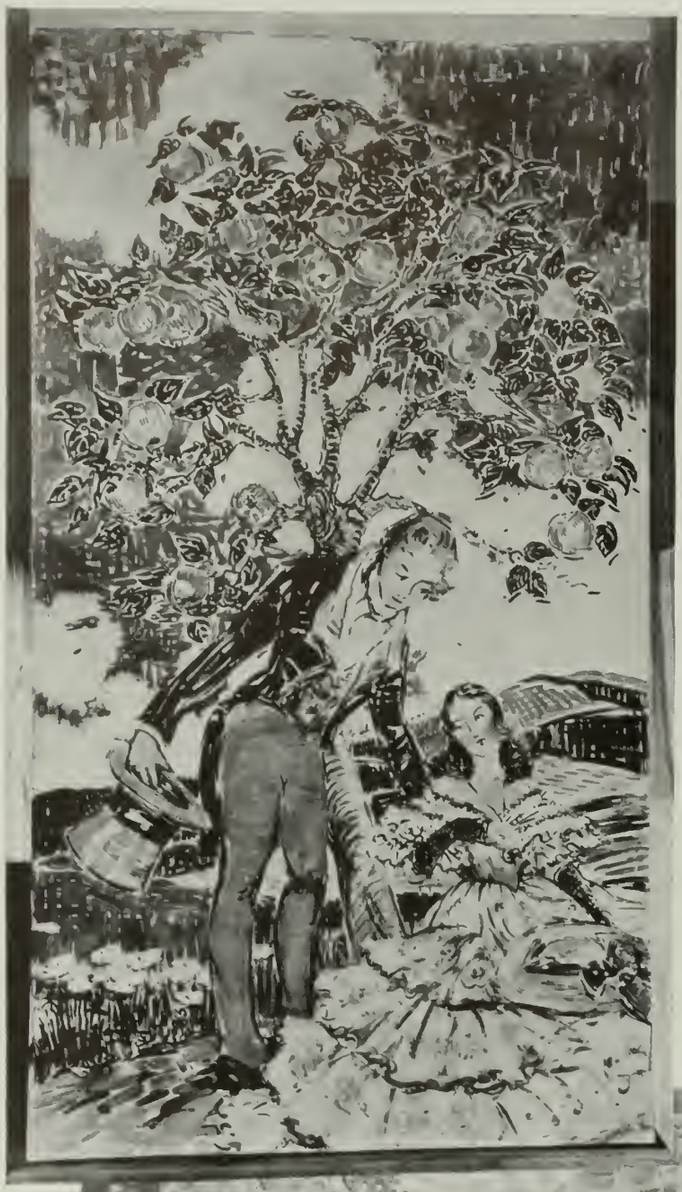
KNEEHOLE dressing table. The dark mahogany would be sombre minus the winged butterfly brasses with fantastic silhouettes! It has a keyhole escutcheon, and brass flowers on the middle drawer

UNUSUAL dresser with cupboards, 18th Century, finely-grained bronze oak. A delightful example of the beauty of the combination of oak and brass fittings





FINE William and Mary walnut tallboy, veneered with rich walnut and inlaid with simple geometrical patterns of black and white. The loops of the brass handles are cast and have baluster-like embellishment and the keyhole escutcheons are also finely designed in brass



Panels with Colonial Designs Done in the Modern Decorative Manner

These Delightful Murals Decorate the Walls of the Junior Ballroom of the American Woman's Association

Murals designed and executed by Lucille Howard and M. Elizabeth Price

THIS mural appears between two windows in the Junior ballroom. The sky in turquoise blue with red apples and yellow canaries make an enchanting background for the young lady's white dress and the man's grey and brown clothes. There is a green and yellow sward dotted here with clusters of white flowers

ANOTHER scene in the ballroom is a charming Colonial garden party with a lemon tree in bright green and yellow, with jade green appearing in awnings and dress trimmings and yellow green in the landscape. The gentleman's fitted coat is in marine blue; the ladies are in white with captivating bonnets

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERENICE ABBOTT



Modern Rooms Glowing with Color

In the Home of Mr. Robert O'Gorman, Velvets, Old Damasks, Rare Rugs Make a Scheme of Extraordinary Opulence

MARY COGGESHALL—JEANNETTE JUKES, Decorators



BELOW—The walls in the living room are rough plaster, and crimson damask curtains are hung from valances of crimson velvet. Gold gauze makes the draw curtains. The furniture is upholstered in the same velvet, gold brocade, dull green, and antique tapestry. Antique Spanish table and chest combine with old Italian pieces

RIGHT—In the dining room the rough plaster walls are in old parchment color, and the rug is a rich blue. English crewel work of various colors forms the draperies, over flame color net. Furniture of dark oak is of Jacobean design with rough blue satin pads on the chairs. Fine antique accessories are in pewter

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MATTIE EDWARDS HEWITT

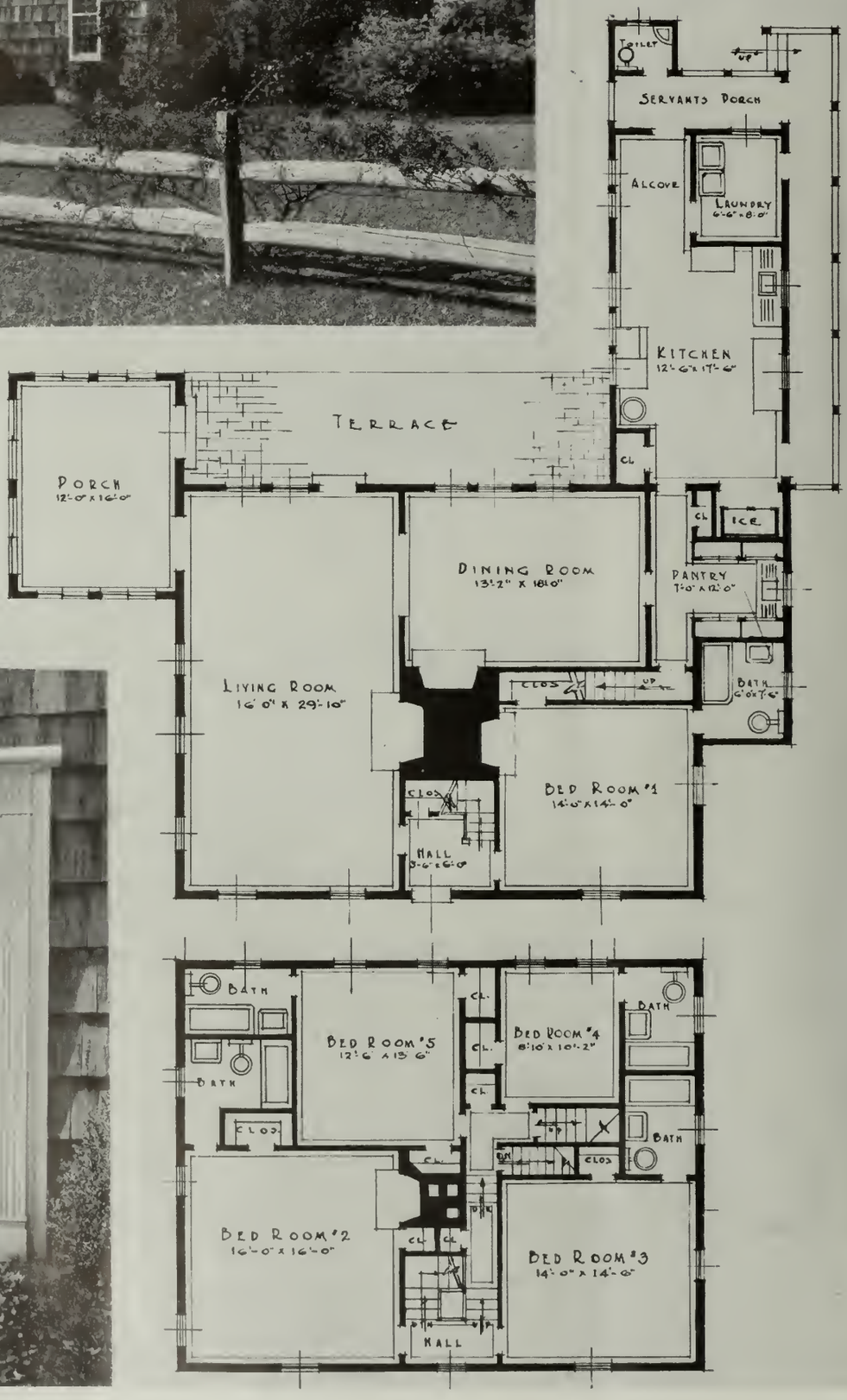




"GANSETT HOUSE," Mrs. Hamlin's latest treasure in antique houses. This was built over 200 years ago. She has recently fitted up this historic old place, making it a museum of Early American pieces. Seaweed stuffed in the walls of the house for insulation is found still sweet and unmolested

THE door of the front entrance to Gansett House was taken from the old Cartright house at Easthampton, its own door having disappeared. Perhaps this was fortunate; the present one has classic beauty





Gansett House Is an Expression of a Collector's Hobby

Down in the Neighborhood of Easthampton, Mrs. Harry L. Hamlin Has Made It Her Whim to Collect Fine Early American Homes. John F. Hamlin, Architect for the Reconstruction

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD AVERILL SMITH





BY throwing the original "parlour", a downstairs bedroom and a part of the kitchen together, Mrs. Hamlin has achieved a living room 16 by 30 feet. Oak beams remain in the ceiling and walls, except one end of the living room which is covered with pale green 18th Century paper. The room is furnished with a rare collection of antiques, some over 300 years old

AS can be seen from the picture above, the dining room is fitted up with rare furniture, old glazed chintz draperies at the windows and an antique rag rug on the floor. The fireplace is brick-lined and an Early American clock is the center of interest on the mantel



THIS spacious bedroom at the right is one of delightful comfort, with the two four-posters, the wing chairs, fine little maple tables for lamps. The walls are covered with a quaint wallpaper of the period and on the floor are some fine hooked rugs

PUR

"Still Life" as Matisse Does It

Two Famous Flower Studies from Paris and New York



"FRUIT and Flowers," by Henri Matisse, 1924, from the important collection of Josse Bernheim, Paris

"THE Pink Table Cloth," 1925, by Henri Matisse, from the modern collection of Samuel Lewisohn, New York

Photographs courtesy Museum of Modern Art



The TOOTH PASTE All Womankind Has Been Hearing About—



The Smoker's Friend

How Dr. Bōst, conducting a scientific research for smokers, discovered the ideal tooth paste for all—adults and children

THERE is an accepted saying, old as the hills, that "smoking is good for the teeth."

It is like saying "eating is good for the health." Both have their effect on the teeth. Eating certain foods has a discoloring tendency of one kind. Tobacco smoke has another.

Millions of men and women of refinement are enjoying their smoking, selecting tobaccos and blends with real discrimination.

It is distinctly a polite habit, and a soothing one, of great comfort in these rapid-moving days.

To keep the teeth absolutely clean has been the effort of every dentist and every conscientious maker of dentifrices.

Many tooth pastes have been evolved, and reached widespread sales, which cleanse the teeth and wash away the food particles that cling in the crevices *after eating*.

Some remove certain films and stains, after long and patient use; others counteract acids in the mouth which superinduce decay; still others claim to make gums hard and healthy.

Dr. Wm. Dale Bost, Doctor of Pharmacy and Pharmaceutical Chemist, who has achieved eminence in many lines, after discussing the matter with hundreds of smokers and manufacturers of cigarettes and cigars, determined to make a thorough laboratory research, and compound if possible a tooth paste *which would cleanse and sweeten the mouth after smoking and quickly and surely remove tobacco as well as all other stains and films*. There was definite need of such a dentifrice.

It must do this by the gentlest methods, without abrasives or acids which would work injury to enamel or mouth membranes.

Such a work, carried out successfully, he was assured, would be a priceless boon to smokers.

Concluding his research, Dr. Bost discovered by exhaustive tests that he had been completely successful in producing:—

(1) A tooth paste which would readily remove the stain of tobacco, or any other organic substance, and even many inorganic stains.

(2) A pure, wholesome tooth paste, free from any injurious ingredients whatever—a positive tooth preserver, beneficial to gums and membranes.

(3) A counteractant for mouth acids and a breath sweetener—an ideal mouth cleanser.

Make This Startling Test!



Blow tobacco smoke through your handkerchief. It leaves a brown stain.



Cover stain liberally with Bost Tooth Paste, brush it briskly, and—



The stain disappears!

Removes tobacco and other discolorations from the teeth and performs all the other offices of the finest dental preparations. Protects Teeth and Gums—no harmful ingredients.

BOST, INC., DEPT. A,
10 EAST 40TH STREET,
NEW YORK.

I would like to try Bost. Please send me a week's supply. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

My Druggist is.....

What Shall We Do With the Ceiling?

Treat Your Ceiling with Respect as a Part of the Scheme of Decoration

By FRANCES T. MILLER



A CORNER in a modern New York apartment, showing ceiling emphasis on steel construction, picturing beams painted white with ceiling of contrasting blue. These colors dominate the room, woodwork is darker than the ceiling and bookcases white holly wood

THE modern little room in a *pied-à-terre* in New York has a ceiling in buff with blue striping. The central lighting fixture is frosted glass and chromium. The color scheme is French blue and buff with a tile floor in the same colors. Chairs are made of chromium and upholstered in blue leather

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NYHOLM & LINCOLN



WHEN we plan the decoration of a room the important thing to bear in mind is that we are decorating an architectural actuality, and that we are not trying, as one might wish to do in the theatre, to give an illusion of something else than four walls and a ceiling.

Let us take an imaginary room as an example; for the sake of argument we will suppose it to be about ten feet high, that the daylight comes in through windows which are on two sides of the room, and that it has a flat ceiling without exposed beams and without a cornice. We wish to make our room rather informal in character and we want to produce an atmosphere of lightness and gayety. Now if we want our room to be bright yet subtle, we will not use very strong colors, but by taking the amount and the kind of light which comes from the windows into consideration, we can achieve this by painting the walls a good clear color, and putting a gay design on the ceiling. Here is a plain two-dimensional surface—let us confine our decoration to it. We have a flat, horizontal plane on which we intend to apply a design in color which will harmonize with the general color selected for the room. Our first concern is with the choosing of a suitable design, and a design which is suitable to a ceiling is primarily one which will lend itself in a satisfactory manner to the decoration of a horizontal plane. Whether it is to be painted or applied in some other manner, the pattern must be self-contained; it must not have an up and down feeling, as a running design

In the JULY issue *of*



VAUDEVILLE: Never again shall we see that genuine big-time vaudeville which nursed most of the comedians of our musical stage. Here in print and pictures is a nostalgic recollection of the heydays of that most indigenous of American institutions;, pictures of our vaudeville favorites of the nineteen hundreds and the early teens; and a reminiscing article by Sarah Addington, who was present at the obsequies of the institution this spring, and solemnized the occasion with true vaudeophilian tears.

SUMMER THEATRE: Out of Broadway by July is the word that is passed around Forty-Second Street these days; and every playgoer who loves his theatre takes up the trek to Bar Harbor and Dennis and Westport, to the dunes of Cape Cod and Southampton. For he knows that in informal summer playhouses he will find the best actors of the American stage playing again the successes of last season, trying out the new plays that will be on everybody's tongues next winter. Ruth Sedgwick tells where to find them—where the smartest and most knowing of the sun-tanned, sport-clothed audiences will foregather, what they can expect to find.

THE LAST WORD from the old season—A Thousand Summers which brought Jane Cowl back at the season's end; Billie Burke's new venture in California; the summer musical shows; pictures and gossip of the current productions which are the breath of life to the playgoer—and the first rumors of next season.

25 cents
on principal newsstands
By subscription $2.50

THE
STAGE

50 East 42nd St. New York



A BREAKFAST room in a modern apartment, with ceiling in plaster. There is a delicate mural tracery at intervals on the walls. The ceiling is attached to the wall with plaster brackets. Plaster executed by Jacobson & Co. Decorator, M. L. Overton

WEINOLD REISS, decorator, who was in the advance guard for Modernism, did this room for the art directors of Lenin & Mitchell. The design is executed in red and gold shadows against a white ceiling. The lighting fixtures are frosted glass and brass



PHOTO BY EMELIE DANIELSON



IN this charming modernistic room, a ceiling of paper in brilliant colors is used as an interesting decoration over walls of silver washed in gold. The colors of the ceiling are shrimp pink, emerald green and dark bright blue. The mirror glass bed cover is a spread of shrimp pink taffeta

would not look well on a ceiling. Besides this self-contained element in the design, another important feature is that it shall have chiefly two-dimensional quality; that is, that it shall suggest width and breadth rather than depth. If this third element—depth—is suggested too strongly it is apt to produce a restless effect and to prevent the design from appearing to lie flatly on the ceiling. Hand-blocked or printed papers offer one of the simplest means of decorating a ceiling; the small, geometric patterns and stylized flower patterns are appropriate because they will not carry our eye out to the borders of the space.

After design, the next thing to consider is value. Color is secondary to value. A very light ceiling in a room where the walls are several shades darker will lower the apparent height of the room as much as when the treatment is reversed, for the eye travelling along the walls meets a sudden contrast, the horizontal plane appears to rest heavily on the verticals of the walls, and the sense of weight is emphasized. Unless one wishes deliberately to "bring the ceiling down," one should keep it keyed to the tones of the walls. If the general color of the room is to be fairly subtle, then it is important not to put a design on the ceiling in which there will be too great a contrast of light and dark. We use a close color scale to produce subtlety.

In rooms where we wish to use strong color, the contrast in the color values of the ceiling pattern may be more marked, and we may use a scale which will run all the way from black to white and have in it a great variety of colors. Strong colors used consistently may be as pleasing and may create as livable an atmosphere as

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What Shall We Do With the Ceiling?

(Continued from page 54)

e softer shades, but we must not rget that the amount of contrast in ht and shade will determine the ect of a design more definitely than e actual color of it.

As in this article we are chiefly ncerned with design, we will not scuss color except in so far as it s a bearing on design. Color may ways be considered as the determin- g note to which we will key our ale, and its choice is largely a per- nal matter.

We will next consider another type room—the room under the eaves whose ceiling follows the sloping e of the roof, and this presents a w problem, the problem of planes d varied angles. Arbitrarily defin- g the ceiling limits, we shall say at the wall treatment will be con- ed to vertical planes and that all her surfaces will be considered as longing to the ceiling. Due to the cidental arrangement of these planes the ceiling we have an effect of ht which has an important bearing the treatment of these surfaces. As e light falls upon them, some sur- ces appear lighter than others, and rong shadows are cast by sharp gles. We find that it is more inter- ting to emphasize these angles than attempt to disguise them. There- re we will plan to treat a ceiling of is type in such a manner as to bring t its peculiar individuality. In this se we shall use paint as it is obvi- sly not a space which can be deco- ted with an applied design. But inting a ceiling does not necessarily ean a one color scheme. Several lors may be used in such a way at they combine to give a desired fect. We might, for instance, paint l horizontal surfaces in one color, rticals in another, and planes on an gle in still another color. According the scale we use the effect pro- uced will be bright, subdued, subtle, r vivid; and, as in an abstract paint- g, our reaction will be to the im- ression produced by the whole.

If we prefer, instead of using sev- ral colors, we may paint the ceiling one color, and vary the shades in uch a way as to stress the architec- ural features of the room. If a de- gn in the form of wallpaper or other ecoration is used on the walls, the ey colors should be repeated in the eiling. Breaking up colors in this shion brings a room together, adds ignity to its charm, and makes it a armonious entity.

In a room where the ceiling con- sts of exposed beams such as in e modern building of steel con- truction, the treatment may become n extremely interesting decorative cheme. How shall we tackle it? robably the first step in the suc- essful solution of this problem lies our state of mind. When we accept he elements introduced into a con- emporary room by modern architec- ure, the possibilities for obtaining leasing decorative effects will appear mitless. With the same attitude pre- ailing towards the importance of reserving functional features, which e considered at the beginning of his article, we admit that whether a eiling is flat, arched, or beamed, it s an architectural decree, and one hat we have previously agreed not o discard when planning our scheme f decoration. Here we have a totally ifferent problem than we had in the room with the flat ceiling and in the room under the roof. Our planes are horizontal and vertical. We have long rectangular shapes dividing square or rectangular spaces; the characteristics of a steel building project themselves into our room and we are allowed to see, as it were, how the building is constructed. There is no delicate disguising of structural elements, no superimposed ornamentation in the form of cornices, centerpieces, or mouldings; but instead, a simple, functional, and uncompromising surface.

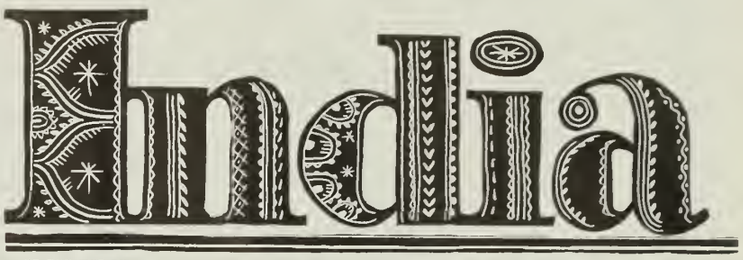
The first question which many people will ask is how a room which seems so bare and cold can be made livable. The shift from conventional symmetry to a new balance of space and mass, the lack of architectural ornamentation, windows and doors which are merely openings in walls occurring at irregular intervals, all appear somewhat unapproachable unless we are able to experience a change in our mental attitude. A change which, instead of shocking us, produces the exultant sensation that comes from knowing that the surfaces we are working with are an actual part of the framework, barely disguised by covering materials, and the feeling that in being drawn nearer to elemental materials, we are reacting as we would to something which is alive. Possibly an atavistic impulse which goes back to the desire of early man to decorate the walls of his cave causes us to enjoy the primitive elemental nature of undisguised construction and to recognize it as a satisfying setting for the expression of our individualities.

This leads to the consideration of the ceiling in a contemporary room. In its simplest form we find horizontal planes which are broken at intervals by cross beams running the length and breadth of the room, giving somewhat the appearance of a gigantic plaid design in three dimensions, suggesting ceilings within ceilings. The breaks in the planes and the element of depth thus introduced lend an enormous interest to the composition.

In a room of this type one of our first considerations is the lighting, for the decoration of the ceiling in a contemporary room is so closely allied to the lighting that one might almost say that the decoration is the lighting. Daylight causes shadows to be cast by projecting beams, there appears a fascinating play of light and shade on plane surfaces, and provided we stick to rules and do not attempt to disguise these constructional features, we may give free scope to our imagination in the matter of décor.

Most modern rooms are designed to incorporate concealed lighting and artificial lighting now takes a legitimate place in the design of the ceiling. When we replace any preconceived ideas which we may have in connection with electric lighting fixtures as decorative objects in themselves, and look upon electricity simply as a means to obtain light in the most beautiful way possible, we see that modern lighting fits quite logically into the general scheme. Flush panels, made of glass or other transparent materials, form part of the decorative as well as the architec-

(Continued on page 58)





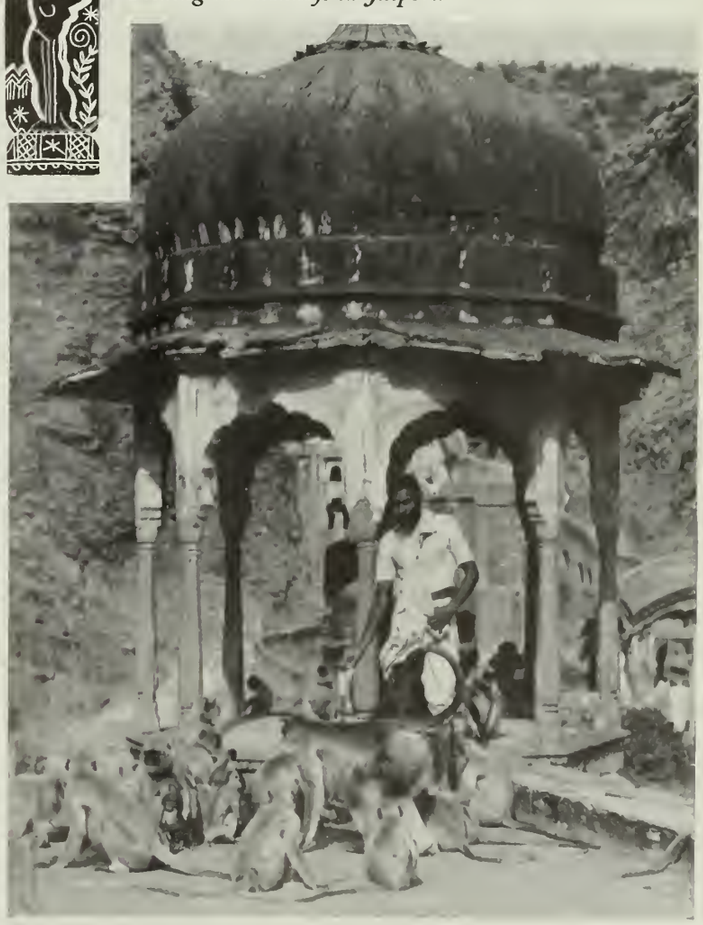
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Feeding the monkeys in Jaipore.





PHOTOGRAPH BY JESSIE TARBOX BEALS

Mrs. Craig Heberton's Modern Spanish Home in California. George Washington Smith, Architect

ONE of the finest of the Spanish homes designed by Mr. Smith is this lovely spot at Montecito. It has the quality of great dignity and simplicity for which this architect was famous, not only in the white stucco walls, the rose roof and iron grille, but the tropical planting along the front façade



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Brass on Old English Furniture

(Continued from page 45)

rated with a punched pattern. You will sometimes find this described as being "engraved". This is a misnomer; the design (if such a simple arrangement can be dignified by that title) is carried out by numerous impressions with variously shaped punches arranged so as to build up the required pattern. Some of the modern copies of such fittings, being cast, do not vary slightly in the details as the originals do.

The keyhole escutcheons resemble the back plates in outline and decoration, though their horizontal dimension is smaller. "H" hinges and narrow upright keyhole escutcheons similar in style are found on the bureau cupboard-tops and the corner cupboards made at the same time.

About the beginning of the eighteenth century, brasses were made without the impressed pattern, but of somewhat similar outline. Many were pierced and fretted in latticed patterns and there was an infinite variety to choose from, some being of the utmost simplicity and others large and elaborate. One type of back plate has the whole of the central portion removed, leaving only a cartouche shaped rim to connect the two ends of the loop. These are light and graceful, especially as the lines of the rim are rather charming as a rule.

The pierced type did not survive the passing of the vogue for veneered walnut very long but the solid brass back plates were found on a number of pieces of mahogany of the transitional type.

During the middle of the eighteenth century—the so-called Chippendale period—just at the very time when one might have expected super-elaborate metal work in accordance with the Rococo taste of the day, furniture brasses became simple in style and smaller in size.

There are notable exceptions; elaborate pieces of furniture in the French style were fitted with finely cast and chased mounts of gilt brass quite eclipsing the wood work, and some others of less importance, but still evidently special pieces, have brass work handles of English workmanship though quite in the ornate French manner. Chippendale gives designs for such fittings in the third edition of the Director, recommending that they should be modeled in wax and cast, presumably by the *cire perdue* process.



This group dates from 1780 or thereabouts and has a savour of Hepplewhite's work. The table has handles with oval backplates of stamped brass, bearing the pattern of a classical temple. The general colouring of furniture of this type is much lighter and gayer than in previous periods. Individual pieces are good examples of contrast between surfaces of metal and wood

Of these pieces one must remark that while acknowledging the excellent craftsmanship they display, there must be the reservation that they are not true manifestations of the English spirit in woodwork, which finds its happiest expression when all embellishment springs from the essential qualities of the principal material, and the workman's skill in dealing with it.



The fine sideboard in the Hepplewhite style has the large oval brasses so usual toward the end of the 18th Century. The ends of the loops turn in towards the center which is very practical, giving room for the hands. Keyholes are fitted with narrow rims only

The generality of the cabinet's work, such as secretaires, bureaux and so on is supplied with simple loop handles, the ends held by bolts which pass through plain round or oval plates of small size. Some of these are ornamental enough to be called rosettes but not many. The loops are somewhat shaped and thicker in the middle part. The keyhole escutcheons are equally simple, but cupboards generally have pierced keyhole plates of a rather more ornamental kind. It seems as though the cabinet makers, proud of the absolute perfection of their work, would not tolerate anything which might challenge the supremacy of the lovely mahogany. And they were right. They knew what they were about—those old craftsmen.

Then comes the change to the Neo-Classic taste in interior decoration, heralded by the Brothers Adam and carried by them to a logical perfection from which it steadily declined after their day.

The sombre tones of the rich dark mahogany no longer suited the most fashionable taste. Paint, Japan, and light woods used daintily and delicately, permitted a more fanciful treatment of the brasswork. Often the handles had a back plate adorned with a classical ornament or they were cast in the form of urns or vases supporting swags of flowers or husks.

The work is always beautifully carried out, the chasing is fine and the whole bears a well considered relation to the piece of furniture of which it is part. These pieces of furniture with elaborate and delicately designed brasswork can be used for spots of color in a room, with excellent effect. The metal catches the light on its well-rubbed surface, and adds a pleasing richness to the color of wood, fabric and paint used in the room.

Sometimes these fittings are of silver which accords particularly well with some of the fine grained woods used so freely towards the end of the eighteenth century. During the last twenty years of the century and at the beginning of the nineteenth the round or oval back plate of thin stamped brass with a cast loop handle became almost universal. As these plates were stamped with dies the number of patterns available was somewhat limited, and one meets with the same shell, lion, classical urn or basket over and over again. The favorite designs were made in a large number of sizes so as to be suitable for all the different pieces of furniture which were made *en suite*, and there is a terrible lack of individuality about them. The knob handle was gradually creeping into favour. Small knobs had, of course, been used since the early days of brass fittings but only for tiny drawers. They were now made for full sized furniture but are always of little interest as they seldom bear any relation to the pieces they are on. So here we leave our furniture brasses as those made later belong to a different era.

What Shall We Do With the Ceiling?

(Continued from page 55)

tural design, and any use of light which does away with the spottiness of the incandescent bulb adds tremendously to the possibilities of artificial lighting. Turned high or low at will, the soft glow of diffused light can blend the hard actuality of building materials into a radiant design. Thus lighting, which has both a practical and decorative function, recedes nevertheless into the background, and the dividing line between decoration and function becomes less and less apparent.

Indirect lighting, which means that the light is reflected from a surface and the source of the light concealed, is particularly adapted to the modern ceiling. From narrow troughs and recesses placed in the borders or along the beams, rays of light are thrown onto the ceiling and reflected into the room. Effective use may be made in this way of colored lights—as has been done by Winold Reiss in the ballroom of the St. George Hotel—the ceiling being virtually painted with light. This removes us some distance from the old-fashioned chandelier, and although many attempts have been made to modernize it and to adapt it to electric light, it still remains an incongruous object—particularly when hung from a ceiling of modern construction, for electric bulbs never should have been used to replace candles.

Further decoration may be introduced into ceiling treatments by the use of various materials, the texture and color of which will add interest to the room. Glass in its new forms which allow subtle designs in color to appear in the glass itself, such as seen in Maurice Heaton's products, and the non-transparent materials like metal, mosaic, tile, mirror glass, and many others, all open up an endless vista of decorative possibilities in regard to the ceiling of a modern room.

"Making the room work for us" is perhaps the best expression of what our attitude should be, but the seemingly ruthless simplification which is the result of our modern requirements should be gratefully accepted with the thought that an unnecessarily ornate frame rarely adds to the beauty of a picture.

Keeping within the limits of architectural construction always has been the successful factor in good decorative design, and fundamentally the rules are the same to-day as those which governed the decorations of a Michelangelo four centuries ago.

At the Gateway to the Pyrenees

(Continued from page 25)

ine and beautiful regardless of age. With pride he showed us many of his choice bits—old clocks, marbles, furniture and paintings, ancient and modern.

The charm of this old Hostellerie, however, is not confined to works of art. A good deal can be said for the friendly informality, the quiet way in which you are made to feel at home. In turn you become acquainted with the two hotel dogs and the six cats that drowse in the warm sunshine in the courtyard. At mealtimes they come to the dining room for tid-bits. But the favorite pet is Coo-Coo, the pigeon, who has even more of a free rein—strutting into the dining room, fluttering about the court, the balcony or hopping from pot to jar upon the high shelves of the immaculate kitchen. In most provincial taverns of Southern France the animals have charming manners and beg for food most engagingly. Somehow they add zest to the meal.

The top of Cordes being the summit of a hill one naturally concludes that there is very little space. However, the buildings are so arranged that there is enough space left over for a market place and a little public square—the two necessities even in a French hill town.

The square, bearing the full title, Promenade de la Bride, is at the very top and shaded by large horse chestnut trees. The most interesting thing about it, aside from its unique situation, is that one can sit on a ledge in the wall where once archers may have knelt and look at the panorama. Here it is more sweeping than from our room window. The lovely patchwork of the valley is more pronounced and one sees more of the interesting little Cerou River, its cool, tree-bordered banks, the centuries-old mill that takes toll of its water. And the green encircling hills beyond.

Here, or at the Café in the corner of the wall, one becomes more fully aware of the keynote of Cordes—peacefulness. The motor horns from the valley are muted and here one seldom hears the noise of a motor. For the most part the few louder sounds are pleasant such as the church bells. Saint Michel near us will start and then Notre Dame and other churches further down the hill. As echoes come the bells of little towns hidden in the hills.

We follow the bells down the hill passing through the Porte d'Armaux, the higher Western gate. Lower down we pass under other gates, circle the foot of the hill and start up again via the Pater Noster steps to the East. These old steps end at the Gate of the Clock—the lowest gate on this side and very lovely. Then one climbs the steep, narrow, twisting street, passing the Barbacaine and two other beautiful old gates before we are again at the top.

This will prove to be quite a walk. There are other walks one may take near the summit that will not be so fatiguing. On these one will see old gardens, watch towers, fountains as well as attractive vistas of Cordes and views of the countryside.

Anywhere in Cordes it is easy to picture the frenzied activity in the town of the old days when the tocsin sounded the approach of metal-clad armies. It is hard not to pity both men and beasts struggling up these steep, steep streets with last-minute supplies, while armourers worked over their forges and knights stood impatiently around. There was nothing soft about the wars that were fought around Cordes. The older fortifications were first built to protect the settlement of leather tanners and cloth weavers, living near the hill, by Count Raymond of Toulouse in 1222 and the fact that leather is still tanned at Cordes at least suggests its impregnability. In reality, as Cordes grew and became more prosperous space for the increase could only be provided to the jeopardy of some of the fortifications. New ones were constructed nearer the bottom of the hill and the town lost something of its defensive efficiency.

However, Cordes still holds its head up with the knowledge that it can be classed as a commercial town. Besides leather tanning there are several other small manufactures, and bakeries that make certain little cakes that enjoy quite a reputation.

As to the individual buildings of the town a good many are definitely traceable to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and many others are known to be old but of uncertain date. These buildings are scattered over the town from top to bottom. Some must have come through the wars outside the original fortifications unscathed.

Some of the most interesting buildings are situated along the main street of higher Cordes that leads up from the Porte d'Armaux, over the top and down through the Porte de Rous on the East. The street here adds to the stateliness of the buildings by being paved with large stone blocks instead of the customary cobblestones.

The houses themselves are built of blocks of sandstone quarried in the neighborhood of the nearby town of Carmaux. Judging from the condition of the buildings this sandstone must have some time-weathering unknown to that quarried elsewhere.

There is a delightful feature about these houses. This is the detailed work of the Middle-age sculpture and bas-relief of their façades. The nature, theme and execution of the bas-relief differs with each building, but are all amusing and unique.

Across the face of one building about where the second story begins are carved many scenes of the chase. Upon others are varied grotesque figures such as a hooded dwarf playing a bagpipe, a hawk devouring its prey; quaint horsemen; a woman eating an apple, etc. Upon another there are very realistic monkeys crouching near the arched windows.

In some instances legends have sprung up about these old houses but cold science has disclosed the fact that they were merely derived from the themes of the sculpture.

Though lacking the amusing touch of the sculpture many of the other old buildings are most attractive. One is constantly coming upon them. Then too, Cordes has many churches and chapels. The two most noted are the church of Saint Michel adjoining the Hostellerie and Notre Dame well down the western side of the hill. The former was begun in 1287; the latter is much older. They are both well worth entering.

One completes this busy day of seeing the picturesque, of climbing

(Continued on page 64)

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Under Cover

Grand Parade of the Seven Arts

By BENJAMIN DECASSERES

PLANNING AND PLANTING THE HOME GARDEN. *By Pauline Murray. (Orange Judd Publishing Co., 15 East 26th St., N. Y. City.) Illustrated.*

I'm developing a garden-complex. This is a simply written volume. It covers the ground so thoroughly that even the man or woman wholly inexperienced in gardening can understand and apply the planning and planting directions with full confidence of success even the very first time he or she tries.

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CONTEMPORARY ART APPLIED TO THE STORE AND ITS DISPLAY. *By Frederick Kiester. (Brentano's.) Illustrated.*

This is an oddly printed volume. It is exceedingly attractive in its get-up. The illustrations are by Elie Nadelmann, Gabo, John Storrs and many others. It is all ultra-contemporary and reminds me of the entrances to the Translux picture houses.

The fine arts as the basis of decoration, painting, sculpture, architecture, "horizontalism as the forerunner of the coming tensionism" (that'll hold you for a while!), the new art for the masses, dramatizing by lighting and the store front are only a few of the dozens of themes treated herein. This book almost persuades me to open a store with this book for guide.

EVERYBODY'S GARDEN. *By Walter Prichard Eaton. (Alfred A. Knopf.) Illustrated.*

As is proper, Mr. Eaton has dramatized the garden.

This practical book on garden design by an amateur gardener of long experience will prove extremely helpful to those whose grounds are not large and who are limited in both time and money. It tells simply and concretely how, without changing the landscape and with the use of simple material, the amateur can realize to the best advantage the natural opportunities of his land.

AMERICAN ART ANNUAL. Vol. 28, for the Year 1931. (The American Federation of Arts, Barr Building, Washington, D. C.)

This book needs no introduction to those interested in the arts. It is, as usual, packed with information of all kinds. All the States are represented.

New art museums and galleries have been opened everywhere in spite of the Great Depression, which conveys the moral that Art is, as usual, long and our pocketbooks are, as usual, short. It is the triumph of the Nine Muses over Stock Gambling.

REACHING FOR ART. *By Guy Eglinton. (May & Co., Boston.) Illustrated.*

Mr. Eglinton is a vivid writer with the sense of intimacy in his talks.

The author pleads for a better appreciation of art. There is here a sensitiveness to beauty, a feeling for form and faith in art not as a means to knowledge but rather as a means to joy. All who are endeavoring to appreciate the artist will find this book full of educational value.

A collection of penetrating and delightful essays on Faggi, Canadé, Seurat, Courbet, Matisse, Charonton, Dante, Blake and others.

THE BOOK OF ROSES. *By Dr. G. Griffin Lewis. (Richard G. Badger, Boston.) Illustrated.*

This book ought to be in the hands of all rose-lovers. It is as concise and as practical as possible. The author succeeds in imbuing the reader with some of his enthusiasm and enthralling him with his hobby.

There are twenty-three chapters in the book, each one a romance in itself.

THE FANTASTIC CLAN. *By John James Thornber and Frances Bonker. (The Macmillan Co.) Illustrated.*

And still more about the Cactus Family. It's like keeping up with the Joneses, in a way. Scientifically accurate and complete, yet popularly written, this book describes the cacti, tells how and where they grow, and gives complete cultural directions for handling them in indoor and outdoor gardens everywhere.

HANDRAIL AND STAIRCASE JOINERY. *By John W. Wright. (Longmans, Green & Co.) Illustrated.*

A good guide to both the theoretical and practical sides of handrailing and stairbuilding. The importance of geometry, particularly solid geometry, has been emphasized from the beginning of the book. But it is all very clear, and, as Mr. Wright says, "He who runs may read." But why run?

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH. *By Adeline Adams. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Illustrated.*

Everyone interested in Mr. French's work and, indeed, in sculpture, would enjoy this beautiful book, which contains thirty-two pictures of the sculptor's representative statues.

Mrs. Adams' biography also suggests to the reader something of playfulness, wit, serenity and courage—things you'll find in the art of Daniel Chester French.

MAKING WATERCOLOR BEHAVE. *By Eliot O'Hara. (Minton, Balch & Co.) Illustrated.*

A stimulating and practical handbook, simply presented and graphically illustrated by photographs of the watercolorist at work. It is equally valuable for beginners and experienced artists.

CACTUS CULTURE. *By Ellen D. Schulz. (Orange Judd Publishing Co., 15 East 26th St., New York.) Illustrated.*

This book is the presentation of information concerning this widely known but little understood group of plants, for the cactus is the critic in the Kingdom of Flora.

This book gives you all the information you may be seeking on the cactus, both indoor and outdoor. It also treats of the insects and diseases of the plant.

THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN SCULPTURE. *By Lorado Taft. (Macmillan.) Illustrated.*

This is a revised edition of this famous and authoritative work. There is a supplementary chapter by Adeline Adams. She has written a brief account of the trend of American sculpture since 1923. She comments on new influences and recent changes and closes with a word as to possible future developments.

PAINTS, PAINTINGS AND RESTORATION. *By Dr. Maximilian Toch. (D. Van Nostrand Co., 250 Fourth Ave., New York.) Illustrated.*

Written by a man who has had unique experience in the manufacture of all kinds of materials used in the art of painting and decorating, this book is exhaustive on the subject of restoring pictures. The illustrations are exceedingly helpful.

THE QUEST OF THE PRINT. *By Frank Weitenkampf. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)*

This is by the well-known curator of prints of the New York Public Library, one of the greatest authorities on prints. In his new book the author tells us why prints are collected, how and what to collect, who have been some of the great collectors and what some of the great collections contain.

A SHORT GUIDE TO THE ART OF EUROPE. *By Martha Harvey. (Houghton, Mifflin Co.) Illustrated.*

This concise, practical book is designed for the bewildered sight-seer of things in the world of art. Part I deals with painting, taken by periods and schools. Part II deals with architecture and sculpture in much the same manner.

THE REAL LOG CABIN. *By Chilson D. Aldrich. (The Macmillan Company.) Illustrated.*

There is something romantic about a log cabin that gives it an almost universal appeal, and this book tells how practical such cabins are, what they cost, and how to plan and build them. The author is probably the only architect in the country who has devoted himself exclusively to designing and building log cabins.

THE ART OF POTTERY. *By Irma Gall and V. M. Van Etta. (The Bruce Publishing Company.) Illustrated.*

The authors have wisely considered the student's and amateur's outlook and ability to make things out of clay. They have kept in mind the limitations of material and equipment and have employed the best methods of presentation.

AMERICAN ALPINES IN THE GARDEN. *By Anderson McCully. (The Macmillan Company.) Illustrated.*

This book covers this new field of gardening with practical facts and first-hand observation of the plants themselves, and tells just how to grow them successfully in the garden.

WHEN ANTIQUES WERE YOUNG. *By Marion Nicholl Rawson. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) Illustrated.*

Did you know that antiques once had a giddy youth?

It is a distinguishing feature of Mrs. Rawson's work that her material is not gleaned from the books of others, but from the diminishing number of old people who have shared with her their rich memories of the past. Fascinating and delightful.

PERENNIAL GARDENS. *By H. Stuart Ortloff. (The Macmillan Company.) Illustrated.*

This book tells how and where to use perennials in the home landscape, how to select appropriate kinds, and how to care for, cultivate and propagate them. It is written for the home gardener who knows the beauty, value and enjoyment to be gained from intelligent planning and planting.

THE PRINTING OF TEXTILES. *By Reco Capey. (John Wiley & Sons, New York.) Illustrated.*

Surveys the subject from all angles: methods of printing, stencilling, mixing of colors, styles of printing, batik, treatment of the cloth after printing, dyeing, block printing by machine, etc. There is also a history of the matter.

PERSPECTIVE IN DRAWING. *By D. D. Sawyer. (Charles Scribner's Sons.) Illustrated.*

A little book with much of value in it. Miss Sawyer discusses briefly the theory of perspective and gives many helps to the beginner.

A BOOK OF SPORTING PAINTERS. *By Walter Shaw Sparrow. (Charles Scribner's Sons.) Illustrated.*

This is a most comprehensive collection of Hound and Hunt and Horn and Gamebag. It is magnificently printed with many colored illustrations and will at least renew your interest in the horse, which is an animal, you may recall, we used to use before we got machine-lazy.

GREAT PICTURES OF EUROPE. *By Thomas Munro. (Brentano's.) Illustrated.*

This is a short introduction to the "appreciation of painting." It is written in the form of a guide-book to the principal art museums of Europe and is arranged according to centuries, galleries and churches. A pleasant little trip with your eye.

BACKGROUND WITH FIGURES. *Reminiscences of a Painter. By Cecilia Beaux. (Houghton Mifflin & Co.) Illustrated.*

In this delightful autobiography Miss Beaux tells of her early days at the old Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia, her student days in Paris and the period of her prime, rich in interesting friendships and brilliant work.

(Continued on page 64)

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THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

Refectory "Bordes"

(Continued from page 27)

of the neighboring barons suddenly decided to start a little raid during dinner time. In which case, the guests and retainers were free to see the marauders and to leap the table for battle.

We may as well now jump from mediaeval customs to 20th Century uses of the refectory table; and one of these can usually add something to at least one room in any home. More particularly so because the modern copies of the old models are being made in sizes appropriate to fairly small rooms. Several interiors suggestive of the inclusion of a refectory table are shown among the illustrations and we will refer to these again. Meanwhile the library which gave rise to the etymological discussion is worth describing, though we are unable to include a picture of it.

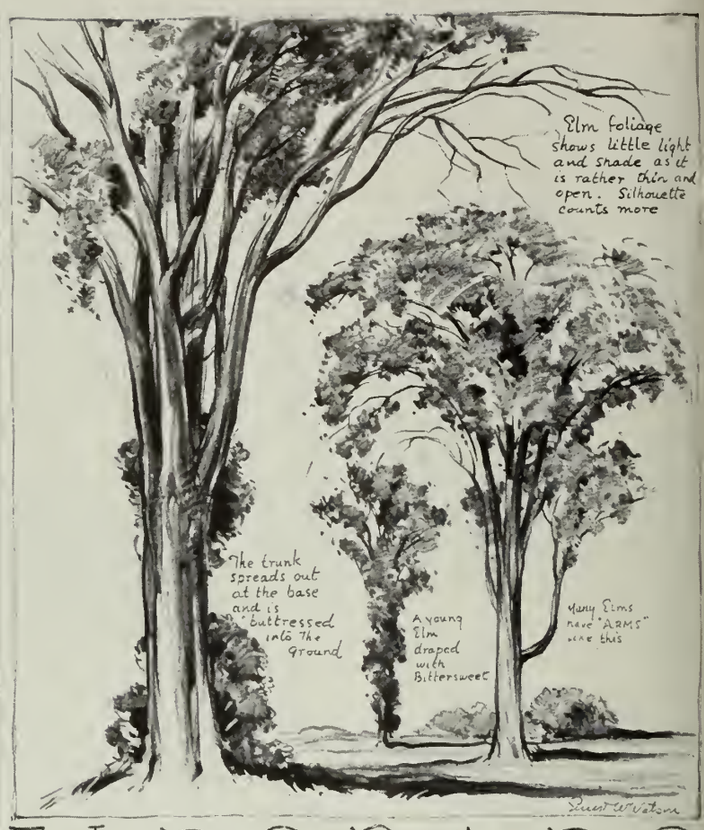
It is part of a large house and the rooms are somewhat unusually high for which reason the treatment of the walls is important. In passing, also, it might be well to repeat that both antiques and reproductions from original furniture are used in this room. Architecturally the centerpiece is a copy of a Gothic stone fireplace with carved decorations above, the fireplace opening having the depressed arch common to the early 16th Century. Linenfold paneling with a carved frieze and cornice at about the height of the mantel is carried around the walls; this leaves a generous space of plain stucco wall, above, which is broken up by medium sized tapestry panels.

As the floor is of polished oak, the floor coverings have been selected of a size to leave a wide border of the oak exposed: One large rug is in the center and lengthwise of the room and a long but narrow one at each end, placed across the room. A refectory table of the trestle type with the large carved bulbous knops, often spoken of as Elizabethan, is centered on the fireplace with a large couch on the fire side. On the other side of the table are two short benches copied from old models similar to the forms which were once used in schools.

There was something unusual about that table: Instead of being "cluttered" with unnecessary objects it is used as a writing desk; the center part being furnished with an inkstand and a large blotting pad lighted by a shaded lamp formed from a large colorful Oriental vase, while a tall silver candlestick was placed at either end of the table. When we were there it was summer time and a large bowl of flowers from the owner's garden added that beauty which only flowers can bring.

One especially attractive piece of furniture was a slightly smaller edition of the so-called day-bed, though in this case it was little more than a lounging chair with a long seat to serve as a leg-rest; and the decorator had sufficient breadth of vision not to restrict the chairs to those which might be contemporary with the table. Though, knowing the owner, we are inclined to think that he personally saw to it that comfort dictated this decision, because there was not one of the straight-back wooden affairs which served as chairs in the days of James I. There were one or two obviously copied from that period, but the backs had been made with a comfortable cant and well padded.

(Continued on page 63)



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The Refectory "Bordes" of Today

(Continued from page 62)

The folk of the Early Stuart days were not so accustomed to soft cushions as we are.

We spoke of the early custom of sitting only on one side of the refectory tables; this explains why they are narrow and long. And whether it be an original or a modern copy, each style belongs to one distinct period, various improvements appearing later as the tables become more decorative. The first has the X shape trestle, then came the rough planks supported on independent uprights of the inverted T type, the top of the T forming the floor rest and the two trestles held firm by a stout piece of wood, as a stretcher-rail, passed through the uprights and pinned with wood pegs.

Refectory tables of this style belong to the 17th Century and there is one with three simple T supports in the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. A modern copy is included in a Colonial interior illustrated, an interior which suggests a very charming breakfast room in a country house or for that matter in any house. Such a table unaccompanied by other suitable furniture or standing alone in a showroom might give the impression of too austere a simplicity; but place it in a room such as that pictured and it is immediately attractive; the reason being that its straight lines contrast with the curves of the other furniture; and the colors of the carpet, the wallpaper and the china on the dresser become a background for the dull sheen of the woodwork.

Another very popular style of these tables has the large carved bulbous trestles with the foot-rest copied from the English of the Tudor and Early Stuart days. These are suitable for a smaller dining-room for several reasons: Like all refectory tables they are especially conducive to conviviality probably owing to their being narrow, the two supports being at either end, do not inconvenience the guests; and they can be obtained with movable tops, which allows the table to be "taken down" if necessary. The last repeats the custom of the Middle Ages when after dinner the tables were "taken down" and placed against the wall so that the Great Hall would be free for dancing and amusements.

One type much favored has what is known as the "draw-top"—not "drawer-top", as it is often called. The advantage of these is in the fact that the top may be lengthened in the same way as the later extension tables are increased in size by the addition of extra leaves. But with the draw-top, the leaves are part of the table and this method is one of the several ingenious contrivances used centuries ago to produce what might be called "folding furniture".

This extending top, which was invented about 1480, is shown in one of the interiors illustrated and the manner in which the top is pulled out and closed is interesting enough to describe. The top is formed of three separate pieces, those at either end sliding under the larger piece which is the top when the table is closed; but the ingenious part of the arrangement is that whether one of the end pieces or both are pulled out the table top remains perfectly level. At the present time this method is adapted to refectory tables of various sizes and we have even seen the miniature copies which are used to hold tobacco and cigarettes beside a chair, fitted with this convenient draw-top.

Some perplexity arises at times as to the style of seats to use with one of these "bordes", when part of a dining-room. If you wish to retain all the romance which they represent, and assuming that your guests will have no objection, then the proper seats are the trestle-end benches; however, as these have no backs, they cannot be recommended for comfort. So far as the selection of suitable chairs is concerned there is virtually no restriction; obviously the more elaborate carved backs of the Chippendale period or those of Hepplewhite and Sheraton cannot be considered. But any others are perfectly suitable.

It is advisable to visit some of the various showrooms where there are chairs copied from those of almost all ages; in those same showrooms, there are also refectory tables and it is merely a matter of "trying" different chairs in a similar way to trying on a hat or a pair of shoes. However, as with shoes, give a thought to comfort, because there are some of the quite early seats which like the "backless" benches will not meet with the approval of every guest who may sit at your table. To give a few suggestions: There are the plain wood chairs with simple turned legs and stretchers which "belong" to the days of the refectory tables; then there are the elaborately carved high back styles with cane panel backs and seats of the Stuart period; these are especially decorative in a dining room, though we have known ladies to object to the height of the back because it disturbs their hair. But perhaps we are thinking of the ante-bobbed-hair era.

For comfort with simplicity it is difficult to improve upon the seats of the Puritan days; these have plain frames with a wide strip of leather slung across the back and across the seat. The leather is fastened by large ornamental nails and being slung accommodates itself to the shape of the body which accounts for their unusual comfort. At first sight they do not appear comfortable, but it is only necessary to sit in one to know that the Puritans, with all their rigid rules, at least liked a restful seat. Other styles are the more simple Queen Anne with the plain vase shape back splat, such as are used in one of the interiors illustrated; the more simple ladder-back, known as Yorkshire chairs; the Lancashire spindle-back; and the plainer chairs made by rural chair-makers from the Chippendale designs.

As a rule the last named are of oak with straight square legs and the simpler style of back and are among the numerous early models which the present-day American shops are copying. One other point in connection with the modern reproductions of both the refectory tables and appropriate chairs: All the original tables and most of the chairs are of oak, but modern copies are being made of walnut. Commenting upon this one decorator remarked, "The advantages of walnut for a smaller room are its warmer tones and the fact that it tends to look less severe." There is something to be said for this, though in any fairly good sized room oak has much to recommend it, from the viewpoint of romance.

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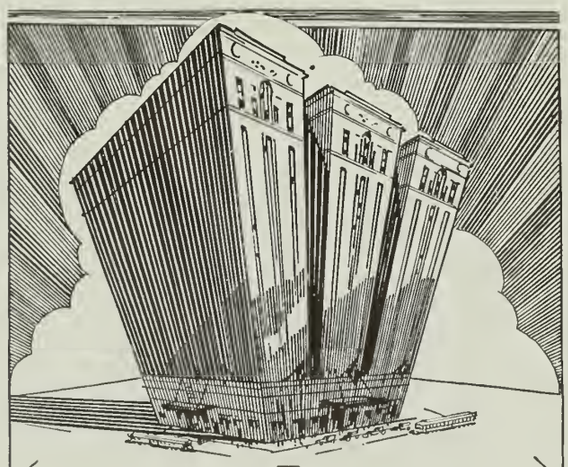
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Gateway to Pyreness

(Continued from page 59)

up and down steep streets, with an excellent dinner in the Hostellerie garden.

It is a lovely garden with flowers growing out of old pots; statuary not too prominently placed; and tall colorful cruches. The tables are by the grape arbor—the chairs placed so that no one's back is to the view over the wall. This garden is vaguely like an opera box—at the rear the high wall of the church, to the right that of the Hostellerie, to the left the wall of the church garden. In front the coping of the wall is low like the rail of a box, but what makes this terrace garden possible is that it has been made upon some of the original solid fortifications. One looks down the straight wall to the little roadway below and then on down to where other houses and gardens have been made upon the wall terraces and so to the valley below. The eyes take in the far hills and ridges, and above all the sky with hundreds of hirondelles darting and sweeping about uttering their shrill cries.

One lingers to watch the sunset after the tables are cleared. It is very peaceful. Softly the organ of Saint Michel begins and is soon joined by the voices of the choir. The music lends something of an ethereal quality to the scene. The sun sinks and the clouds capture the multi-colored after-glow.

Somewhere down in the lower town a church bell chimes the Angelus—the church of some hidden village across the valley peals the answer. From close by another booms, again a distant answer and then bells both near and far. Behind it all the music of Saint Michel—in front of us, the sky, the mountains and the deepening valley. Finally, the last bell has whispered away; the music has ceased. The dusk and quiet linger. We wonder: is there any place either on or off the beaten track more charming and peaceful than Cordes?

Under Cover

(Continued from page 60)

COLOR IN INTERIOR DECORATION. *By John M. Holmes.* (*Charles Scribner's Sons.*) *Illustrated.*

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Foreword by L. H. Bucknell.

MACHINE-MADE LEISURE. *By Paul T. Frankel.* (*Harper & Brothers.*)

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This cabin is a good example of many that are being built with Shevlin Pine Log Siding in summer colonies and on private estates. It includes four good rooms, a porch and storeroom. The living-room, eighteen feet wide, has a rugged fieldstone fireplace, built-in seats, fifteen feet of bookshelves and a built-in bunk. Two bedrooms each with cross ventilation also have bunks. Sleeping accommodations for six people are provided by the bunks, while six more can sleep on the porch, making room for a jolly crowd of twelve.

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Drawing Room in an old Château—Painted by Walter Gay

Courtesy of the Wildenstein Galleries

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Under All Sport—The Land

from AN EDITORIAL IN THE SPORTSMAN FOR JULY, 1932

UNDERNEATH ALL SPORT lies the land. Even yachtsmen know that this is true, for beneath the waters lie rocks and shoals, and every voyage ends in a landfall. But particularly for the man who rides or hunts or shoots or fishes, or for the man who breeds livestock, whether it be game chickens or shorthorn cattle, for the mountain climber or the golfer, mother earth is the indispensable partner in his undertakings. The land, the earth, has great and subtle virtues and no man knows this better than the sportsman. It might almost be said that the land, country land, is the mother of sport. So true is this, at least, that the cockney sportsman, the city dweller who goes afield for sport as his occasions permit, has always been a rather ridiculous, an unreal figure, a perennial Mr. Winkle, a week-end squire.



And if it is hard to think of a confirmed cockney as a sportsman, it is equally hard to think of a country dweller who is not almost forced by circumstances into being a sportsman of one kind or another. Before he knows it he has taken up skating or swimming or shooting or this or that. Such is the law of the land—that even as we work it, even as we labor in the sweat of our brows, it should whisper, "here is a compensation, here is release and relaxation. I may weary and impoverish you, but in my coverts are woodcock and in my streams are shy brook trout. *You* know where they are and in your spare time, if you have any, you can find them." Under all sport, the land.

* *

So strongly do we feel the connection between sport and country living that from the founding of this magazine we have hoped to connect the two activities or interests in our editorial scheme. For a number of reasons we have focused our attention on sport and have left the land and country life more or less out of the picture. To a certain extent this has been due to the nature of the "country" magazines. There are a number of these in whose titles the word "country" or "garden" appears and which are concerned chiefly with bulbs and borders, with Mr. Doodlesack's rather amusing indoor tennis court on Long Island, or with the smart young matrons who smirked at the camera at Far Hills. We have had no desire to compete in this field nor to imitate that snobbery which enjoys pictures and text concerning the country relaxations of tired millionaires.

* *

Most of our readers, however, have their stake in the land. Most of them, perhaps, have taken up country pursuits or purchased country estates as a side issue in their busy lives, as a retreat and a release from their everyday activities. In the boom times—now happily over—they could afford such luxuries, but in these pinched, penurious days, the sportsman's farm has become in most instances a serious liability. He is loath, as everyone is who loves the land, to give it up or even to reduce wages and curtail expenses. The land is a jealous mistress and must be fed and pampered. How to do it, how to put in the new buildings and equipment in an efficient and economical manner, how to construct a swimming pool or a stable or a tennis court—these are the questions continually coming into this office from subscribers who labor under the delusion that we are wiser than they.

* *

It is in answer to their questions and to our own feeling for the land as the sportsman's home, that we inaugurate a new department in this issue of the magazine. It is edited by Mr. Charles Sumner Bird, Jr., a sportsman and a country gentleman, and it is devoted to the discussions of the problems of the sportsman's country estate. It will take up such questions as farm accounting, the choice of a superintendent, cash crops, the principles of breeding, profitable capital expenditures beyond the powers of the dirt farmer, game preservation, farm and sporting building, etc., etc. It will have nothing to do with "society" as such and there will be nothing whatever *chic* about it. The near-squires and the tweeder than tweed girls from Park Avenue who see the country only when they miss a tame pheasant in a Long Island butt or pose crouching on squat sticks at a race meeting, will find little or nothing to interest them in this department or, for that matter, in this magazine. But the genuine sportsmen and sportswomen who have a feeling for the soil and a stake in this land of ours will find in it, we are certain, much that will be valuable and helpful.

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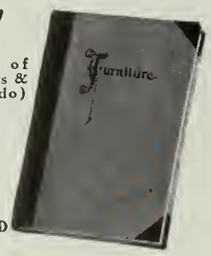
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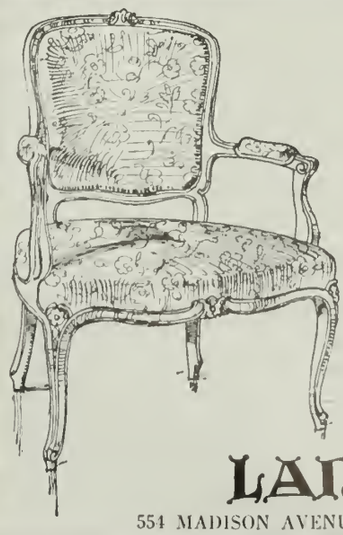
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From the Smart Shops and Antique Galleries

By ELIZABETH LOUNSBERY



Chippendale mahogany supper table; Worcester lamp with bronze base and harmonizing taffeta shade; Chippendale armchair in red damask. Courtesy Thorval, 805 Mad. Ave., N. Y. C.

FURNITURE, breathing the atmosphere of the stately yet comfortable 18th Century English period prevails throughout the spacious new galleries of Thorval, in all the essentials for the living room, library and dining room.

Accompanying this are the many supplementary accessories that may be used consistently, such as decorative portraits of that time, which introduce a telling spot of bright color as an overmantle decoration; old sporting prints, flower subjects and glass paintings; silver inkwells, boxes and wine coolers, so effectively transformed into present-day flower holders.

All these are to be found within the galleries, in a large pine paneled room that serves as an appropriate setting for such a display. Tailored lamp shades, also, are made a study, applied to old lamp bases of Chinese and English porcelains.

Sphere on chromium base; after-dinner coffee service for two, in lacquered silver; chromium bird tray and imported lobster plate. Courtesy Pitt Petri, Lobby Waldorf-Astoria, N. Y. C.



Colorful handmade linen runner sets showing blue, yellow green, reds, and black. Same designs in tea, bridge and informal luncheon cloths. Courtesy Leron, Inc., 745 5th Ave., N. Y. C.



HOUSEHOLD linens, in their varying moods of luxurious dignity and colorful, trifling gaiety, cast an irresistible spell at Leron's, in a tempting display for all uses, as, for example, the new imported linen sheets of the smoothest texture, all white, except for a broad colored hem with appliqué and monogram. The pillow cases are made to match.

Then for the table, there are the colored runner sets, illustrated, and cloths of the same design, so desirable for informal entertaining, such as the late supper or intimate

DECORATIONS OF DISTINCTION



Antique tomb pottery equestrian figure, green crêpe shade; Japanese brocade, yellow marble cigarette box and bookends made from carved and gilded Chinese architectural house detail. Courtesy Yamanaka & Co., 680 5th Ave., N. Y. C.

DECORATIVE accessories, amusing yet most useful, fill the Waldorf shop of Pitt Petri, in a bewildering display. Here is to be found the newest and smartest decoration in cocktail glasses and beverage sets with their accompanying trays and unusual little tables on which to place them. Everything for the bar, too, is to be had as well as adorable bathroom and dressing table toilet sets.

Distinctive lamps share their interest with colorful flower holders, such as those of Bohemian ruby crystal, filled with artificial flowers in which white predominates, that have won such popularity. Among the more substantial items are decorated hampers, waste baskets, and washable handmade rugs, of modern design. Not to be overlooked as well, are the entertaining animals, for both children and adults, that include a grotesque mountain goat.

luncheon. For somewhat more formal occasions are the exquisite embroidered and appliquéd organdie runner sets and cloths—one showing a border of deer and giraffes, embroidered in white on white. The new organdie cocktail napkins are appliquéd with white linen. Then there are silk cloths, in peach and ivory, with a soft satin surface and self-toned flowered borders or bands, that are sure to spell success for any dinner table setting.

Among bedroom accessories, the blanket covers of peach crêpe and Alençon lace vie with those showing white satin appliqué borders. A complete set for a bed in dainty, Dresden flowered crêpe, any color, comprising a comfortable, blanket cover and pillow case is fascinating for a young girl's room. Smart bath sets are embroidered with dogs or a hunter and horse, or are shown with effective, vari-colored Basque borders and monograms.



Louis XV painted canvas screen, natural flower colorings on green ground. Copy of original panel in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Courtesy Venezian Art Screen Co., Inc., 540 Mad. Ave., N. Y. C.



Cuckoo clocks of original design showing hunting emblems, at left, and those of the gaming table, at the right. Courtesy Howard & Schaffer, Inc. 509 Mad. Ave., N.Y.C.

ORIENTAL art of outstanding interest and value has become so identified with the firm of Yamanaka & Co. that it needs no further introduction other than to individualize the various items that, at this season, so fittingly apply to house decoration.

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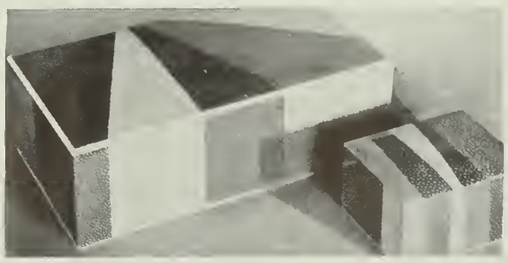
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Modern window treatment with "Ventilighter" window blind; white hand-woven curtains with silver thread and white rug with two-level clipping. Black pottery vase. Courtesy Frances T. Miller, 10 E. 53rd St., N. Y. C.

feature, is the bronze lotus-shaped flower bowl. This is available in a number of new sizes and shapes, in which sprays of red coral and tiny coral beads, used in place of sand, add greatly to the equipment.

Lacquer as well takes on new forms, here, in cocktail glasses, finger bowls and coffee and tea services. Carved ivory cabinet figures and lamps are also shown in an extensive selection. Among the aquariums is one of colorful cloisonné with jade handles containing a glass globe which is most intriguing.

SCREENS, that serve the double purpose of shutting out unpleasant vistas and yet contribute to the charm of the immediate setting, are made by the Venezian Art Screen Co., suitable for any period room.

Small sized Heppelwhite mahogany sideboard with inlay and original brasses. Original English color print, XVIIIth century. Courtesy Chez Vous, Inc., 20 E. 58th St., N. Y. C.



As reflecting the favored trend in decoration, white appears as the background for many of the newer designs, also chalk blue, as in the Directoire screen. Those of suitable height for bathroom use are also obtainable, made after special designs, such as one especially lovely in deep peach with blue Directoire motifs. Decorated bridge tables are also featured. The usual stock of tooled leather screens and those of painted canvas, equally dignified in character, continue to be shown.

CUCKOO clocks, in which the punctual little songster no longer appears from under the overhanging eaves of his familiar Black Forest cottage, now take on the spirit of the day.

Designed by Theodore Muller, these clocks assume an individual guise, intended for a particular part of the house or for a person of particular enthusiasms or interests. There is a clock for the lover of hunting; one for a bridge or poker enthusiast or for a game room, gun room or bar. There are also appropriate types for children's rooms, such as the Circus. The cuckoo is always of the same design, a stylized, modern bird.

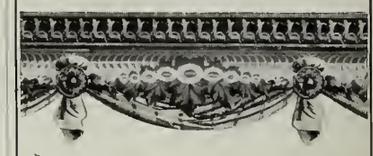
The large stock of imported drapery fabrics imported by this firm are equally distinctive and unusual.

HAND-WOVEN rugs showing two-level clipping, in white, of a cream gray tone, have a prominent place with hand-woven textiles at Frances T. Miller's. These are carried out from original designs and contribute most effectively to the completing of a modern interior.

Waterproof silks, suitable for bathrooms and shower curtains that lend themselves perfectly to stencil decoration are also shown, here. These are practical, as well, for children's draperies, in



Woven glass drapery fabric, washable and waterproof. Pastel colors, also gold and silver. Courtesy Miller Godart & Co., 138 E. 55th St., N. Y. C.



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which the design of the nursery wallpaper may be repeated. Mrs. Miller likewise imports the newest of French wallpapers in fascinating patterns, suitable for the conventional as well as the modern room.

BIEDERMEIER, Directoire and Empire furniture, in characteristic fruitwood, comprises an interesting collection at Miller Godart's. This is accompanied by consistent accessories such as lamps, clocks and Louis Philippe porcelains. In a collection of antique fabrics are some four hundred and sixty pieces of fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth French and Italian origin.

Old French wallpapers, of hand-blocked design, in the insidious colorings that characterize these old documents, further contribute to the interest of these galleries, with their old world charm.

A distinct innovation is seen in the recently imported woven glass drapery fabric, in pastel colorings or stripes, to harmonize with the new, satin-surface, woven glass wallpaper. This lends itself to graceful folds and is waterproof.

INTERIOR decoration in its many phases is executed by Chez Vous, Inc., favoring the 18th Century English and French periods as a setting for the fine pieces of old furniture to be found in the shop. Notable among these are a mahogany break-front bookcase of exceptional beauty, and a pair of wing chairs, in red glaze plaid percale, just right for backgammon.

In a recently completed apartment living room equally impressive pieces were used with peach walls bordered with an old French blue wallpaper frieze; blue, "tête de nègre," and ruby red draperies.

IN WHICH WE INTERPRET AN EDITORIAL DEPARTURE

This New Magazine that is Arts & Decoration

FOR nearly two decades Arts and Decoration has served the interests of an aristocracy of taste in the three adjacent fields of building, decoration and horticulture.

In the world of decoration and the arts, we have aimed to make its authority preeminent, and its contribution to originality and taste has won it unchallenged leadership in this field. So much for the past.

Today, we feel decoration is becoming more and more an adventure into something beyond mere aesthetics—a source and starting point for those living programs which derive naturally from the love of beauty and the graces of existence.

What more natural, than that we should wish Arts and Decoration to proceed from the concrete subject of beauty in the home and its surroundings to those preoccupations for which beauty is the background and the setting?

So, in the future, Arts and Decoration will fuse into its Editorial program not alone the newest and the best that is in vogue in the field of decoration, but the latest word of those gaieties and graces of living which are the charm of a civilized and sophisticated existence; it will be made not alone for people who love beauty in their homes but for those who love to share it with their friends—in a word, we hope to plan a magazine that will be for people who entertain.

We shall deal with games and play; with music; with the theatre and the dance; with travel; in short, with all of those adventures in which a smart and sophisticated society engages.

Have the old songs a new vogue? Then Arts and Decoration will deal entertainingly with them.

Do bagatelle and tric-trac and avarice deplete the bridge tables? Then our magazine will tell who are playing these games and how.

If it pleases the fancy of the traveller in Paris to search out La Vanne Rouge and Du Vrai Arbre Robinson he will read Arts and Decoration and will find there the last word of the places that are fresh, new, amusing.

The new singers in the opera and concert world will look out at you from the pages of this magazine. And the latest decorations of the theatre walls and stage will add a vivacious charm. We may all of us know that the old fashioned waltz is coming into vogue again with Victorian clothes, but has anyone told you that possibly you may have to learn the Varsouvienne and the Heel-and-Toe polka? But in spite of these many excursions out into the newest fields of social pleasure, Arts and Decoration will deal none the less with the decorative arts, with what is distinctive and fine, stimulating and new, in decorative interiors and their accessories. We believe, for instance, that decoration is not only an art but a definite phase of civilized living and that, like any other art, it involves creation, which means imagination and enthusiasm and a freedom to adventure.

Viewed in this light, decoration is not only something bought at a shop or studio, but that plus the faithful reflection of the personality in the home. Very subtly it gives the unerring key to the characteristics of the owners of the home, their living values, their tendencies and tastes.

So most logically the new magazine that is Arts and Decoration takes on a distinct personality among the many ably edited periodicals devoted to the graces of life in America. Inspired by the ever-increasing interest of our people in well-rounded living programs, its editorial content, deriving from the love of beauty expressed in decoration, will henceforth cover a wide and fascinating range. The arts other than decorative will be all related between the covers of this magazine as they are related in actuality. It is our sincere belief that there will always be a group of modern-minded Americans who will respond to a magazine which feeds directly into their interests in the colorful amenities of existence.

If we are not mistaken, and if you happen to be among that happy company which finds life still zestful and alluring, the new Arts and Decoration will prove to be the most satisfactory of companions. A younger group of writers will bring to our pages a fresher, gayer touch. Our articles will be shorter—and more swiftly paced. The magazine will be luxurious in illustration, and its pictures will be many and varied, and arresting and stimulating in the ideas they offer. Arts and Decoration has always been and will continue to be an authority on the decorative arts; but it will not deal with its matter authoritatively in the sense that its articles will be written with the solemn and pontifical wisdom of the expert. Enthusiasm will characterize its pages.

It will be altogether a modern magazine, made for Moderns; full of the amenities of existence, a zestful, inviting publication made wholly for that small but selective audience which conforms to the standards of gracious living.

Mary Fanton Roberts, *Editor.*



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Drawing Room in an Old Château—*Painted by Walter Gay; Courtesy Wildenstein & Co.*

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Arts & Decoration

Where History Bows to Personality

By ELINOR HILLYER

PUTTING the past in its place is no mean task. It takes a lady of the vividness and talent of Mme. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte to be able to surround herself with the relics of emperors and kings and numerous charming women, without letting them reduce her to the rôle of super museum attendant.

Piece by piece, heirloom by heirloom, her city apartment is a veritable whispering gallery of romantic yesterdays. But all together, it speaks with only one voice, crying out the personality of its owner. Furniture, belonging to generations of Bonaparte wives, and to which adheres the drama of two continents and two empires, becomes the background—but only the background—for the present Mme. Bonaparte.

It simply happens. Just as she is an immensely colorful person in any gathering of the living, she will naturally have the hand over any goodly company of the departed. She loves tradition (and traditions) and, as is to be expected, her pet hobby is all that concerns the glamorous tale of her husband's family.

It is a story which has fascinated people for a hundred and twenty-odd years. How the youngest brother of the great Napoleon came to America, fell madly in love with and married Elizabeth Patterson, the belle of Baltimore; how the young Jerome was ordered angrily home by his imperial brother; how he and his beloved Betsey were separated forever—all belong to history and romance. But Mme. Bonaparte is dramatic enough in her own right to play epilogue even to the greatest drama of a bygone century.

You are aware of it the moment you step inside the door of her home. Tradition or no tradition, there is no "dead hand" here, but the hand of an original and artistic woman intent on making a home which exactly expresses herself, and to which her friends will enjoy coming, and coming again. It does not matter where she is, whether at Newport, at her Atlantic Beach cabaña, or in her city apartment at 440 East 57th Street, it is the same—her home expresses herself.

All of which does not mean that Mme. Bonaparte in decorating her house has missed one little bit of the dramatic possibilities of her material. When you enter the foyer, you look straight into the eyes of the Man of Destiny himself—Gros's famous portrait of Napoleon. It sets the stage, it has a certain element of surprise, this meeting of Napoleon on the threshold. But the effect is immediately tempered as you become conscious of the charming and graceful surroundings—antique chartreuse walls, mulberry carpet, a glimpse of the delightful library beyond the doorway—and on the opposite wall the portrait of Jerome Bonaparte's maternal great-grandfather, Daniel Webster.

I do not know whether putting these two great men in the same line of vision was due to instinct or reason, or to some esoteric business about wall space—Mme. Bonaparte probably doesn't know herself. It is all part and parcel of her genius for dramatic entrances. Some people have the gift; some people "slip quietly" into rooms and through life. But not Mme. Bonaparte. A little of that same quality, that same mastery of climax and anticlimax which has made her comings-in and goings-out famous in society, must have prompted her to place the American statesman where he could be



IT would be arresting anywhere, this portrait of Napoleon by Antoine Jean Gros, but to have it greet you in the foyer of the Bonaparte home, practically as you enter the door, is effective to the nth degree. Against a background of chartreuse, it contrasts grandly with the portrait of Daniel Webster on the far library wall, which can just be seen in the photograph. The floor is carpeted in mulberry, and the boxes on the table are Chinese

THE photograph on the opposite page shows a corner of Mme. Bonaparte's delightful library. Through the sheerest of cream glass curtains, sunshine streams in at broad double windows, and is caught and reflected by antique chartreuse walls. The French pastel-colored overdraperies are in keeping with the old pieces of Empire furniture, complementing as well, the soft tones of the rug. The handsome table in front of the windows is old marquetry, and an amusing group of Napoleonic statuettes in bronze has been placed upon it



IN the dining room, interest centers in the portrait of the second Jerome Bonaparte, grandfather of the present owner. The eagle on the table is one of three made for Napoleon III. The white Wedgwood fruit bowls on the court cupboard are heirlooms of the Patterson family, while in the corner cabinet is a tea set used by Napoleon I and bearing his crest

seen in the same glance with the more spectacular Emperor of the French.

From the foyer you may enter the library, still a little awed by the gaze of Napoleon and a little fascinated by the breadth of forehead which housed the tremendous intellect of Webster. There, by way of contrast (and in spite of the learned brow of Mr. Webster) you find one of the least ponderous and sunniest of rooms.

Again antique chartreuse appears on the walls, and for the floor Mme. Bonaparte has chosen a beautiful Oriental rug in soft blending shades. Sunshine pours into the large double windows the better part of the day, filtered through the simplest of cream-colored glass curtains. Overdraperies are in delicate pastel shades, the richness of their material and their French design in perfect harmony with the formality of the Empire pieces of furniture in the room. There are a few inviting, deep-cushioned chairs of recent vintage, without which no room for moderns would be bearable, but the rest of the furniture is old. There is an old marquetry table in front of the double windows, to which the eye naturally travels, not only because of its handsome workmanship, but because of the interesting collection of Napoleonic bronzes which Mme. Bonaparte has arranged there.

Throughout the apartment, shades of green, chartreuse and all the blue-greens and green-blues predominate. One could almost guess Mme. Bonaparte's love for the ocean, and her well-known preference for shore resorts. In her own bedroom, it could not have been mere accident which caused her to blend, with such startling effect, the green of the sea when the sun is before you and the blue of the sea when the sun is behind you. But there they are, from the restful blue of the plain carpet, to the shimmery translucent jade of

(Continued on page 60)





SEA-GREENS and sea-blues combine with ancient French furniture to make Mme. Bonaparte's bedroom the charming and distinctive room that it is. The bed is a beautiful French antique, painted a silvery blue-green with rose and gold decorative design. The coverlet and satin covered armchair are of the same shade, green tinged with blue while the window curtains and draperies are of a shimmery silk material in translucent jade. The kidney-shaped bedside table, also an old piece, is green crackled over with gold, and a plain carpet of restful blue covers the floor



A DASH of the Chinese appears in the decorations of the drawing room, cleverly combined with the French. Here in this corner Mme. Bonaparte has placed a beautiful Chinese table, part of the loot of Pekin brought back by an expedition of Napoleon III. Jade lamps flank a bronze replica of Vela's "The Dying Napoleon". Above, in dramatic juxtaposition, is the Gerard painting of the infant King of Rome, the Emperor's son. The exquisite needlepoint chair is a colorful note, and the lyre-base Empire table on the right is an example of some of the very best work of the period. The elaborate pier glass above the Chinese table is also an antique

A Bachelor Apartment Gone Modernistic

The Masculine Way Seems to Be the Modern Way These Days. This New York Apartment Is Done Throughout in the Newest Woods and Fabrics, the Most Modern Paintings, Lamps and Rugs

Erle Franke, Decorator



PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHOOK-GEFFEN





BROWNS and beige have been discovered by some curious process of psychology to suggest a masculine color scheme, and the dining room of this modern apartment is carried out along these lines—walls in three shades of beige bark paper, furniture American walnut, chairs and stools covered with light beige velour. The curtains lift the color scheme up to a warm burnt orange and the low divan is brown velvet

IN the furniture which was designed by Mr. Franke, a more robust type is presented. An interesting desk, wide and low, is of harewood with ebony drawer pulls. The harewood stool has a red leather cushion, a warm note which contrasts nicely with the squirrel grey and ebony of the woods. A tall lamp is crystal and nickel



THE living room of this apartment has departed from the typical color scheme, yet remains in close harmony. The butter yellow walls are interesting with the pearl grey ceiling and floor, the fireplace is set in mirror panels, in front of which is a low harewood table ready for tea. A delightful note of aquamarine plush covers the large chairs, and white silk blinds are stretched Japanese fashion on steel frames. Couch in grey, with chair in Bianchini green brocade





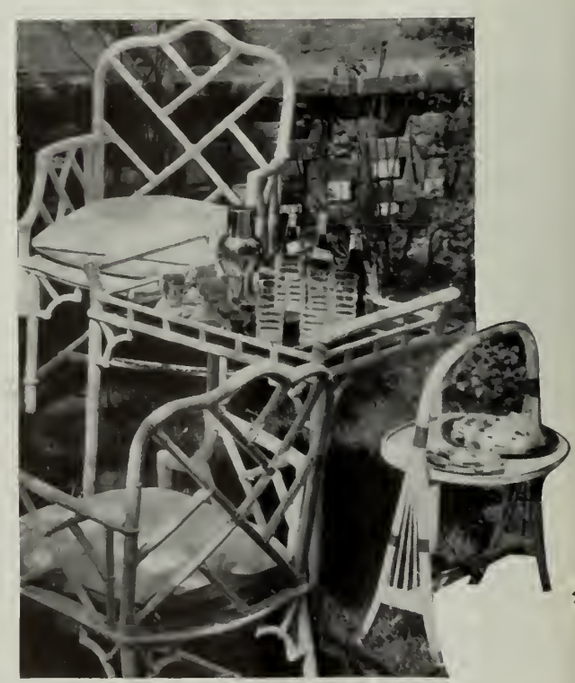
LEFT—This white rattan furniture, showing Chippendale influence, is fitted with detachable waterproof white leatherette cushions, piped in black. The tea cloth is hand-woven linen in yellow and beige blocks. With this a tea service of delicate white china, lined with platinum, has been used. Mrs. Ehrich Company

OPPOSITE page — Red and white cloth, 17th Century pattern, from Mosse. English and Dutch pewter plates, mugs and salad bowl, Frans Middelkoop. Bavarian pretzel stands by George Neth. Cutlery, and straw terrier typifying the expectancy of the American people, Hammacher-Schlemmer. Beer keg, Jacob Ruppert. Fence, Dubois Fence & Garden Co.

BELOW—As an accompaniment to the tea table is this stand of white rattan with a practical gold mirror top. On this has been placed a chromium cocktail shaker with platinum striped glasses and crystal highball glasses with engraved stripes. A smaller table for sandwiches stands conveniently near

Gardens Wear White in the Summertime

These Tables and One on Page Opposite Are Planned for Late Afternoon Tea Parties or After Theatre Supper. One in a Well-known City Garden, and the Other on an Attractive Penthouse Space. Of Course, the Beer Table Could Be Set in a Garden and the Tea Table on a Penthouse Roof

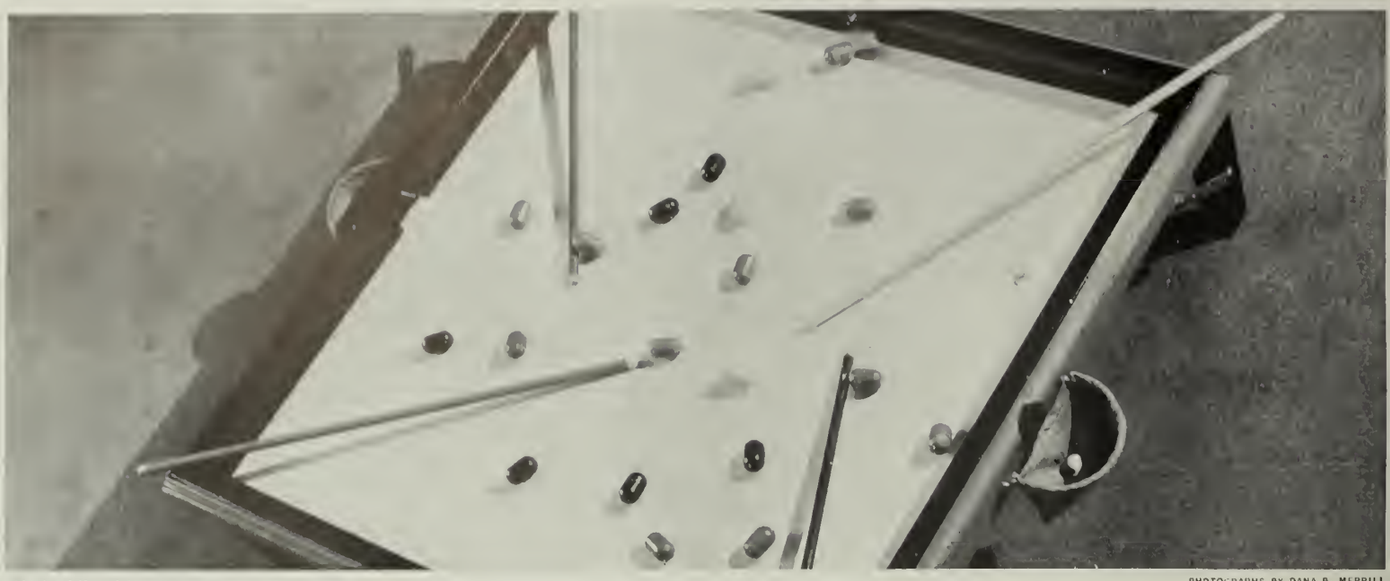


Beer Threatens Popularity of the Tea Hour

Arranged by ELIZABETH LOUNSBERY

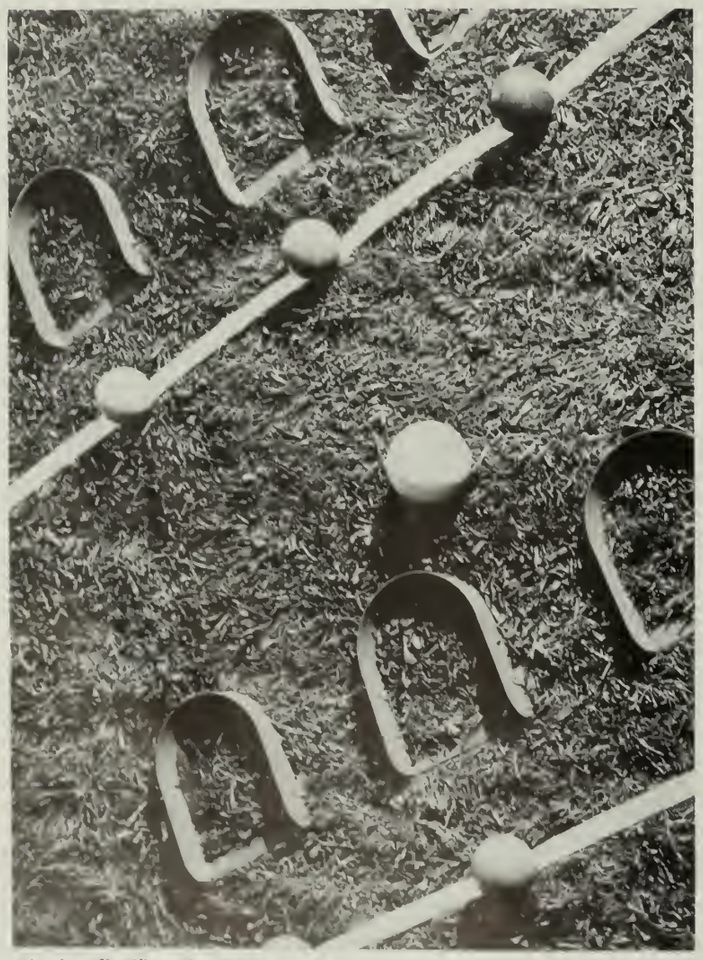
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DANA B. MERRILL





"Hi-Jack" table

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DANA B. MERRILL



"Garden Pool" to be played on the grass

ABOVE—An ideal game for the beach is "Hi-Jack," in which two or four persons may play around a low canvas topped table. Each player selects his own colored "tumble bugs" and endeavors to send them into a pocket by means of tapping the canvas table top from underneath with sticks colored to match. Courtesy R. H. Macy

LEFT—An exhilarating new lawn game, recently received from England, is played with large vari-colored wooden balls on a field marked out with tapes. These in turn are bowled into the wickets, which lie flat upon the grass, by throwing and striking them with a larger ball, in the manner of tenpins. Courtesy Abercrombie & Fitch

OPPOSITE page, upper left—Racketeer, formerly known as Devil Among the Tailors, is played by four persons, each having a top. In turn the tops are spun and allowed to wander over the board, knocking down the pins as they spin through the obstacles over the numbers that make the score for each player. F. A. O. Schwarz

OPPOSITE page, upper right—An exciting game for two is "Hit-the-Deck." Coins are placed in the traps on the wooden center field and the player aims the ball to hit the trap, thereby throwing the coin into the air. The opponent is then supposed to catch both coin and ball. An excellent beach or porch game. Courtesy of R. H. Macy

OPPOSITE page, below—As a convenience for playing cards out-of-doors or in a breezy spot, this new waterproof table cover with pockets will calm the nerves of the most intent contract player. Hammacher Schlemmer & Co. Shown with this is bagatelle, that vies with contract in popularity this summer. A. G. Spalding & Bros.

BELOW—Throwing rubber horse shoes is perhaps not quite so vigorous as playing with the real "horsey" ones but affords the same exercise and amusement. So do "Shoe-quoits," shown on the opposite page. These rubber discs with their stake in a rubber mat may be played indoors without mishap. Courtesy Abercrombie & Fitch



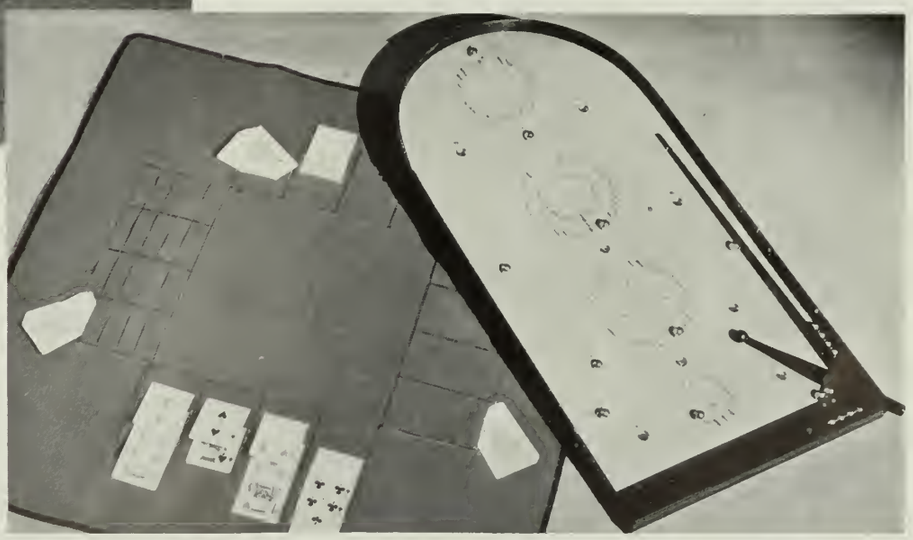
Games We Are All



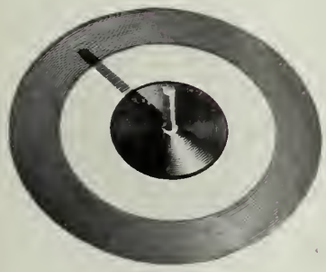
Renamed "Racketeer"



Hit-the-Deck



An out-of-doors bridge table cover, and bagatelle









Playing This Summer



CHINESE panels for the powder room, delicate in color and gay in spirit—a lovely spot. From the home of Mr. Richard J. Bernhard. Elsie Sloan Farley, decorator

A MURAL landscape wallpaper in blue-green and yellow and beige. Designed by Charles H. Smith for Thomas Strahan Co. Courtesy Wallpaper Ass'n of U. S.



PHOTO BY MATTIE EDWARDS HEWITT

Six Excellent Reasons

AT first glance we thought they were murals, and admired them with the same detached enthusiasm that we reserve for private yachts and sable wraps these days. On second glance—and such decorative walls really deserve second glances—we made the pleasant discovery that they were wallpapers. And we've always had a great weakness for wallpapers, even the old fashioned variety where rosebuds played follow-the-leader in florid monotony up and down the wall.

There are all sorts—from exquisite frivolities for the powder room to landscapes with a fine executive manner for the business office. For the Chippendale room, Chinese panels with that delicately microscopic technique that always makes us feel like big western barbarians all full of thumbs. Gazelle Land, delightful for the nursery or the imaginatively decorated dining room—a delightful country where flowers tower over tiny gazelles, and

VALE EDEN—a wallpaper landscape in the office of Mr. Richard E. Thibaut which is most effective in creating the impression of spaciousness. It is a modern version of a classical scenic effect and is developed in sepia tints on a cream ground toning in with the browns of woodwork, furniture and rugs





PHOTO BY ROBERT MACLEAN GLASGOW



for Looking at Four Walls . .

humming-birds battle in mid-air with dainty fervor. Incidentally if Junior decides to add a few more gazelles, soap and water will reduce the population of Gazelle Land to its original status.

For living rooms in the romantic manner, we particularly liked the idyllic landscapes—decorative Utopias where birds are always swans, trees are always cypress, and languid ladies stroll aimlessly about spurred on by the courtly Watteauesque attentions of an occasional languid gentleman. We really find it all very restful—very easy to look at. And—on occasion, we rather enjoy observing that no matter what upheavals may disturb the stock market or the political situation—not one languid lady has frowned, nor one leaf has fallen, to mar the serene indifference of this wallpaper world.

JUNE DAY—an idyllic landscape for living rooms in the romantic manner. A dreamlike wallpaper Utopia, in high shades softened by misty greys and purples. The tiny figures are costumed in that charmingly indecisive manner that is at home in many periods. Courtesy Wallpaper Ass'n of U. S.

GAZELLE LAND — a charming fantasy in Salubra for a room in the contemporary spirit. Designed by Professor Fritz August Brenhaus, used with great success in this delightful dining room of Mrs. Paul Tishman. From Frederick Blank & Co.

ANOTHER Chinese paper—in a more formal mood. A blaze of color that started its career as a decorative panel thousands of years ago, and ends it on our twentieth century walls. Reproductions from Rose Cumming



Modern Spirit—

A Duplex Apartment with Definitely a Modern Air, Although in It Are Combined Old Chippendale, Biedermeier, a Painting by Canaletto, with Cornelian Red Moire, Silver Gauze Curtains, Chromium Andirons and a Screen of Coral Flamingoes. W. & J. Sloane, Decorators



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MATTIE EDWARDS HEWITT

AN enchanting bedroom has biscuit walls and an emerald green carpet. The larger part of the alcove is draped in silver satin and across the top and down the left sides of the windows is used a deep orchid and silver Rodier metal brocade. The glass curtains are lined green gauze. The frames of the beds are silver and the cover of biscuit crushed velvet

IN the living room with *café au lait* walls and soot black chenille carpet are draperies of cornelian red moiré, silver gauze curtains, Venetian silver blinds, a silver satin Victorian chair, fringed with blue and green and four wing chairs upholstered in emerald Morocco leather



Antique Fittings

The Home of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Parsons of Larchmont, New York. In the Main the Background for the Entire Apartment Is in Neutral Tones, Dark Carpet, Delicate Tinted Walls, and Light Ceilings. The Warmth and Brilliant Color Is Shown in the Rich Furniture and Fittings





IN the dining room, color is used with extraordinary crisp beauty. The walls are Directoire blue, the ceiling Directoire yellow, the carpet deep rose chenille. Oyster satin trimmed in rose and yellow is used for draperies, and the Venetian blinds are silver. A modern note is given in a table with a black and rose marbelized top, matching the consoles

IN front of the Italian Renaissance fireplace are andirons made of hoops of chromium with crystal balls. The Venetian chair is upholstered in blue velvet. A quaint love seat is finished in raisin satin with a blue and green fringe. A crisp note is the flamingo screen on black



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITING—SALZMAN



Garden Visiting—

Our Newest Outdoor Sport

By NANCY HUNGERFORD

WE are right in the midst of a garden renaissance—thousands of people making pilgrimages to look at gardens, thousands planting them, you and I getting all excited over our rock garden in the solarium and the chemical content of the humus in the window box.

There never was a time when there was such widespread interest in gardens in America. It isn't just that people who used not to know a trowel from a tractor are speaking glibly of Darwins and Breeders and *Lilium candidum*. It is not just something the garden clubs, city planning commissions, clean-up-and-beautify societies have shamed us into feeling. There is something more than that. It is almost a folk movement, this spontaneous awakening among many and various people at once, of appreciation of flowers and trees as a form of expression and as an art.

And even if you stop short of being a nature fanatic, always finding books in the running brooks, you may still find a whole sermon in the fact that the Flower Pageant, which has been held in Atlantic City for three years now, is to become a permanent institution—a permanent institution in place of that much publicised bedazzlement formerly known as the Bathing Beauty Parade.

Despite this undoubted Step Up, we might still be languishing on the brink of the horticultural dark ages, if the world had not got itself at sixes and sevens the way it has. To raise money for charity this year, the owners of scores of beautiful estates have been inspired to throw them open to the public at the moment when the gardens were at their height, with the consequence that there has never been such an opportunity for garden lovers to explore the masterpieces



And of All the Beautiful Gardens Visited, Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin's, with Its Wide Lawns and Shady Woodlands, Remains in Memory among the Loveliest





Great Banks of Giant Rhododendron Flame Brilliantly Against the Deep Greens of Cedar Groves and Offset the Whiteness of the Playing Fountain

of the craft. And the enthusiasm and response with which the movement has been greeted is proof enough of what the opportunity means. Of course, there have always been the old-fashioned benefit garden party and lawn fête—such as the amusing and ambitious affair Mrs. Payne Whitney holds every year—which draws large sections of society. But that is quite a different matter from a cultural point of view from this simple showing of gardens for gardens' sake.

The generous and happy gesture has done more than raise thousands of dollars for worthy causes. Visitors with gardens of their own, and without them, came from miles around, some from distant cities, just as citizens of Florence might have gone excitedly to view Raphael's latest Madonna. And they took away with them a warm glow of friendliness, a glint of sunshine through apple trees, candid beauty mirrored in still ponds—and somehow the assurance that the world is fundamentally, I said *fundamentally,* all right.

Perhaps one of the loveliest of the great estates on view this season is that of Mr. and Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin, at Brookville, Long Island. It was opened for two days, one in the middle of May and one early in June, for the benefit of the Wayside Home School for Girls. The photographs suggest its charm—they suggest the wide sweep, but not the emerald of its lawns; the laciness, but not the snow of dogwood; the depths of woodland paths, but not the susurrus of leaves. Yet even without these qualities, there is still the sense of color and mass, of symmetry and asymmetry, of that mixture of nature and art, at once so disturbing and so peaceful.

The most distinctive feature of the gardens is a grove of evergreen woods, that they call "Cedar Hill", through which flower bordered paths wind, to end surprisingly in one or another of the formal or informal gardens. You get the best view of this hill from one wing of the house across a gently sloping lawn. At the bottom of the slope is a pool, and nearby a fountain of white Carrara marble. The firs and cedars form a high dark wall, and the whiteness of the fountain can be glimpsed through an opening in the tall Canadian hemlock hedge surrounding an octagonal garden. Against the hedge are banked brilliant azaleas, dogwood and clumps of box.

Boxwood borders many of the flower beds, as well, in the more formal of Mrs. Iselin's gardens, but probably the most impressive stand of box for miles around is on the estate of Secretary of the Treasury Ogden L. Mills and Mrs. Mills, at Woodbury, which was on display the same day. Boxwood always seems to have something of the eternal about it, and this, planted in geometric patterns and spirals, somehow enfolds the whole terraced garden with a sense of its own mellow enchantment.

All together, seventeen different estates on Long Island held visitors' days for the benefit of the Wayside Home School, not to mention numerous other displays for various charities. During May and June, every Thursday was Garden Day on Long Island, and three days are scheduled during September and October for fall exhibitions. Westchester County opened more than forty of its gardens for the benefit of the Westchester Children's Association, on Tuesday and Saturday afternoons.

So by a little pleasant shuttling back and forth you could find yourself on Tuesday roaming among the wild flowers and cliffs over the ten miles of paths at "Fayrewold", the Greenwich estate of Benjamin T. Fairchild. On Thursday, you might be in the gardens of Mrs. Nicholas F. Brady, at Manhasset, Long Island, or those of Mrs. Henry W. deForest, at Cold Spring Harbor. And then on Saturday, you might have been back in Westchester, steeping yourself in the amazingness of the Edward H. Manville rock gardens, at Pleasantville, or the wonderful greenhouses of Mr. and Mrs. Percy H. Straus, on their estate in Port Chester.

The other Long Island estates open for the benefit of the Wayside Home School during May and June which we have not mentioned already were those of Mr. and Mrs. G. Beekman Hoppin, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Cass Ledyard, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. James A. Burden, of Syosset; and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Pulitzer, of Manhasset; Mr. and Mrs. Irving Cox, of Mill Neck; Mr. and Mrs. H. Van Rensselaer Kennedy, of Hempstead; Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Morgan, of Westbury; Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Field, and Mr. and Mrs. Willis D. Wood, of Huntington.

The Willis Wood estate was open for the Wayside Home on June 23. A week before, this old place, built on "Fort Hill", the site of Revolutionary War operations, was also the setting of a Robin Hood pageant put on by the Huntington Service League

(Continued on page 57)



An Architect's Own Home Designed In His Own Way

In This Very Typical House in Pasadena, California, Wallace Neff Has Expressed His Personal Ideals of Comfort and Beauty

Wallace Neff, Architect

A. E. Hanson, Landscape Architect



INFORMAL Italian is the influence that affected the design of this home of Mr. Neff. The exterior walls are of Gunite construction and the slightly sloping tile roof is of dark rose with ridges painted white. In delightful harmony with the rose and the white walls is the exterior trim and wood work in topaze blue

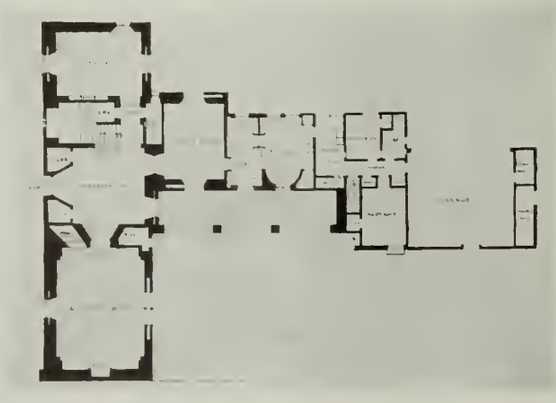
THE mushrebiyeh seen from the patio was imported from Arabia and the tile fountain is, as it should be in this Spanish patio, from Seville. The entire house is built around the patio which is so placed that it gets the morning sun and quite properly the afternoon shade

STRIPS of Italian sailcloth form an awning over the patio during the summer months, helping to make it the perfect outdoor living room that it is. The roses and other flowers are in rose and white and the tiles of the Seville fountain are blue, yellow, green and white



A VIEW looking from the patio through the Moorish arches into the cool cloister, with a glimpse also of the outdoor stairway which leads, as is so common in California houses of this type, from the patio to the rooms on the second floor, by way of a little porch. Plants in gaily painted pots are placed at intervals on the steps as well as around the rim of the fountain

THE floor plan of Mr. Neff's house tells you an interesting story of a charming way of life. There is a large living room, at the end of which are a flower room and an organ sound room. Across the spacious entrance hall is the library, with a fireplace, and the dining room, which connects easily with the service portion of the house as well as the loggia and grounds at the rear





THE loggia looking out on the patio is delightfully arranged for summertime living. Its walls are oyster white with turquoise blue woodwork. The furniture of both patio and loggia is turquoise blue and yellow

A MODIFIED Venetian style has influenced the interior of the house. The furnishing and paintings are copies of antiques. The library, as well as the dining room and hall have fine paneled walnut ceilings

HANDMADE TILE is used on the floors throughout and the woodwork is mainly walnut. The living room draperies are antique gold damask and all the other draperies throughout are colorful Fortuny prints



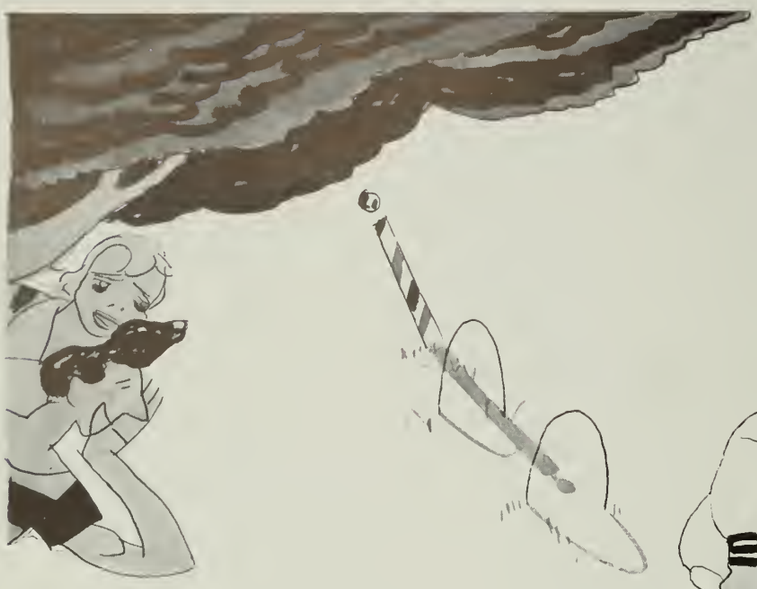


That Cool, Fresh, Blue and White Look that Means California Has Been Cleverly Brought from the Outside into the Interior of this House in Pasadena

Croquet—

That One-Time Gentle Game

table Safety-Valve for Our





By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

AT every well organized house-party nowadays, one is led automatically to a bridge table. It is taken for granted that one plays contract. If one doesn't, one soon learns, in self-defense. And whether you play Culbertson or the official system matters little. You may even abandon the Vanderbilt convention, and announce lightly that you play only the two-demand.

But contract in the afternoon seems to me like spending one's hours at a matinée. If evening is the time for the theatre, so it is for bridge. If you don't go in for golf or tennis, you will be glad to learn that there is a gentler game which is coming back, which will keep you out in the open air, and prove, on your strenuous American week-ends, a veritable safety-valve for your pent-up energy and emotions.

It has many advantages; for one need only step from the house to the lawn, a few feet away, and be within call when tea, let us say, is served. It requires no particular costume, and it doesn't get you all fagged out. Yet you are out-of-doors, in the bright sunshine, with the lure of green things growing all about you; and you come from it with a refreshed spirit, with no need afterwards to hasten to your bath and get into other togs before you are presentable. And it takes you out of yourself as definitely as golf performs this miracle, with none of the plodding over miles of turf, and none of the temptations to remain over-long at the nineteenth hole.

And so, "Hoorah for croquet!" cries this lover of the game, who has reveled in it since boyhood, has been laughed at with scorn for his quiet passion for it, and is still unashamed to say that he thinks it a beautiful, rhythmical sport.

As a matter of fact, croquet is a desperately cruel and masculine game of strategy; the meanest, most diabolical form of sport I know of. For just as you think you are way ahead, you find yourself way behind. The powerful and sure strokes it requires across a velvet lawn are in the nature of sadistic expressions of wrath and venom. One starts out pleasantly and laughingly enough; but before the third arch is reached, there may be a tightening of the lips, an abandonment of all decent impulses, with only the will to win firmly established in one's heart. You long to strike your opponent, Alice, though she be as dainty as Herrick's Julia; and you long to strike her hard. You do; and instantly the delicate Alice becomes your mortal enemy, determined to get back at you, to knock you into the bushes, or so to wire herself against you, with only a tiny space between you, that you will feel like stamping your feet on the turf and calling upon your malicious vocabulary to tell her what you think of her. She has changed, in a twinkling, from a gentle desirability into a fiend incarnate; and you loathe and despise her.

Until the game is over! Then, your human decency coming back, you shake her hand in generous fashion, you congratulate her on her prowess, and then you begin all over again, determined this time to defeat her.

If you are losing your figure, for all your rigid diet, try croquet. For you will find that you are forced to bend and stoop, particularly if you use those short-handled mallets which are the last word in spectacular and sporty sets; you



There are kings of the game in America; and he is fortunate who has witnessed the open tournaments of Jack Baragwanath, Herbert Swope, Alexander Woollcott and Raoul Fleischmann. Splendid players all; royal players who ponder over every shot

Social Shock Absorber

Which Has Returned to Act as a Veri-

Guests on Strenuous Summer Week-ends

would find, if you followed your invisible trail, that in the course of a real tournament you had walked a possible two miles; and you will be surprised how nimble and alert you feel after a goodly fight.

When we were young boys and girls on shady streets, there was scarcely a house in our village that did not have its croquet lawn. Not to have those provocative wickets laid out in arithmetical precision, with the colored stakes at either end, was to be out of things. The girls came, in their fluffy and long skirts, and we shot for partners, as one draws cards for contract cronies; and then the fun began. We would start early on Saturday mornings, returning after luncheon for a long afternoon session; and in between we would be refreshed by cool lemonade dispensed by a generous hostess, with maybe a slice of cake thrown in, which dear old Aunt Em had baked, while in between she watched the exciting match.

Dora, it was generally known in the neighborhood, cheated a little. This she was privileged to do by coyly standing over her ball, not quite in position, and wiggling her foot so adroitly beneath her drooping gown that she slyly shoved it directly before her wicket. One could not always catch her at this wicked act. She would pout and look adorably innocent when a rival player accused her of thus gaining an advantage. What was one to do with such a girl? Often she would resort to tears when accused, and declare that she would play no more if cruel boys thus maligned her. And the game went on. But Dora was watched thereafter, and sometimes even her partner would have to admit her perfidy. We boys, in our knickerbockers, or long flannel trousers, could not try similar tactics; but it was we who began the shouting, we who waved our mallets after an argument during the course of the game, and sometimes hurled them at our stormy adversary.

The gay 'nineties? No indeed; rather the noisy, quarrelsome 'nineties, filled with tirades and despair.

Far into the deepening twilight we played; and when darkness finally fell in good earnest (there was no daylight-saving time then) we would place little white ribbons on the wickets so that we could follow the ball's direction. And when evening came, we would fetch lanterns from the barn, and continue in their light until, exhausted, we were forced to quit.

One must scream and quarrel in croquet. A long, straight shot, clean as a swallow's flight, cutting the lawn in two, will inevitably evoke cries from all the players; and if, in golf, there is nothing smarter than the clip of a direct drive down the fairway, there is nothing that so quickly brings forth admiration as the clicking of two balls, sharply and adroitly struck.

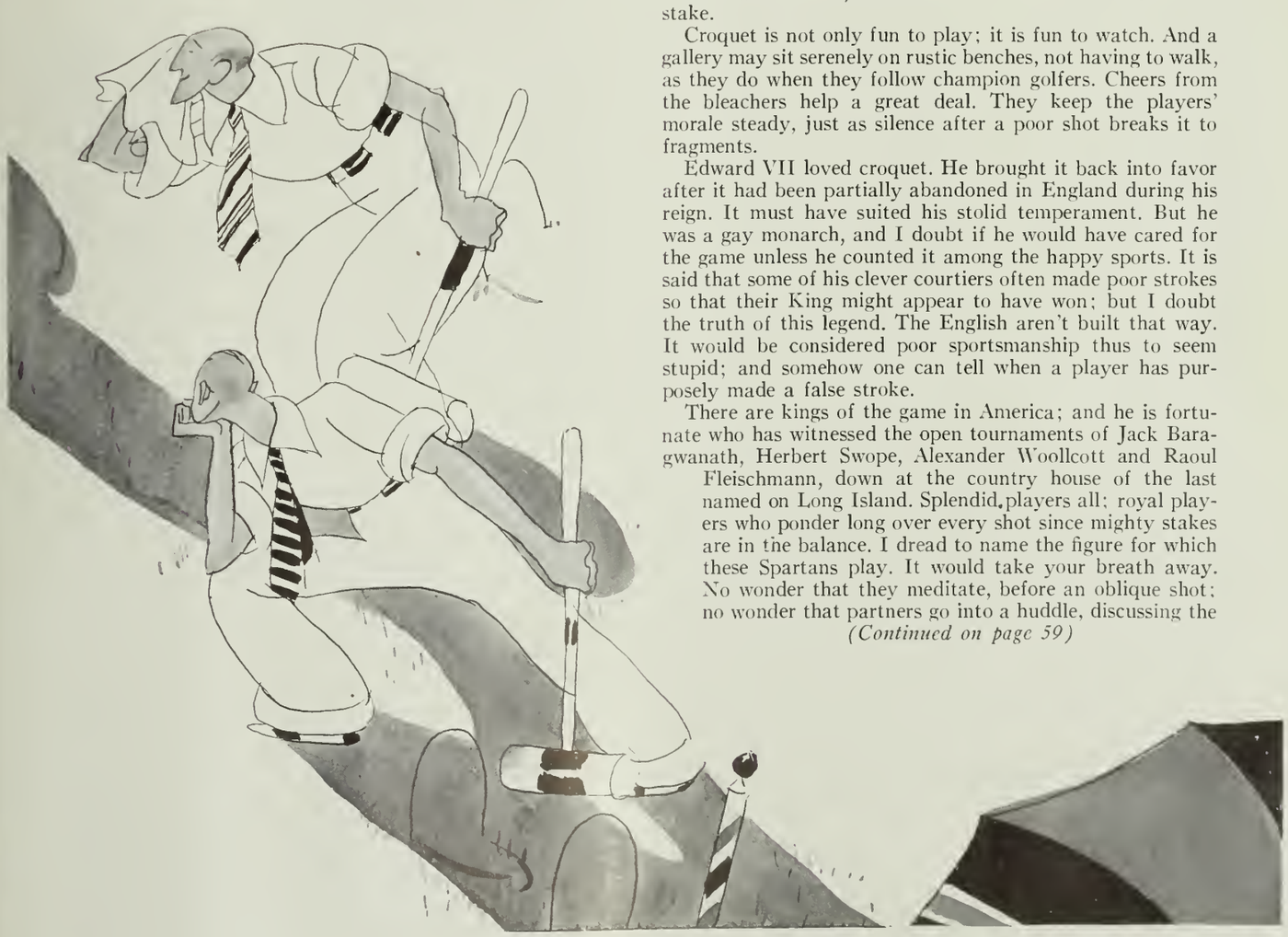
Peter and Emily are ahead. It looks hopeless for Tom and Alice. Then Peter misses, through the nervousness that always precedes final victory; and Alice, aiming at Emily far down the lawn, swats her a blow that wins the commendation of players and onlookers alike, and the whole complexion of the game is changed in an instant. A minute more, and Peter and Emily would have gone out. Now the game proceeds for at least a half hour, and in the end Tom and Alice hit the stake.

Croquet is not only fun to play; it is fun to watch. And a gallery may sit serenely on rustic benches, not having to walk, as they do when they follow champion golfers. Cheers from the bleachers help a great deal. They keep the players' morale steady, just as silence after a poor shot breaks it to fragments.

Edward VII loved croquet. He brought it back into favor after it had been partially abandoned in England during his reign. It must have suited his stolid temperament. But he was a gay monarch, and I doubt if he would have cared for the game unless he counted it among the happy sports. It is said that some of his clever courtiers often made poor strokes so that their King might appear to have won; but I doubt the truth of this legend. The English aren't built that way. It would be considered poor sportsmanship thus to seem stupid; and somehow one can tell when a player has purposely made a false stroke.

There are kings of the game in America; and he is fortunate who has witnessed the open tournaments of Jack Baragwanath, Herbert Swope, Alexander Woollcott and Raoul Fleischmann, down at the country house of the last named on Long Island. Splendid players all; royal players who ponder long over every shot since mighty stakes are in the balance. I dread to name the figure for which these Spartans play. It would take your breath away. No wonder that they meditate, before an oblique shot; no wonder that partners go into a huddle, discussing the

(Continued on page 59)







RICHARD AVERILL SMITH

One Place Where Water Is Appreciated

In the Garden, of Course: For Every Estate Today, Large or Small, Must Have Its Decorative Pool and, if Possible Its Swimming Pool

ABOVE—This most picturesque of decorative pools is on the estate of John L. Severance in Pasadena. It is flanked on either side by a lovely vine-covered pergola. With its misty depths, its wall fountain half hidden under vines, lush mats of waterlilies, it might easily have escaped from some ancient garden along the Golden Arno. Reginald D. Johnson, architect; Paul G. Thiene, landscape architect

BELOW, opposite page—This decorative lily pool in the garden of Ellis L. Phillips at Plandome is at the end of an allée of pleached lindens. The coping of the pool is limestone; cedars at the far end form a background for the garden, and bronze urns are mounted on green pedestals at each end of the crescent pool. The space is planted with waterlilies and all about the edge are clumps of tall Madonna lilies. Ruth Dean, landscape architect



RICHARD AVERILL SMITH

ABOVE—Small swimming pool on the estate of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur D. Lehman at White Plains. The planting all about the pool has been arranged most beautifully by Ruth Dean, landscape architect. Below the terrace which borders the pool is the rose garden, and over the terrace a vine covered pergola



LEFT—An ancient wall fountain in the Severance garden at Pasadena, planted with waterlilies, lotus, fleur-de-lis; just a glimpse of the classic pergola is seen at the side and a tall marsh plant blooms out in wide feathery blossoms over the wall and the end of the pool. Photographs of this pool courtesy "California Gardens," by Winifred Starr Dobyns. The Macmillan Co.

A small cabinet-topped desk



Louis XV desk with marquetry front



Louis XVI desk used as beauty table





Louis XV desk and Régence armchair

French Desks in Modern Rooms

By EDWARD WENHAM

WHEN the earlier 18th Century rooms of England are compared with those of France, there is a patent sense of that home-like respectability introduced to Britain by the Dutch as contrasted to the natural light-heartedness of the Gallic temperament. That desire for poetry and romance which is so inherently French is reflected in all the arts and crafts of that country after the reign of Louis XIV. And while France was the first European country to replace her hereditary rulers by a republic, the remarkable cultural advancement which developed there was due entirely to the influence of the court and the old aristocratic families.

As we become familiar with French interiors of the later Louis periods, the remarkable catholicity is noticeable in the different treatments; probably the most outstanding phase is what might be termed the "poetic arrangement" of certain smaller pieces of furniture, particularly small tables and the various types of desks. In reproducing similar settings including desks and other furniture made from original models by present day cabinet-makers, we are unconsciously acknowledging the debt we owe to the famous architects and decorators of old France.

With many original French interiors there is an absence of the larger wall furniture, the intention being to introduce an atmosphere of airiness which is often lacking when the larger

(Continued on page 58)

A SMALL cabinet-top desk placed between two windows of a French room as shown at the top left, eliminates the bareness of the paneled walls. From Brunovan, Inc. The second charming desk with marquetry on the front and ormolu on the legs, is the center of a graceful corner grouping of French furniture. Courtesy Albert Grosfeld. At the left is a corner of a Louis boudoir. A small desk has been converted into a charming toilet table, supplemented with a wall mirror, lamps and toilet accessories in silver and delicate porcelain. Courtesy Brunovan, Inc.



Louis XV desk in walnut

IN the formal French living room above, the furniture shows to excellent advantage against the simplicity of the paneling. In front of the walnut desk with its leather top is a graceful carved desk chair. The canapé and bergère are walnut, handsomely upholstered. The smaller appointments of the room are in keeping with the period. Courtesy Jacques Bodart, Inc.

TOP, left—Soft natural tones of a panel, one of a pair copied from the originals of Huet, form a colorful background for this desk and the chairs grouped about it. The desk chair is Louis XV with an old paint finish; the walnut Régence armchair is covered in Pagode needlepoint. The desk, of tulip and violet woods, has marquetry and ormolu work on all four sides. The top is tooled leather. Brunovan, Inc. Top of opposite page.

RIGHT—A room illustrating the use of a decorated desk as the pivotal center for the decorative scheme. An inlaid desk adds a warm note of color and animation to an interior. A feature in this room is the free use of pictures on the paneled wall above the large sofa. The French Period furniture is upholstered in brocades and velvets. Courtesy Brunovan, Inc.

Desk with marquetry inlay



Down Old New England Streets

The Architectural Aristocracy of America Lines these Ancient Thoroughfares in Salem, Gloucester, Newburyport and Newport. From Drawings by E. H. Suydam





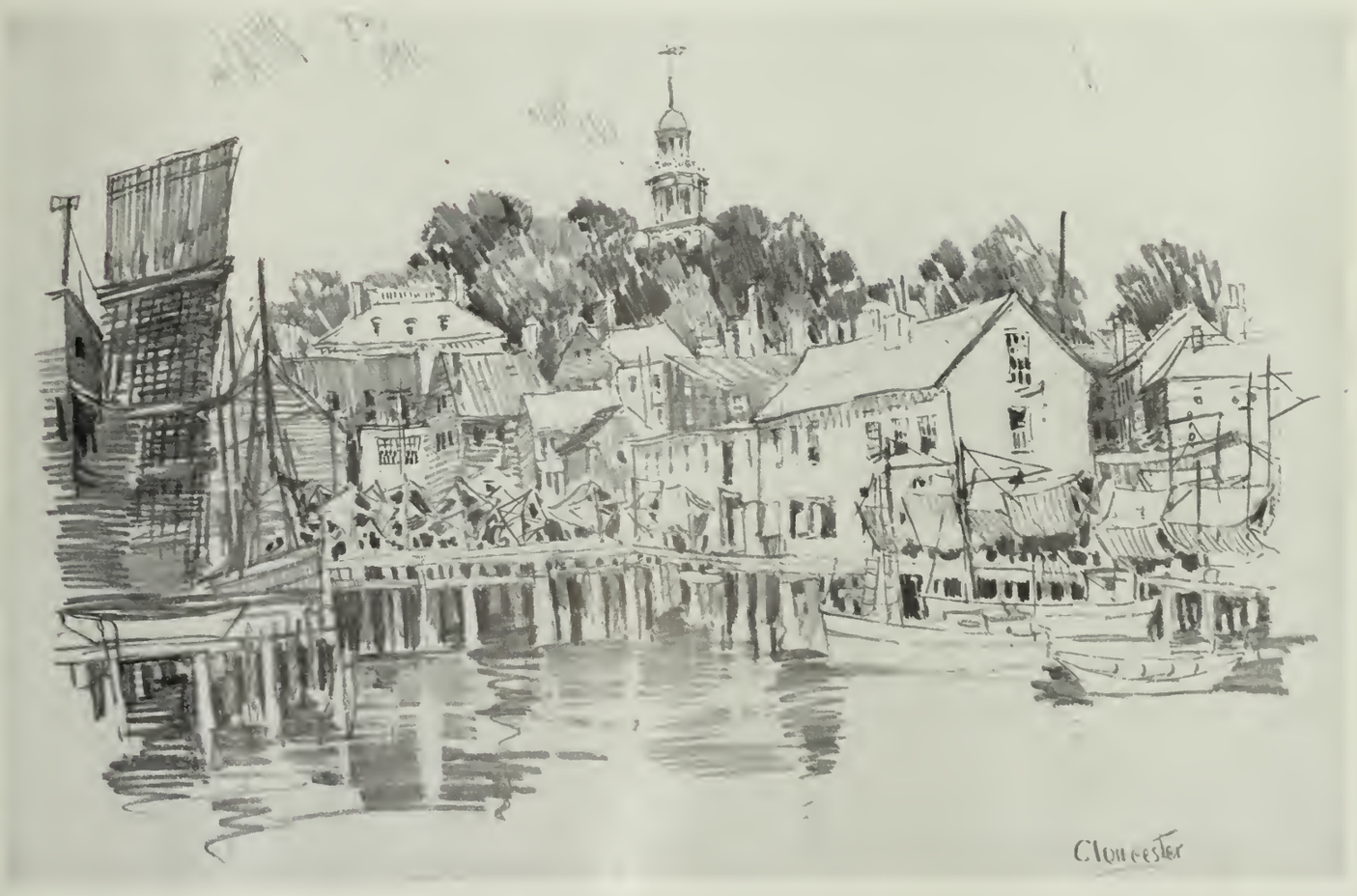


IN Mr. Suydam's drawings of old New England churches, streets, wharfs and inns, he gives a picture of these fascinating Colonial towns that is complete from every angle. For centuries, these old square churches, with their tall, spindly steeples; the ancient houses with fluted pilasters and ornamental corners; the wide streets hidden under elms as stately as the aristocratic ladies in Colonial houses; and the wharfs, shaky and moss-green, the salty fishing boats ramming them day and night, have all been familiar objects to one of the lovers of the earliest of civilizations in America.

LADIES still wearing cameos and bombazine would inevitably come down the steps of the famous Colonial houses on the opposite page. They would loiter on the paths, from Georgian doorways to gates surmounted with Colonial urns, to pluck a blossom from a strawberry shrub or a spray of lemon verbena. And they would either walk to church or be driven in the stately coaches of their forefathers by dignified white-haired servitors garbed in blue uniform

THE little inn above is centuries old, with its windows of small-paned glass, its low roof and flat façade. With the utmost simplicity of construction, there is a fine porch supported on fluted columns. At the right are ancient churches with bells in the steeples for fire or funeral, and parking place for old fashioned buggies, coaches and landolets. The bay at Gloucester, that most lovely of New England harbors, well-known as Naples, needs no introduction





With a Beauty Born of Fantasy



FLAMINGOES in deep pink tones are the arresting note in "Flamingo Pond," a screen by Georgia Warren. This exceedingly amusing design is against a background of three shades of gold. Palm trees are outlined against the turquoise sky and startling white waterlilies are spotted over a cold black pond. The rather sensational effect is graceful, witty, and modern



From the Brownell-Lambertson Galleries

AGNES TAIT, whom we usually think of as the Court Portrait Painter for fashionable cats, has designed here a beautifully patterned screen of dark green maqueuta stems and leaves. In the foreground, white flowers sway like myriad bells on dark blue-green vines and deep in the background, graceful young swans are outlined drifting on the silver surface of a calm lake

Russia Old or New—Whichever You Want

Camels and Locomotives Move Side by Side in the Farthest Reaches of Russia

By Mary Van Rensselaer Cogswell

RUSSIA is something different from a mere trip abroad. It is a real adventure. In crossing the Russian frontier one experiences the thrill that only comes when one sets out on a dangerous journey. Russia is so completely another world, such an amazing mixture of an old colorful civilization and a harsh new order, that comparisons become difficult. There is something altogether fascinating about a country where they establish airplane routes before building roads; where the villages have radios and moving pictures of the latest scientific discoveries while the peasants continue to sleep on stove tops to keep themselves warm; where the most elaborately staged operas and ballets, presented in theatres rich with gilt decorations are applauded by an audience of men in shirt sleeves and women with their hair tied up in handkerchiefs.

Contrary to the general impression, I found it easy to see what I wanted and travel where I wished in Russia but one has to show initiative and a certain determination. The Soviets are naturally more anxious to show you their newest block of workers' apartments than some quaint church or old palace. If your interest lies in churches, palaces and art galleries there is a diversity to satisfy the most discriminating. If on the other hand you prefer to see the state farms, the marriage and divorce bureaus, the tremendous engineering undertakings or the so-called sanatariums where the workers take their holidays, it is equally easy to satisfy you. And Russia is a paradise for those who like to travel to strange, out-of-the-way places and see exotic peoples. There are almost two hundred different races in Russia and they range from the Esquimaux-like inhabitants of Tuva in the arctic part of Siberia, through the Kirgiz and Kazaks, descendants of Genghis Khan's Yellow Horde, who still dwell on the plains of Central Asiatic Russia, to the mixed tribes of the Caucasus and the Persian and Oriental types that live in Uzbekistan and Turkmanistan.

Unless you have plenty of time and some slight knowledge of Russian it is easier and much more satisfactory, as far as physical comfort is concerned, to take one of the numerous





PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARY VAN RENSSELAER COGSWELL



TOP—A group of Kazak cowboys who rode into the opening of the Turkestan-Siberian Railroad at Bulak. Center—Kazak woman. Her elaborate headdress distinguishes her as the favorite wife. Her coat is purple velvet which conceals a dress of turkey red cotton. Left—The new meets the old in Russia. Kazak family, the favorite and the secondary wife, who rode several days on their camels to see their first locomotive at the opening of the new railroad at Bulak



Kamerny Theatre, Russia

A SCENE from "Desire Under the Elms," by Eugene O'Neill, as played in the new Kamerny Theatre in Moscow. Here we see Taïroff directing

tours planned by Intourist, the state travel bureau. The tours are quite elastic in their programme and such luxuries as taxis and theatre tickets are usually included in the sum total. The tipping problem in Russia is comparatively simple. Porters receive a set tariff for each piece of luggage but other than that you are not supposed to give gratuities. However, there are few Russians who cannot be tempted into accepting a rouble or two.

Traveling in Russia was to me great fun. The trains stop often and the platforms and stations are always crowded with all sorts and kinds of humanity, all terribly excited, all carrying at least half a dozen unwieldy bundles and each one dressed in an individual assortment of garments that vary from the nondescript modern clothes of the city dweller to the brightly hued silken khalats (long coats) worn by the citizens of Samarkand and Bokhara. The head gear that I saw in Russia is equally varied and I was soon able to tell what town a man came from by his hat.

The trains that carry you to the strange as well as the better known parts of Russia are as different as the people. The trains are technically divided into "soft seats" and "hard seats" (upholstered seats and wooden benches) instead of the bourgeois distinction of first and third class. Actually, however, there are regular wagons-lits that ply between the Polish frontier and the large cities and special "luxe" trains for tours. The tracks in Russia are built with a wide gauge and the additional space adds immensely to one's comfort. The first class wagons-lits usually have one berth to a compartment, very grand blue plush upholstery and a recess for luggage above the roof of the corridor. The porter always had a samovar boiling and at any hour of the day or night he would bring me a glass of tea that somehow managed to taste better than any I have ever had before. If you join a tour to the Caucasus, to Siberia or Turkestan the chances are that you will go in one of the "luxe" trains. The double compartments are large and the berths, instead of being one atop the other are so placed that the lower berth runs the width of the compartment while the upper berth is swung lengthwise above the window. Cool linen sheets are used and between each two staterooms is a lavatory. In each car there is a shower bath with rubberized floor and walls to prevent you from being hurt if the train jolts. Several of the cars have small gymnasiums so that you can keep fit during a long journey.

If you have a chance to travel in a private car, don't miss it. Bill Shatoff, who completed the Turkestan-Siberian railroad and is now building the new road to the Don coal fields, has a private car with a huge green tiled bath, a bedroom done in palest green, a dining room-lounge upholstered in soft Russian leather and two armed guards on each end of the car. The president of Kazakstan, a handsome youth with light bronze complexion and tremendous brown eyes, travels in a car formerly the property of some Grand Duke. The car, decorated in Adam style with panels of intricate inlay and heavy green velvet curtains weighted down with fat tassels, seems a



TWO PHOTOS COURTESY MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

The Children's Theatre

THIS theatre in Moscow is run for children only. The plays are voted on and approved by the children, and the ushers at the performances are all children. The management, to a certain extent, is by children, with Maxim as director

strangely incongruous dwelling for a group of half civilized nomads who probably never had anything more permanent than a felt tent to cover their heads.

If Russian humanity in the raw interests you more than scenery, the surest way of satisfying your interest is to travel in the "hard seat" cars for in no other way can a foreigner obtain a more intimate contact with the Russian masses. I found the "hard seats" unexpectedly clean and, with the aid of an air pillow, not as uncomfortable as they look. For a rouble you can rent a mattress and sheets and pillow cases that come in bags sealed by the government so that you can have no misgivings as to their cleanliness. There are four people to a sleeping compartment but for the shorter trips any number of people squeeze in. There is no discrimination as to sex and your fellow traveling companions may turn out to be anything from fierce looking Cossacks to a group of boy and girl students starting off on a holiday. The "hard seats" are very cheap. It costs about twelve dollars to travel from Vladikavkaz in the Caucasus to Moscow, a journey of three days. Russians are by nature very friendly and even more curious about you than you are about them. So before I had been on the train an hour I found fellow travelers who spoke some English, French or German. A crowd collects and before you know it they ask so many questions about America that there is no opportunity to put them through a questionnaire on Russia.

A WATER carrier of Bokhara. He dips water out of a series of almost stagnant pools and carries it to his customers in a goatskin. The government requires the boots



Leningrad and Kiev are the cities for lovers of old Russia. Both have a touch of melancholy and a flavor of decay that comes to cities whose days of glory have passed. The main interest in Leningrad centers in the Hermitage museum and the various palaces of the Romanoffs in the city and at Tsarskoe-selo. Next to the Louvre the Hermitage is the most important museum in Europe. The collections of paintings and porcelains are superb but the collection of Scythian gold is priceless and should not be missed. This collection, and many jewelled curios as well, are kept in the vaults of the museum and special permission has to be obtained to view them. These golden objects of exquisite workmanship were unearthed in the Crimea and in the vicinity of the Black Sea. They were supposedly made by the Scythians, a rather general name for a people or peoples who roamed in those regions several centuries before the Christian era.

Those who are more intrigued by the history of the revolution will want to visit the Yousopoff palace where Rasputin was murdered, the balcony of the ballerina's house where Lenin made his famous revolutionary speech and the Putiloff machinery works where several of the revolutionary movements were originated.

Kiev is even more of a shell than Leningrad. The famous monasteries are almost empty, there are few pilgrims who come to worship at the shrines and the monks have dispersed like chaff before the wind.

Moscow throbs with life. The air feels vital and I sensed accomplishment at a tremendously accelerated tempo. There are no end of places to visit and interesting things to do. The Soviet guides will arrange a tour of the Kremlin, trips to factories, to nurseries, to the Anti-religious museum, to communal restaurants and to the ballet and opera. But there are many fascinating jaunts to make that the guides either do not know about or else consider unimportant as objects of propaganda. Moscow is literally overrun with funny little churches, many of which can be unobtrusively entered by a side door. The church of the Tartar Virgin near the Chinese wall is particularly charming and the church where Poushkin used to worship, while more pretentious, has great historic interest. Besides the museum in the Kremlin and the Revolutionary museum there are two picture galleries that are worth while. One is the Triatakof, which houses a collection of pictures painted by Russian artists. As a history of Russian art it is interesting and its early 1900 atmosphere makes it reminiscent

(Continued on page 60)

Canal in Leningrad in which Rasputin's body was thrown. Church is a copy of St. Basil's, over the spot of Czar Alexander's assassination





From the Brownell-Lambertson Galleries

"THE Lunge." Screen by Major Felton. Gorgeous color sweeps over the surface of this screen, intensifying the dramatic quality of the design. The shield is red-orange, the hurling figure in black, purple and dark blue, the curving tiger in yellow and dark gray stripes. Background is a faintly tarnished silver with the quality of misty moonlight, receding intentionally from the figure

Gay Colors and a Tragic Note

Italian Decoration, Flawless in Detail



"Italian" as Applied to Style Covers a Wide Range of Time with Many Epochs Represented. Illustrations in This Article Show Examples of 15th Century Work Continuing to the 19th Century. Here We See Italy, the Creator of Fashion, to Italy, the Adopter of Fashion

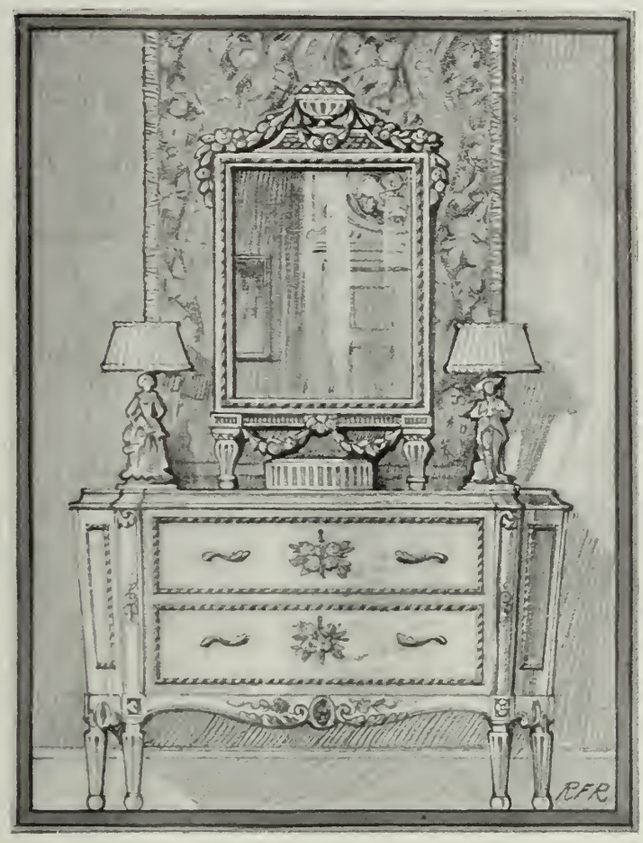
By RALPH F. ROBERTSON

THE Villetta at the Villa Palmieri near Florence is shown here. It has the usual iron carved grilles on the first floor, a balcony over the arched entrance, with latticed iron grille, a low-pitched tile roof with wide over-hang—all typical of the Italian villa

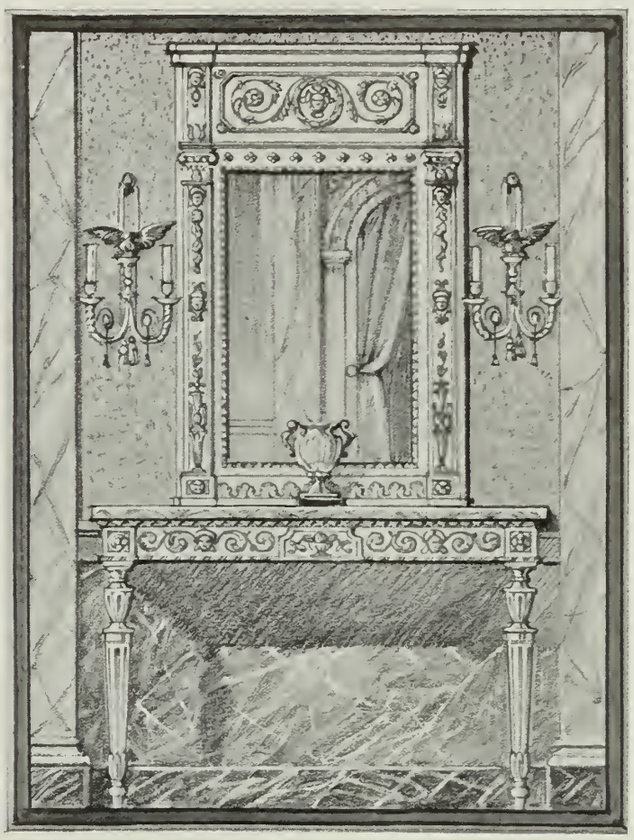
A 16TH Century room is shown below with rough plaster walls, painted. The ceiling is coffered, low relief, with painted decoration. The great mantel is of stone, and the furniture is 16th Century. The velvet, damask, tapestries and embroideries are 16th Century fabrics



THIS Venetian painted commode, made during the last half of the 18th Century, can still be seen in the Civic Museum in Milan. The commode and the carved mirror above it show the French influence in Italian decoration

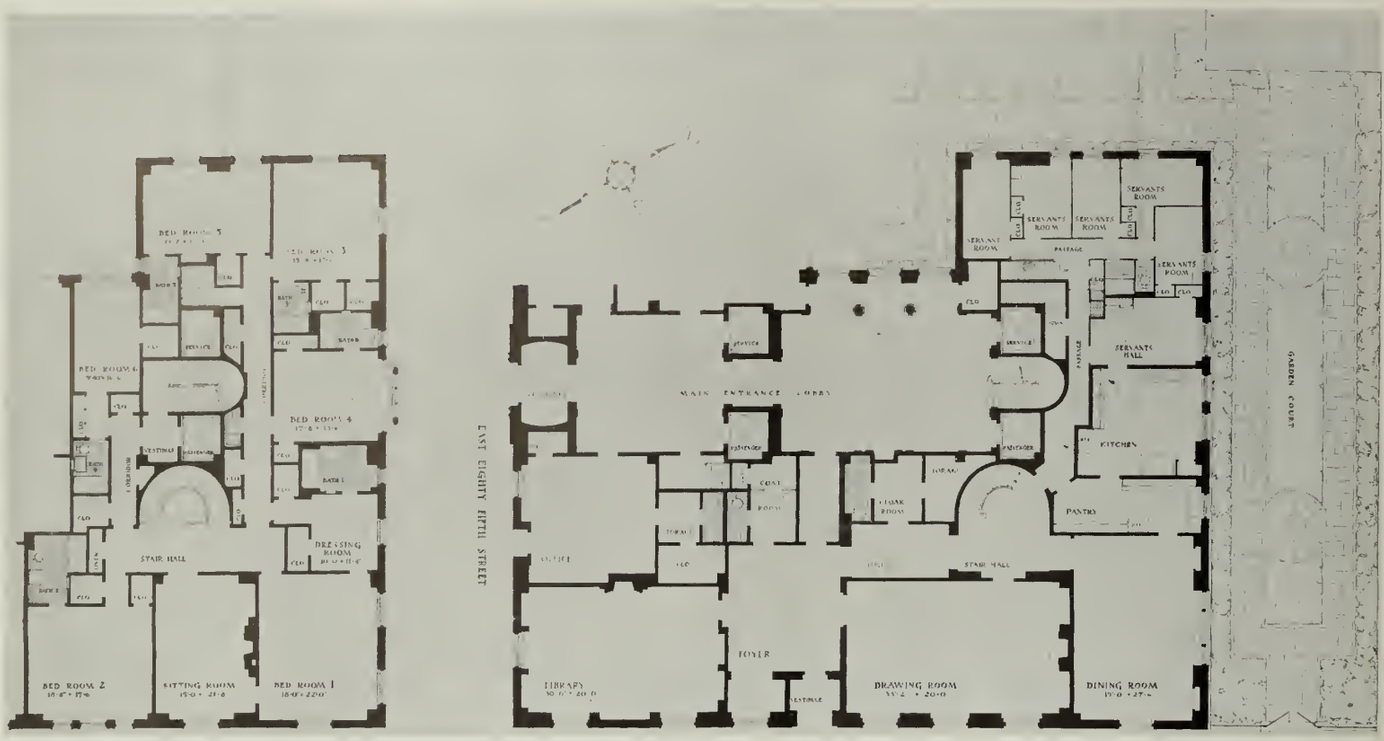


A PAINTED and gold console table with a marble top and a mirror above. All are special pieces made in Rome, the early part of the 19th Century, yet showing a strong Empire influence with also some suggestion of Directoire



A VERY interesting type of 16th Century decoration with the diaper motif is shown in the dining room. Many of the rooms in the Davanzati Palace are decorated in this manner. In fact this 15th Century credenza was originally in the Davanzati collection





The Vincent Astor Building, 120 East End Avenue



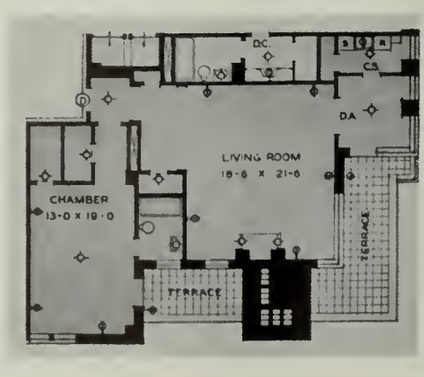
834 Fifth Avenue, a new duplex apartment on lavish scale. Rossario Candela architect

Homes Planned

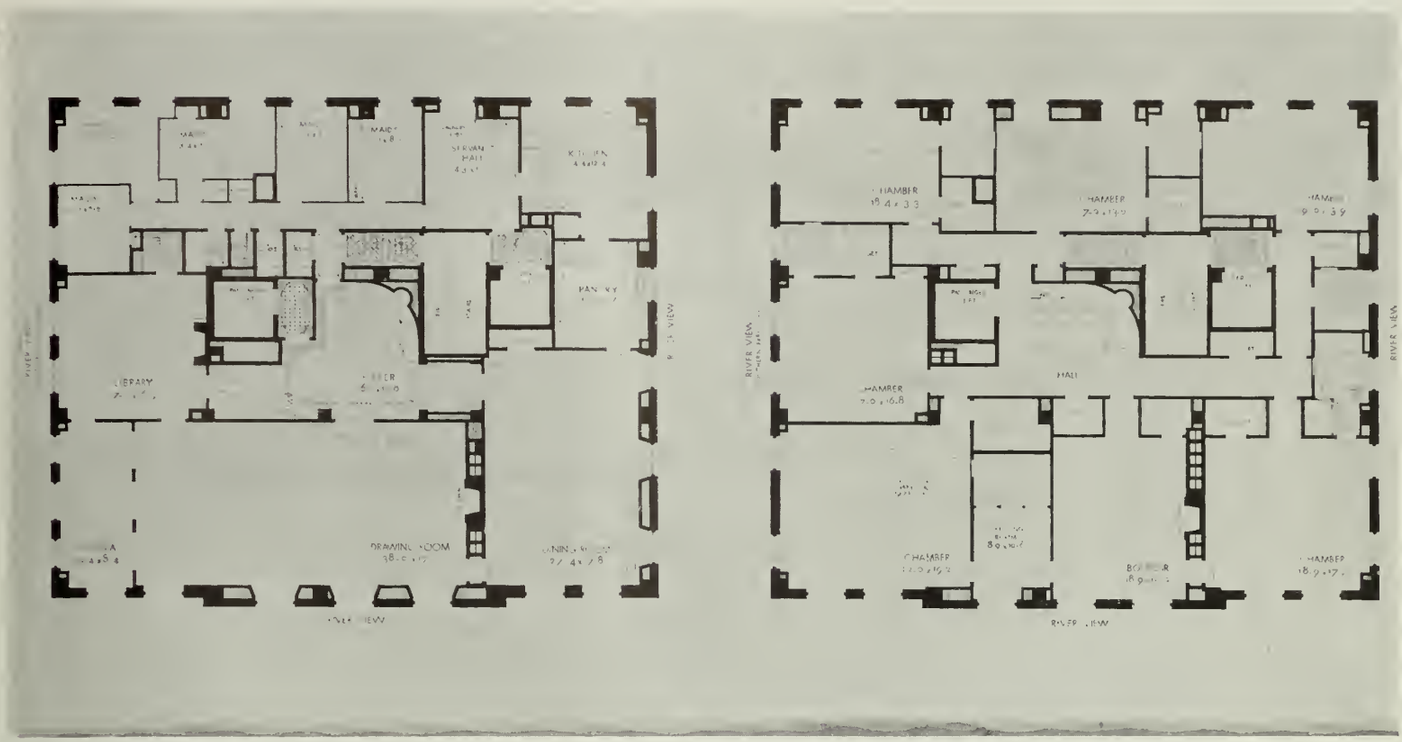
A 17-ROOM Maisonette apartment is certainly a new living idea, so good, in fact, that this house won the medal of the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects this year. This Vincent Astor maisonette has its private entrance from the street and a wide garden court; as well as spacious living quarters in closely related drawing room, dining room and library

THERE is a fine opportunity for distinguished social existence in this apartment at the left. The reception room, living room and library connect and but a door away is the large dining room. This apartment faces Central Park and beyond the oak paneled lobby is a little garden of its own. There are narrow balconies for tea or talk

THERE was a time when one must either have a very large and very comfortable apartment or a very small and very inconvenient one. Bnt now people accustomed to luxury are planning delightfnl homes on a smaller scale and they are to be found in apartments like the one below. A one, two or three room apartment, with dressing room and bath, is one of the new living ideals expressed by the architects, Roger H. Bullard. Philip L. Goodwin & Kenneth Franzheim



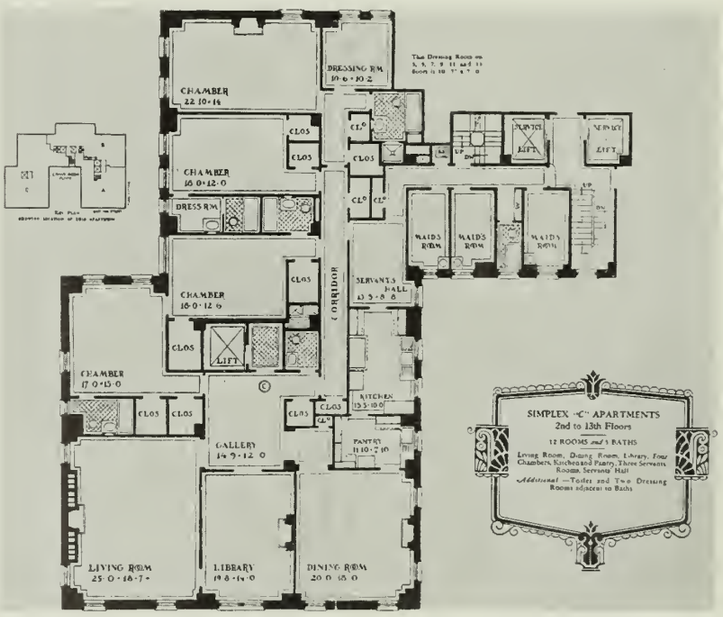
100 East 57th Street, apartment with few rooms, ample space, comfort and convenience



River House, at 52nd Street and East River, Bottomley, Wagner & White, architects

for New Social Ideals

One of the Most Delightful Results of the Depression Are Some of the Fascinating New Apartments that Are Being Built for that Almost Forgotten Social Ideal, Home Entertainment. The Large Apartments Have Reception Rooms, Drawing Rooms, Libraries and Playrooms. There Are Small Apartments with Large Rooms and Every Luxury



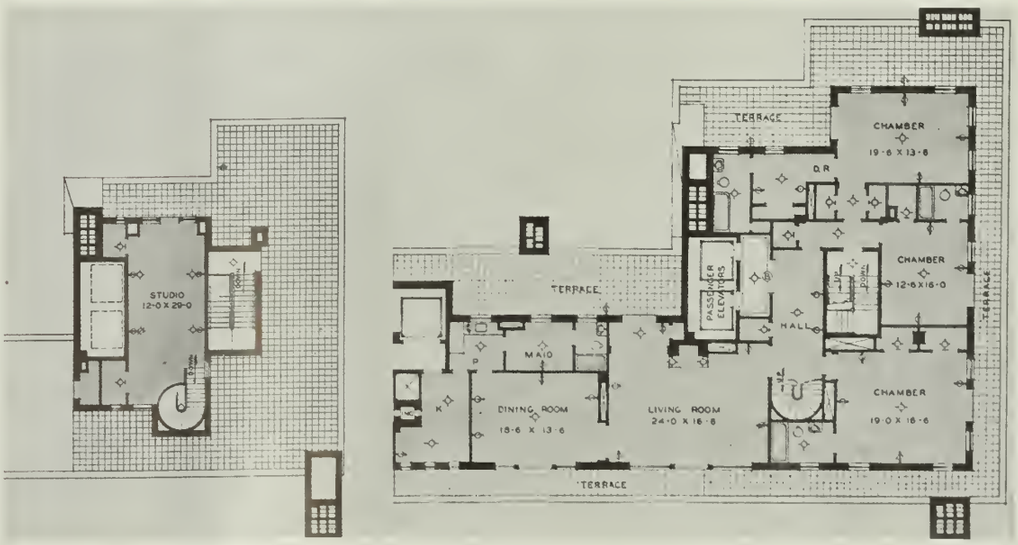
895 Park Avenue

ABOVE—River House, a coöperative apartment new, already famous in the annals of fine and luxurious living, is arranged with large rooms, balconies overlooking the river, and terraces furnishing a glimmer of green turf with a sound of falling water from a fountain in the court

CENTER—In this simplex apartment we have a complete scheme of living for a family of four with three maids, excellent service suggestions, fine opportunity for entertaining, and good sized bedrooms, all with baths and some with dressing rooms. Sloan & Robertson, architects

ONE of the newest of the luxurious New York apartments with a penthouse studio and wide terraces surrounding both penthouse and apartment, from which one gains a beautiful view of the river. This apartment, of Rose Cumming's, is charmingly arranged for entertaining in a gay fashion

400 East 57th Street





AGAINST the blank spaces of brick wall, hand-wrought iron vine scrolls make an effective decorative spot, and a contrast in texture. From the terrace garden of Dr. Robert Bickley





Gardens Along The Sky-Line

New York Penthouses Are Immensely the Vogue During the Summer for Daytime or Evening Entertaining—Badminton and Bridge of Course, and All the New Outdoor Games

George Frederick Pentecost, Decorator

TO be practical, enjoyable and safe, terrace gardens must be protected from the high winds, and so guarded that one has no sense of real or imagined danger. William Rhinelander Stewart's terrace garden, shown above, has a chestnut picket fence which is well adapted to this use

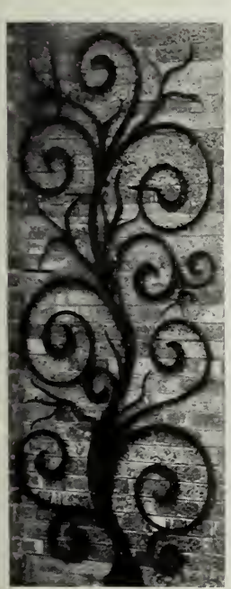
THE lines, colors and materials of the Spanish garden lend themselves particularly well to the terrace. In this garden of Schuyler Schieffelin's New York home, rhododendrons and evergreens are boxed in vivid tiles. Floor and walls are cast stone, permanently colored in warm tones



ON the delightful terrace of Princess Charles Murat a Cape Cod type of cottage picket fence is used as a background for a profusion of daisies, and ivies that climb up over the top. A permanent awning makes this "outdoor living-room" convenient and comfortable in all kinds of weather. The slat floor allows necessary drainage



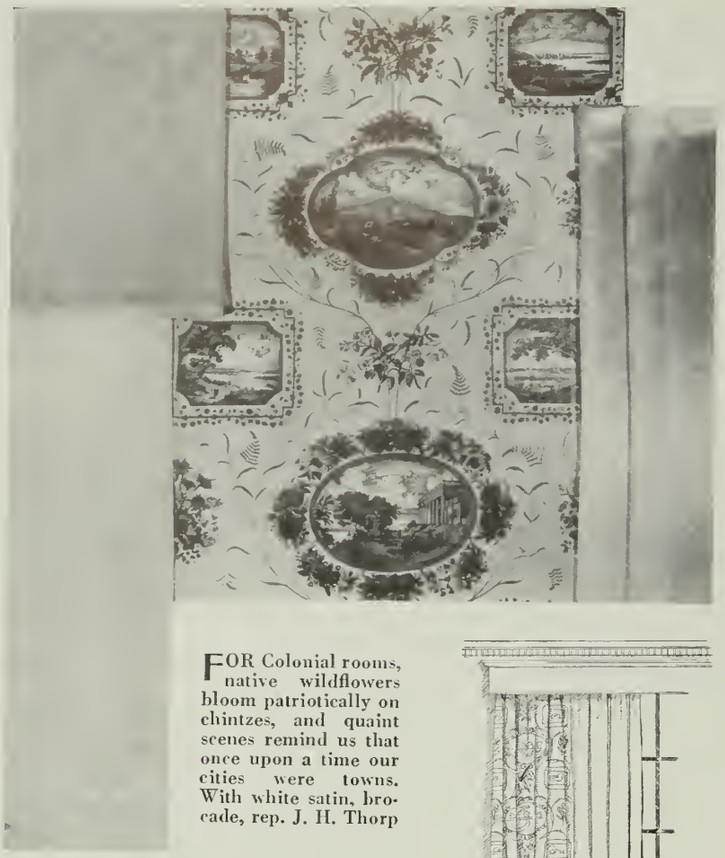
THE effect of a latticed wall and an atmosphere of seclusion is achieved in this penthouse garden of L. A. Cushman, by bringing the lattice-work right up to the line of the permanent awning. In the iron grilles potted plants and flowers contribute vivid color in a screen-like effect



ANOTHER of the wrought-iron scrolls, used on either side of a vine-covered lattice in the penthouse terrace of Dr. Robert Bickley

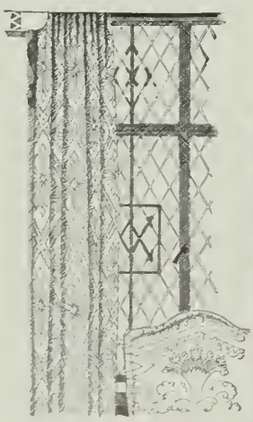
Windows That Look Toward the Past

By DOROTHY WHITNEY



FOR Colonial rooms, native wildflowers bloom patriotically on chintzes, and quaint scenes remind us that once upon a time our cities were towns. With white satin, brocade, rep. J. H. Thorp

FOR windows that look back to the red and gold splendor of the Renaissance—rich brocades hang in heavy sculptured folds. Courtesy of the Herter Looms



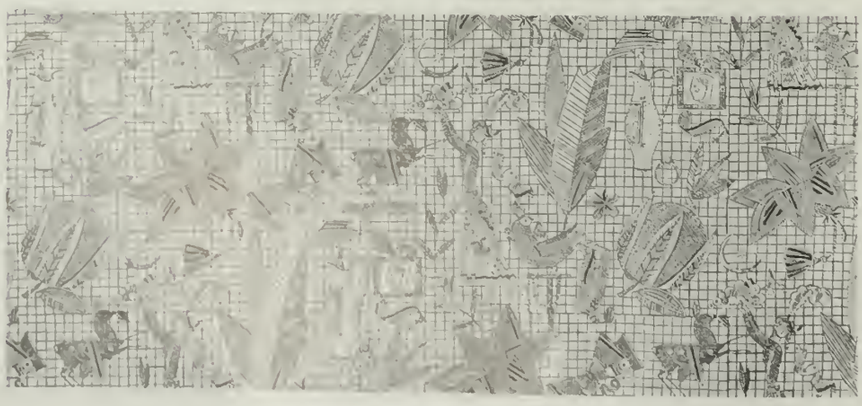
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DANA B. MERRILL

THIS is the time of year when every woman with the least vestigial remainder of the nesting instinct looks over her house, and decides that she simply can't go through another winter without making some vital changes in the décor. All up and down the land the lady of the manor is explaining to the lord of the manor that she's tired of it all, from the window curtains to the Louis Quinze chairs. And—all up and down the land—the lord of the manor is explaining, in his most financially embarrassed manner, that the most they can logically demand of any decorative scheme is that it include a roof over their heads; and that any minor eccentricities of the Louis Quinze chairs should be regarded with a kindly and forgiving eye.

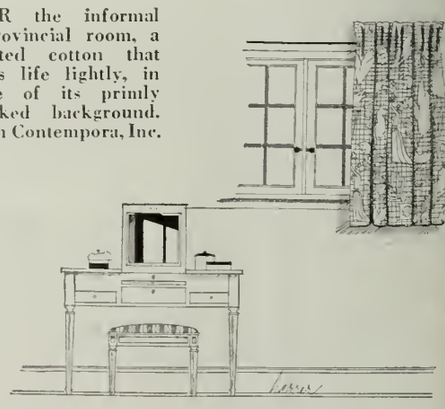
It generally ends in a compromise. The Louis Quinze chairs remain in all their rococo glory, looking just as daintily incapable as ever of supporting so mighty a monarch. The roof remains firmly attached over their heads. . . . But—down come the curtains. A few yards of something new at the windows, perhaps a chair re-upholstered, a pillow recovered—and life goes on. That old, tired, too-familiar room has, decoratively speaking, had its face lifted.

Of course, now that modernism has sown its wild oats and is settling down to being quite a credit to us all, it becomes necessary to seriously consider the problem of modern fabrics for modern windows. And, as a matter of fact, the new contemporary fabrics are so exciting that they make you want to start all over again on a twentieth century shoestring. Particularly if you're one of those moderns who can't look a Dresden Shepherdess squarely in her China blue eye, while you think your twentieth century thoughts, serve your twentieth century cocktails, and wear your twentieth century frocks, without feeling just a bit out of character.

Consider, for example,—the striped fabrics. Not the usual common or garden variety stripes, but very contemporary affairs—wide blocks or bands of color that place themselves squarely in the modern scheme of things by running horizontally instead of vertically. They shade in ombre effect from light to dark, and are really very sophisticated about color. Just for instance—white shading to beige, to rust, to brown, and ending up dramatically in a band of black weigh-



FOR the informal provincial room, a printed cotton that takes life lightly, in spite of its primly checked background. From Contempora, Inc.



And Windows That Face the Present

ing heavily on the floor. Exactly the right progression of color to set off the fine natural wood tones, the metal highlights, the large neutral areas of modern living rooms. Incidentally they're hand woven, which we consider a very unexpected pleasure in this machine age of ours. And furthermore, they can be woven to order in any color combination you want, even if your order is not large. At last we can be individualists in our own small way—we lie awake nights trying to think up exotic and unprecedented color combinations.

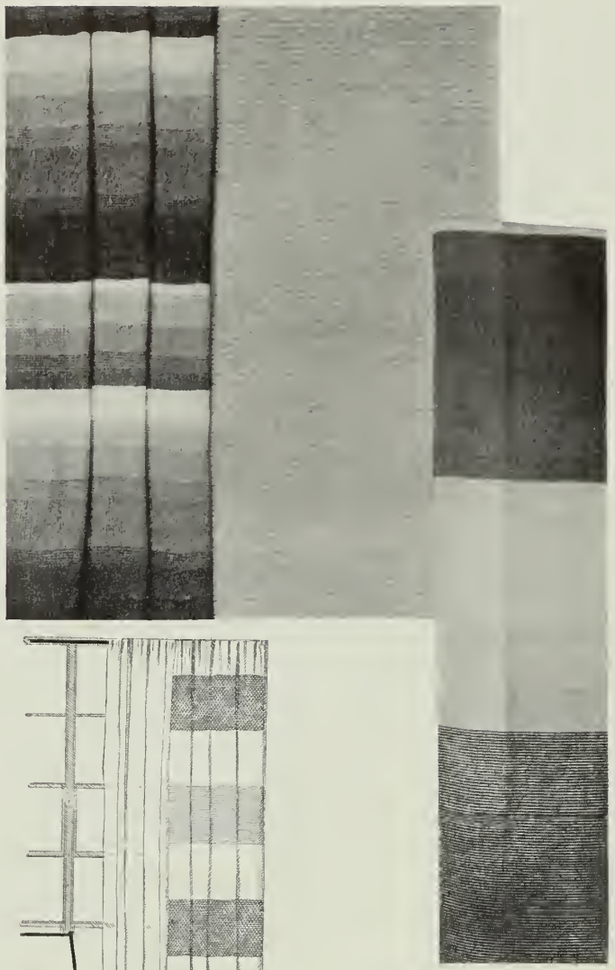
For the living room with plenty of pattern and a tendency to be just a bit too well bred and restrained about color, we like the vivid severity of goatshair curtains. They come from India we understand, and suggest a very glorified and exalted version of camel's hair. Hanging in deep piled heavy folds, those pillars of brilliant color flanking the windows are as effective as a dash of lipstick on a pale face.

Incidentally, now that we've taken to upholstering modern chairs in tweeds, goatshair seems particularly in order. The two types of fabric are so obviously fitted for each other that no decorator would really have the heart to separate them. One happy alliance that we particularly approved—vivid red goatshair curtains, forming a brilliant background for a black wooden chair, upholstered in a brown and white tweed. These tweeds, by the way, are charming—imported homespuns, checks, diagonals, giant herringbones—all sorts and varieties of weaves in grand "woodsy" shades, just waiting for a home on your tubular chromium plated modern chairs. Just another of those obviously sound "Why-didn't-we-think-of-it-before" ideas.

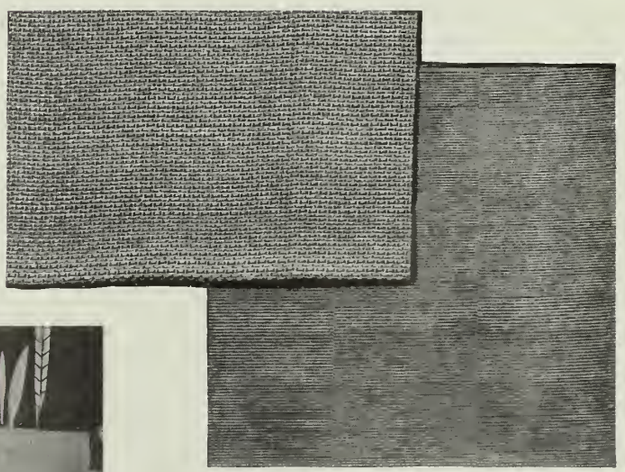
While we're on the subject of modern upholstery fabrics—we really ought to mention horsehair. No, we haven't mixed our periods. These are very contemporary horsehairs, doing their best to look like something we've never laid eyes on before. Really very effective too, in woven geometric patterns. Not until you feel that cool slippery feeling do you recognize an old friend, formerly the pride of the front parlor when we were all very young. Incidentally, it will probably still be the pride of the house when we're very old—it hasn't lost any of its sturdy durability in spite of its new frivolous ways.

For informal modern rooms, we give all sorts of applause to those crisp little cottons from Contempora. They're designed by well known artists and designers, and literally convert your sunporch or breakfast room into an "objet d'art." We particularly liked a simple modern design suggesting

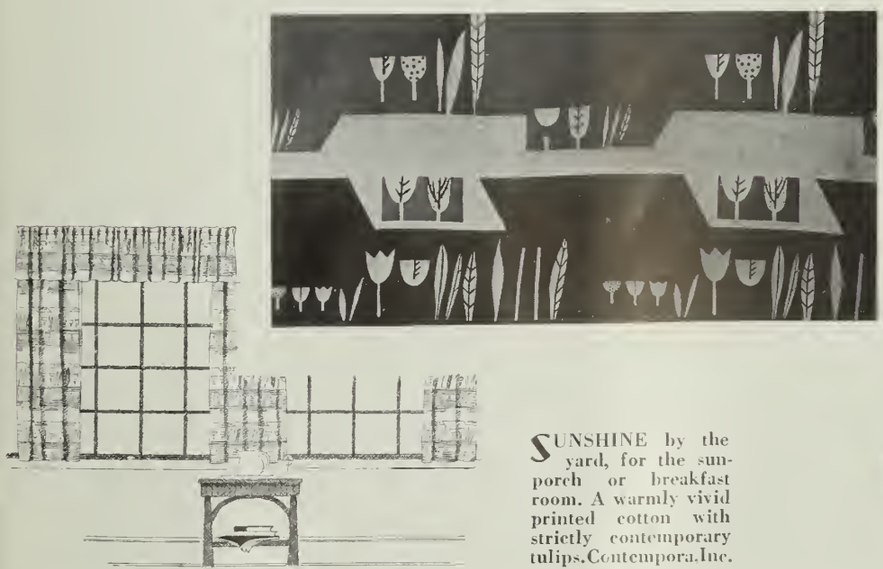
(Continued on page 58)



STRIPES—as modern as a penthouse—provided they're generously wide, horizontal, and sophisticated in color. With white linen chenille. Courtesy Metropa Fabrics



COMPANION fabrics, in chenille. Just enough alike to be used successfully on the same squarely modern couch. And—just different enough to add interest to reversible pillows. Metropa Fabrics



SUNSHINE by the yard, for the sunporch or breakfast room. A warmly vivid printed cotton with strictly contemporary tulips. Contempora, Inc.

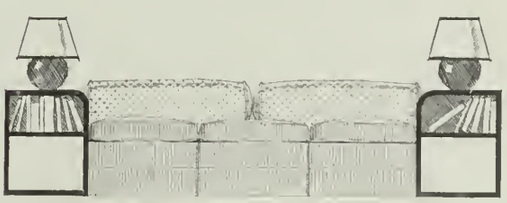




PHOTO BY JESSIE TARBOX BEALS

AGAINST old Chinese paper panels are placed beds all in white—white woodwork and ivory damask coverings. A fine contrasting note is the green-blue taffeta of the dressing table. The one-toned carpet is a delicate rose. Irene Sidley, decorated this room

BELOW—A reception room decorated by Miss Gheen, Inc., has peach toned walls with Pillemont designs. The curtains are Chinese figured gauze with gold pagoda cornice boards. The walnut frame love seats are upholstered in tête-de-nègre cut velvet and the lamp-shades are a delicate tone of green

The First New York Exhibition of the American Institute of Interior Decorators





Photographs Courtesy Knoedler Galleries

ABOVE—A dining room in the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Spitzglass. The room is done in French provincial manner by Florence Ely Hunn, with figured chintz curtains and the low Provincial chairs with tied-on mats. Antique sideboard holds bits of pewter and old French pottery



BELOW—This English dining room is in the Cleveland residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Shraner. The window draperies are an imported India fabric. The small casement windows are clear but in the panes are outlined details of the garden. The Rorimer Brooks Studios, decorators



ABOVE—In this amusing game room, called a "Groggery," the walls are of weathered deal. The early American tavern tables are painted deep blue in satin finish with Windsor chairs to match. Of course there are hooked rugs in many colors and curtains of deep blue and orange stripes. Undercurtains are also orange. Sport prints decorate the old deal walls and there is an interesting collection of beer mugs on the shelves. Dorothy Baxter, decorator

The Amateur Gardener

By GAY YOUNG



WILD strawberries are used as an unusually effective planting in the crevices between stone steps to a French provincial house on Long Island. These particular plants were brought over from France and grow in thick masses even though they are almost entirely shaded. I have never seen rock plants more charming than these are during the three or four weeks when they are crowded with red berries. It would be interesting to experiment with our native wild strawberries in this fashion.

GARDEN paths may well be taken into consideration now, before any seeding is done for next season. A skillfully laid out path can contribute much to the architectural unity of your garden and house. Materials should be carefully selected for color and texture, and the design of the pathway determined by the nature of its environment, the frequency with which the path is used, and the physical proportions of the planting about it. The path of alternate square stones at the head of this page is in the garden of Theodore M. Fisher at Colorado Springs. It fairly tempts you to the rose-tangled tea house. Among the young birches in the garden of Mrs. Frederick H. Eaton at Allenhurst, N. J., grass grows between each slab of a cement walk, and takes away its formality. Mellow old bricks, some end-up, grown with all sorts of moss and tiny plants, make a walk through the bird sanctuary in the country garden of Isabella Pendleton.

A BOWL of hybrid tea roses from the Huntington, Long Island, estate of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Field was awarded first place at the exhibition of summer flowers which was held in connection with the final summer meeting of the New York Horticultural Society. There were among these fine examples from the Field garden several of the lovely copper-shaded Betty Uprichards, as well as very finely developed blooms of Georges Prenet and Angela Prenet. Some exquisite sprays of the smaller, more delicately colored orchids, grown and arranged by Mr. Walter A. Jewell, of New Rochelle, made another interesting exhibit.

A NEW YORK woman, who has her summer home and a fine plot of annuals in a New Jersey coast town, had a neighbor whose hobby was Buff Orpington chickens. He gave his flock the run of his place—took an affectionately indulgent attitude toward their capers in his own flower beds. The lady with the annuals reacted rather differently to their peregrinations in her cherished garden. One afternoon when half a dozen of them came charging across her beds she set grimly to work with string, grains of corn, and mysteriously lettered cards. Shortly afterward, a strange procession of guilty-looking cornfed hens marched back to the Orpington fancier, each dangling from her beak on a string a neatly lettered card reading, "Back from a good afternoon



Top left—Alternate square stones are placed in a turf path which leads through the garden of Theodore M. Fisher at Colorado Springs to a little summer house

A curving path on the estate of Mrs. Frederick H. Eaton at Allenhurst, N. J., winds among the white birches. Thick grass grows between the cement slabs

A quaint walk of old bricks between which grow grasses, moss and small plants, is bordered by flowers and shrubs in the bird sanctuary of Isabella Pendleton



of scratching in Mrs. B——'s garden." The Orpingtons are still wondering why they've not been let out of their pen since that nasty experience with the corn.

FREQUENT and thorough soaking of the earth around the roots of roses was recommended by Mr. Charles H. Totty as an antidote for many of the ills of roses in a "rose clinic" he conducted at a meeting of the New York Horticultural Society recently. Mr. Totty said that roses could hardly be overwatered; that often insect attacks and the browning of undeveloped blooms can be traced to the deeper roots being dry, even when the surface of the soil is quite moist. Mr. Totty attributes the luxuriant blooming habits of roses in Europe to the dampness of their climate. He believes that most American roses receive too little moisture.

REMINISCENT of an old English garden is the estate of Mr. and Mrs. A. Hutchinson, which won the first award for Port Washington in the recent garden competition, sponsored by the newspapers of several adjoining Long Island shore towns. Mrs. Hutchinson is president of the Port Washington Garden Club and, being of English birth, she has planted the borders around her half-timber and stucco house with a profusion of hairbells, foxgloves, verbenas, pinks, delphinium and yellow oenothera.



Above — Through this charming wooden gate, roofed with Spanish tiles, leads a curved brick path. This is in the California garden of Dr. J. J. Gundry



Left—A lily pool offers opportunity for shady, inviting paths, and if the garden is large the path can be half-screened from the pool by trees and shrubs

A "LANDSCAPE and Garden Institute of the Air," newly organized in New York City, announces as its purpose: "To create a garden center in the heart of New York where flower lovers may meet to discuss problems of mutual interest; where amateur growers may come for information; where information regarding garden activities that are under way in the metropolitan area may be obtained; where lectures on garden design, garden culture and kindred topics will be scheduled regularly; and where garden craftsmen may permanently exhibit examples of their products." The radio will be used to stimulate interest in the institute.

PUSH carts were featured in the final session of the Annual Flower Show at Newport, held in July at the Newport Casino. The whole show was devoted to artistic arrangements, and in one novel class an award was given for the most beautifully arranged cart of flowers, plants, fruits and vegetables. Another interesting class was the "still life" pictures, made up of flower arrangements in composition with inanimate objects. While the "picture" of Mrs. Nicholas Brown's, which was entitled "Repeal," did not win an award, it attracted a great deal of interest and amusement. In the larger group of exhibits, first prizes were won by Mrs. James B. Duke, Mrs. Michael M. Van Beuren, and Mrs. Samuel M. Nicholson, while second prizes were awarded to Mrs. Walter Belknap James, Mrs. Edward V. Hartford, and Mrs. Harold Brown. Mrs. Vanderbilt was given first prize for the best floral bed and Mrs. Arthur Curtis James received Mrs. Hamilton Fish Webster's coveted award of a cup for the best exhibit, with an elaborate display set on the crescent shaped piazza, which had for its *lief motif* delightful fountain effects. The entire show was most successful.

EAST HAMPTON'S Guild Hall was transformed into a Spanish marketplace for their recent summer flower show. Painted Andalusian carts full of potted plants made the brick terrace look like a gala day in an old town in Spain. Indoors, cleverly arranged baskets of fruit and vegetables splashed their colors against vivid Spanish shawls. A pottery market added further interest.

First awards were given to these people: Mrs. John Lawrence Hutton, for an arrangement of flowers on a breakfast tray; Mrs. Harold McL. Turner, for a breakfast arranged for four; Mrs. Albert Herter, for flowers in hall decoration; Mrs. Samuel Hanson Ordway for floral decoration with paintings, and also first for flower arrangement.

In the groups of single varieties of flowers, awards were made to Mrs. James W. DeGraff and Mrs. Carter Leidy for iris; to Miss Edna Nash, Mrs. Edward H. Jewett and Mrs. George Robetts for flowers of pink and violet tones; Miss Pruyn, Mrs. Hamilton King and Mrs. E. H. Jewett for white flowers; Mrs. Wm. H. Woodin for blossoms of orange or yellow tones.

Mrs. Ancell Ball took the first award for rare flowers, and for lilies. Mrs. Scott McLanahan, Mrs. Carter R. Leidy, Mrs. Samuel Hanson Ordway, and Mrs. Woodhouse also showed rare flowers. Mrs. Wm. Maloney and Mrs. George L. McAlpin were chairmen of the show.

YOU probably never thought, as you were strolling across Fifty-Third street, that high up in the air above you anyone could be doing a thing as rural as picking cherries out of a penthouse "orchard." Since being truthful about cherry trees is one of our few national traditions, I hasten to add that the orchard really consists of but one tree, and its crop this year was three dozen cherries. But it just goes to show how far afield the enthusiasm for penthouse gardens may lead us. Mrs. L. M. Shoonmaker, who nurtured the tree up close to the sky at 320 East 53rd Street, also has a small rock garden on her terrace, and an herb patch which yields many a tasty sprig for soups and salads.

WHEN certain flowers do not like a musical tune which is being played in the room where they are they politely but persistently turn their heads away, according to an experimental botanist in London. He insists that carnations and cyclamen always show definite "displeasure" at loud sounds from band instruments after a few hours, and that they slowly turn on the stems, and reach

(Continued on page 57)



Peonies, Canterbury bells, and foxgloves bloom in gorgeous profusion along the stone walk at "Harbour Court," the Newport home of Mrs. John NicholasBrown

The Colorful Art of Modern Indians

By F. NEWLIN PRICE

In the Design and Pure Colorings of Indian Painting we Find a Vividness and Dramatic Quality which is Fresh and Pleasing—An Expression of the Natural Beauty of Primitive Life

OUT of a forest primeval, from purple mountains and green valleys, from the far stretches of the prairies, comes the gay art of our Indians. Youths, with names as musical as songs, have painted the ceremonial garbs, representing the deer, bison and the antelope, of a dance which is sacred to their ancient gods. Their paintings, in their simplicity, in a certain quality of ingenuousness, suggest the art of the ancient Chinese and Persians. They are refreshing in color, amazing in design. Music dwells in all their patterns, pure, clear and barbaric. Wild, untamed as the forest, they conform, nevertheless, to certain definite conventions, for even in the art of a primitive people, form is a vital and an ever-present element. from a finite culture centuries old. Painted in mediums which were well known to the Pueblos, they reflect a high civilization, as fine in its way as that of Greece. The Greek vase is not more beautiful than the vase of the high Indian—it is merely another kind of beauty. In it is no trace of the amateur; it is not an accident. It is from the hand of genius, picturing the treasured vision of countless years, for the world's enrichment.

To have moved into a house is not necessarily to have blessed it. We own the land now, and we have slowly pushed the aborigines away, farther and farther toward the ultimate sea. And still they have lived and breathed, have seen and known delight. So let us sympathize with their art, and find



Below, left—"Deer Dance," a painting by Awatsireh. The deer horns and evergreens combine in effective simplicity in this composition. Photographs courtesy Ferargil Galleries

Above—"Eagle," by Awatsireh, in the collection of the late Arthur B. Davies. Conventionalized eagle feathers form the predominating motif. Awatsireh is the foremost Indian artist



Years ago, in the Indian schools of the West, a teacher found an unusual ability in the sketches made by certain Indian boys, and encouraged them. He was careful to guard against harmful instruction. He did not want the art of the white man to influence the Indian, who had his own rich inheritance in the tradition of the Pueblo and Aztec paintings on the clay walls of their cliff dwellings. On blankets, leathers and potteries, the Indian began to draw from memory the scenes of religious festivals. With amazing success, his animals lived and his characters moved, adorned by costumes minutely, perfectly portrayed. He labored joyously to make them fine reflections of his stored up vision. Later he put on canvas his memories of hunts in the forests, rides across the prairies and ceremonial dances under the hunter's moon.

"The disparity between the excellence of the animal drawings, and the lumpy formlessness of the human figures of the Dordogne and Altamira paleolithic artists in Europe, has been noted by the historians." (I quote A. E. Hendersin of the NEW YORK TIMES.) These paintings are precise and definite; and could only come a treasure in their instinct for color and arrangement. Contrast the smug complacency of some of the white men's landscapes with the rich movement and design of some Indian paintings. They draw from the spirit. I suspect many of our painters work from the reflection of uninspired desire, in a civilization without repose or relaxation, which admits of no emancipation.

When we come to speak of the individual artist, there is first one who has done nobly in creating the deserved reputation which Indian art enjoys today,—Awatsireh, who has a Navajo grandfather. His mother was an expert, the finest pottery maker in the pueblo. His uncle, Crescenio Martinez, has painted rich and surprisingly beautiful water-colors. This inherited talent shows in his delineation of Indian romance. Certainly, he stands at the head of these artists. His compositions are delightfully arranged and beautifully executed. In his wake have come many who paint with beauty. Awatsireh, whose Spanish name is Alfonzo Roybal, works hard at his art, encourages the circle of his friends, holds true to his ideals, and lives in the proud pursuit of finer work and better paintings.

In the work of Fred Kaboti, there is a mellow translucency of color which I enjoy. I find his paintings true color poems, capable of furnishing the key to whole rooms in decorative relief. The Basket Dance is thrilling in the amber red that permeates the figures. In the details, he is a master of execution. The masked figures stand there quite alive, yet motionless. The painting does not have the lyric arrangement of the work of some of the other modern primitives, in which the "spotting" is perfect, and leads the eye on a definitely pleasant journey. But the mellowness and depth of Kaboti's color is unrivalled. He is quite young, in his early twenties, and we may expect great things from him in future.

The paintings of Julian Martinez are like settings for a play, with their leaping does, stags and deer, with hunters under symbolic clouds. They are drama without words, often sparkling with humor. If one knows the lore of the Indians and what these signs mean, the paintings take on added interest. To me, the sheer beauty of arrangement and suspended action are enough.

Tai Ye Mu has painted the clowns in their dance, accurately and well. If it were not for the odd, eccentric masks and costumes of the clowns, the paintings might represent a basket ball game.

Let me commend these Indian paintings to you. Their color and design, and the drama of their legend will delight you. Amid the prosaic facts of our civilization, their aboriginal romance will lead one's spirit far. It is music, translated into color, primitive, modern, historic, without ego, the song of those who lived within the cliffs, hunted the swiftest creatures of the forest; knew the people of the stream, read the message of changing clouds in the sky; and as the seasons came, danced in ceremonial worship of the beauty of life. They express the closely-knit religious and aesthetic culture of a race apart—dignified, tribally homogenious. What John Sloan once said of the ceremonial dances might well be applied to Indian painting: "People who love beautiful things, beautiful color, a beautiful expression of emotion, would lose a great deal if these were done away with."



Something of the excitement and rhythm of the primitive dance is preserved for us in this "Eagle Dance," painted by Awatsireh and now in the possession of Mrs. Victor Morawitz



Beauty . . . in Seamless Carpeting

Rooms carpeted from wall to wall possess an instant charm. This is particularly true now that it is possible to carpet *without a seam* a room of almost any average size—and thus present an unmarred expanse of woven beauty. ¶Mohawk offers plain-toned Broadloom carpeting woven in a variety of widths up to 18 feet. Mohawk Chenille, ready-woven or woven to order, is loomed in widths up to 30 feet. Thus, from the Looms of Mohawk, there is a carpet available in a width, color and weave to conform to every decorative requirement and a price range to suit every budget—luxury achieved without extravagance. All Mohawk carpetings, of course, employ only pure, sheared virgin wool and the finest, most color-fast dyes the world affords. ¶Your decorator or dealer is invited to consult with Mohawk's carpet specialists.

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A Lovely Southern Walled Garden

Addison Mizner, Architect



PHOTOGRAPH BY F. E. GEISLER

Entrance to the walled garden on the estate of William G. Warden. The architectural treatment of this entrance and wall is suggestive of a Renaissance monastery made gracious and friendly by the tropical planting within and all about the wall

Garden Visiting—Our Newest Sport

(Continued from page 24)

for benefit of the unemployed.

Three thousand persons visited "Planting Fields", the picturesque place belonging to Mr. and Mrs. William Robertson Coe, at Oyster Bay, when they gave an old-fashioned English garden party there on May 18. And approximately another three thousand attended the classic fête held in the magnificent Greek gardens of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Untermyer, at Yonkers, for the Architects Emergency Committee relief fund.

"Planting Fields" makes a perfect romantic backdrop for just such a garden party as was held there, with its English gardens, and general atmosphere of an English country estate. The private road leading up to the house is planted on either side with a row of beech trees, and reminds one of Addison's Walk at Oxford. The massive iron gates themselves are more than two hundred years old, having been struck in 1710 for one of London's Lord Mayors. And on the day of the party the garden was a mass of old-timey pink and blue, sweet-scented spring flowers, purple wistaria, cherry, crabapple and peach blossoms.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mackay turned over their famous and oft-described estate, at Roselyn, Long Island, to the Girl Scouts one day early in June, to raise money for the Nassau County Girl Scouts Council. Scouts acted as guides for the visitors over the acres of stately French gardens laid out after the best manner of Le Notre, landscapist of Louis XIV. In New Jersey the movement has created tremendous interest as well as on Long Island and in Westchester. Mr. and Mrs. Garret A. Hobart opened their estate, "Ailsa Farms", atop the Preakness Hills, for the benefit of the Paterson Memorial Day Nursery, of which Mrs. Hobart's mother is honorary president. Seven gardens in Bernardsville, and four in Peapack, were opened on the afternoon of June 16, for the Architects relief fund. Plainfield staged its Garden Day on May 24th, inviting visitors to view ten of its loveliest gardens for the benefit of the unemployed. The tour ended up with tea in the beautiful country garden of Mrs. Charles Aubrey Eaton, at "Sunbright", in Watchung.

Besides, New Jersey is the scene of tremendous interest in the small garden. Many of the garden clubs have established what they call "garden centers", where amateurs and beginners may obtain information and advice on their own particular problems of cultivation, from growing radishes in backyards to orchids in greenhouses. The garden center in Elizabeth last year had five hundred visitors with all sorts of queries.

And so it goes. The Horticultural Society reports an ever increasing demand for books and information on gardening. Perhaps it is a sudden thing—this general enthusiasm, and we can thank hard times and people's having more leisure and all that for it. Perhaps its part of the business of becoming an adult and civilized country. If it is, it is certainly what might be termed the Bright Side.

The Amateur Gardener

(Continued from page 53)

their blossoms away from the source of vibration. This opens up a new realm for the imaginative gardener—possibly by piping in the right key we may some day be able to send the chickweed and dandelions scampering off across the lawn, and away forever.

EIGHT hundred exhibitors, representing 33 garden clubs took part in the recent flower show at Bay Shore, L. I. The tricolor ribbon for the best exhibit in the show was won by Mrs. Thomas Ott, of Sayville.

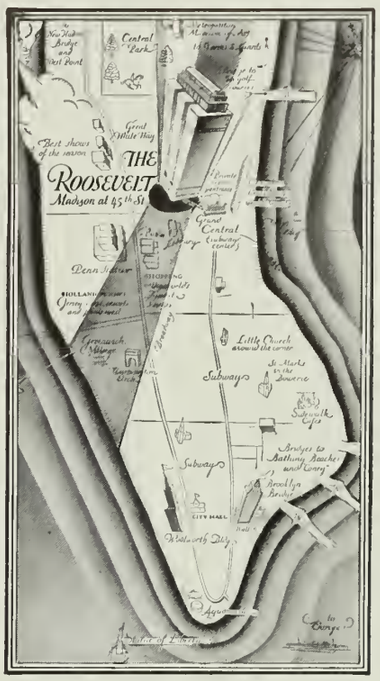


A brick pathway on the estate of Mr. Harvey Firestone, Akron, Ohio, leads between stalks of hollyhocks through a series of arbors

GLADIOLUS spikes will be garnered tenderly this month for exhibitions from Everett, Washington to the New England States. Club shows, city shows, state shows, and private exhibitions of gladiolus are going on everywhere. The father of all the shows, the National Gladiolus Society exhibition, will be held in Pittsburgh, August 11, 12, and 13. The New York State Show will be held at Elmira, August 11 and 12, and the Metropolitan Gladiolus Society will have a large exhibition of choice blooms at the Bronx Park Botanical Gardens, August 13 and 14. The Connecticut State Show will be held at Hartford, August 11 and 12.

FORTY children recently took their first communion in the two chapels within the trunk of a great oak tree at Allouville-Bellechesse, near Rouen, France. The ceremony was in celebration of the 1200th anniversary of this old tree.

THE Southampton Horticultural Society is going to hold its annual Flower Show in the Parochial School Auditorium, August 5 and 6.



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Special concessions will be allowed, as usual, to those making a prolonged stay.

The ROOSEVELT

Edward C. Fogg, *Managing Director*

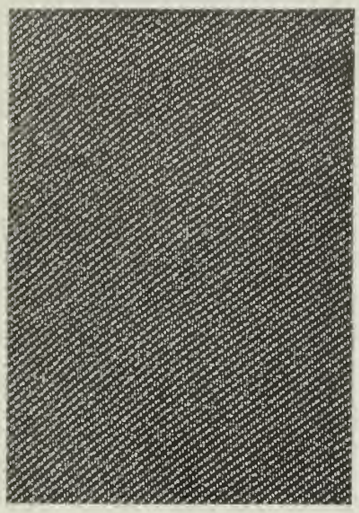
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Wire reservations at our expense UNITED THE ROOSEVELT, NEW YORK

Windows—Past and Present

(Continued from page 49)

gigantic palm fronds on a pale yellow ground—good to bring a bit of sunhot jungle into a cold gray breakfast room. We'd also rather enjoy watching pale sunlight filter through the sheer plaid cottons, in optimistic yellows and yellow greens. Until the weather gets itself more efficiently organized, we believe in playing safe and buying your sunshine by the yard. And—our very special pet was a funny little flowered mull, that really wasn't a flower pattern at all if you wanted to be botanical about it. Just splashes of color here and there in a closely related color scheme of brown, yellow, and all their sisters



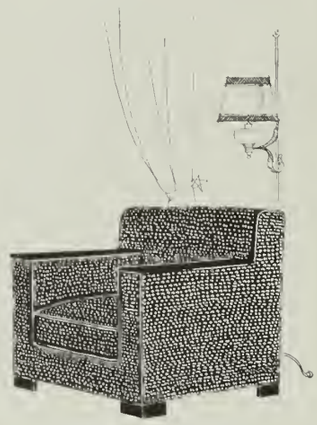
and cousins and aunts. It sat on the fence so daintily—modern, and yet quaint enough to take kindly to Early American maple. Neither here nor there, historically, but very charming.

On the other hand, there are plenty of quaint little prints for rooms that are definitely reminiscent. Consider for example the red and white chintz that is especially designed to be the highlight of many a French Provincial breakfast room this season. It's quite completely mad, in a thoroughly nice way—full of silly bustled figures in Empire hats with tremendous plumes—butterflies that on closer inspection turn out to be bows,—and an exotic creature that may be variously defined as a fish, bird, or weather vane, according to your mood and your knowledge of the animal kingdom. Gay Alice-in-Wonderland sort of creatures that really should make excellent breakfast table companions.



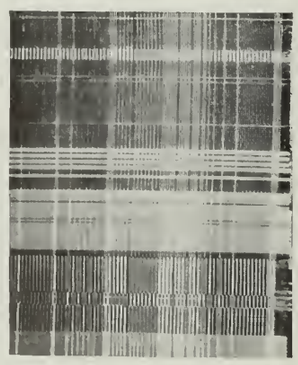
A Victorian type of chair, upholstered, appropriately enough, in horsehair, but how different from the shiny black stuff one remembers. Metropa Fabrics

For Colonial rooms, there are all sorts of exciting new Early American chintzes, blooming in the fertile soil of the Bi-Centennial season. One, "Colonial America" by name, is particularly effective for rooms with an abundance of white in the decorative



On the more masculine types of modern furniture a rough-textured coarse fabric such as this from Forstmann Woolens combines a smartly tailored appearance with durability and novelty

scheme. Very consistently patriotic—little scenes from the early childhood of these United States: Mt. Vernon, Washington, Philadelphia, New York . . . surrounded and embellished with native wildflowers. And waving brightly over all, the Golden Rod, which we discover at this late date is our national flower—hay fever, or no hay fever. It's in semi-glazed chintz in charming color schemes, all with white playing the lead. We tried to decide which we liked best as a companion fabric—white satin, white silk rep, oyster white moire, or white goatshair damask. It looked so attractive in each case, that we decided



we'd just have to waive the decision. We did definitely come to a judgment on the glass curtains however—all to the effect that they should really be in a pale pastel shade to pick up a color in the chintz, rather than in white.

Then, of course, there are the "important fabrics"—for rooms that trace their ancestry back to the Italian Renaissance,—for carved woods, iron-work, plaster walls, marble floors and occasional bursts of frivolity in Venetian painted furniture, —antique types of brocade, elaborately bordered patterns, rich reds and deep mellow colors that suggest the Old Masters. Fabrics not to be taken lightly. Fabrics to be hung in straight folds beside leaded windows that look backward some five hundred years.

French Desks in Modern Rooms

(Continued from page 32)

architectural pieces are used in a small room. Frequently a table desk became the pivoting point of a setting, the desk generally having a fairly generous surface and being placed in the center of the room. The surfaces of these desks were almost invariably decorated either with inlay or with painted motifs.

As our kind of work has required no little study of the older homes of France, it was of considerable interest, recently, to search out replicas of French interiors in the United States. We will describe a few of the several settings we have seen arranged by American decorators in the style of the Louis period and composed entirely of modern work.

It might be well to confine these to rooms having some form or another of paneled walls, because lacking the taller furniture, it is advisable that the otherwise blank walls be broken by moldings. Paneling does not necessarily refer to walls covered with woodwork, though for many people walls treated in this way have an undoubtedly greater attraction; there are other means of "breaking up" the surfaces by the application of plaster or painted wood moldings which are perhaps preferable in small rooms.

One of the accompanying illustrations is part of a living room in the Louis XV style, the walls being treated with shaped wood panels from floor to ceiling. This demonstrates the use of a writing desk as the pivotal point of the arrangement and the placing of this desk end-on to the wall between the two recessed windows offers several advantages. It might also be noted that the stationary cabinet has certain ornamental qualities and though in a quite convenient position is in no way obtrusive; similar colorful decoration being obtained from the contrasting effects of the flowers, the silver inkstand and the book-backs.

In this room the sinuating curves of the various pieces of furniture are associated with those of the wall panels and of the fireplace. This association between the fixed and the movable woodwork is a marked feature with most of the French interiors of the Louis XV and Louis XVI periods. And though many of the curved ornamentations of the earlier 18th Century or rococo style are inclined to be excessive with some of the more elaborate desks decorated with ormolu mounts, most of us of the present time prefer the more restrained designs which rely upon carving and which are now being reproduced from the earlier models.

This same preference applies equally when considering the Louis XVI desks; for if much of the ambitious furniture intended for the great salons of that time manifests an unnecessary classicism, that made for the smaller châteaux and country homes meets with the prevailing taste of our time. And here it may be remarked that in the past few years a radical change has taken place in the use of French furniture in American homes.

It is not so long ago that, if a room were in the Louis XV or in the Louis XVI style, it was slavishly restricted to furniture of the one particular period. But we have come to realize that while the one is dependant almost entirely upon curves and the other upon straight lines, it is possible and often to be desired to associate the two in the same interior. Experience has taught us that the very contrasts of forms are in themselves effective and as an example of this the following modern reproduction of a French room may well be used as an illustration.

Here again, we have a living room; but in place of the walls being paneled with wood, they were "broken" by moldings forming large frames and the surfaces painted grey. The pivotal point of the setting was a medium-sized Louis XVI desk placed in the center of the room and, as is usual, color was introduced by parquetry which is the technical term for a form of wood mosaic arranged in geometrical designs. Both the desk and the chair which accompanied it had the straight tapering legs marking the Louis XVI style as distinct from the sinuating curves of the previous period.

There were other pieces of furniture with the straight legs, including a half round console table against the wall with a large mirror above and a small parquetry table at either end of a sofa. What was especially noteworthy in this setting were the contrasting color effects resulting from the restrained decoration of the woodwork combined with the coverings against the varicolored pattern of a large rug; further it might be well to mention that both portraits and landscapes were hung on the walls.

It has been said that an outstanding feature of many French interiors is the absence of tall wall pieces such as bookcases and cabinets. At the same time, the furniture designers would utilize the small desks as a compromise for the lack of the taller objects; no few of the small desks having a low cabinet top on a table base with what appears to be a narrow shelf. Actually, however, this shelf is fitted with a wide hinged flap which can be opened and supported on pull-out slides or on the drawer in the base to form a quite adequate writing surface.

This style of desk was doubtless intended for boudoirs and bedrooms and it is in such rooms that they are being used at the present time. Like other small but convenient and decorative furniture, they have attracted attention for city apartments. Against a wall with an ornament or two on the top, they offer a medium of color and as the wood is almost invariably inlaid, a restful and pleasant spot of color is introduced. The top of a small Louis cabinet desk can be used to advantage as a book shelf, the varying tones of the bindings adding an attractive and informal decoration. They are also equipped with convenient cupboards and several drawers.

One of these desks will make an attractive sideboard in a breakfast room; the drawers in the table base holding the linen and cutlery and the hinged shelf, when required, becoming a side table. The top of the low cabinet can be made attractive by one or two pieces of silver and perhaps a vase of flowers.

There is no doubt that the French decorators exercised much of their talent in producing surfaces that would satisfy the demand for what

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Croquet—Social Shock Absorber

(Continued from page 29)

means they shall use to thwart their opponents; no wonder that they sweat and strain and curse and gesticulate; no wonder that their tournaments last for hours, and night often falls before a decision is reached.

Myself, I would not rent a house in the country unless there was a croquet lawn on the property. In my present Connecticut place, I have set out the wickets, which I carry about with me as so much precious freight, on a lawn somewhat smaller than it should be. It is, I regret to say, a bumpy bit of land; but optimistically and philosophically, it being the best I could find. I have christened the game this year "Hazard Croquet," remembering all I used to know about golf. There are little bunkers, and patches where the grass refuses to grow; there are hillocks and tree-stumps in the way, and there are tiny stones that impede one's progress. But everyone has the same chance; so what does it matter? In truth, I find it a more exhilarating game to play, thus ringed about by mental and actual hazards. I would even like to have a small water-hole or two to add zest to the playing.

Croquet will be a safety-valve for you, in these annoying times, if you have the wit to try it. It is a game where friendships begin and end. It is a test of character. Take it up.

The drawings for this article on pages 28 and 29 were made by George Clisbie.



French Desks in Modern Rooms

(Continued from page 58)

might be called "picture furniture." Some of the small slope-front bureaux with the cabinet tops have as many as eight painted panels. Frequently the subjects are copied from the beautiful landscape scenes of 18th Century artists, or perhaps the painter influenced by the ancient classic art has adapted chubby cupids or graceful goddesses; and often, too, the panels depict floral bouquets in the splendid natural colors of the varicolored blossoms. At first thought, it might possibly seem that these would be somewhat too ornate for modern taste, but there are few of us who do not recognize the aesthetic value of at least one such piece of woodwork in a room; provided, of course, that it is amidst suitable surroundings and against a proper background.

To quote one example that has come to our notice: A Louis inlaid table desk adapted in the manner of a console table below a painted vertical panel in a small hall. And it is interesting to mention that the table was copied by a present-day cabinetmaker from an original which once was part of an old Paris home in the days of Louis XV. The dominating features were therefore the sinuating curves typical of that period, and the paneling of the wall was severely rectangular, yet there is no denying that the setting was one of particular charm doubtless due to the curves contrasting with straight lines.

Again, numbers of these little desks are especially convenient as dressing tables; proof of which is the fact that they have become more and more popular for this purpose in modern American homes. For if they are not fitted with a mirror it is not difficult to obtain a suitable mirror which may be placed on the wall at a proper height; thus leaving the surface of the desk free for writing.

The decorated surfaces of the small French desks not only revive the designs of quite ancient peoples in the geometrical forms copied from the old mosaics; they also perpetuate the work of many celebrated painters whose art, if better known on canvas, endures equally on some of the original desks which have been preserved in museums and are the models for present day reproductions.

No few of those who have visited the famous collections in France and others such as the Wallace collection in London have seen small desks and other furniture which is readily recognizable as the original models for replicas which has found their way to American homes. And it has to be said that the copies in most cases lack nothing in the matter of skill which is evident with the work of nearly two centuries ago. Such modern work proves that the old-time pride which the ébénistes of the Louis periods exhibited in their furniture still survives in our time.



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Russia, Old or New

(Continued from page 40)

of gaudy novels written about Russia during that period. The Morosoff gallery is a private palace transformed into an art center. The collection of modern paintings is one of the most comprehensive in the world. There are thirty-four Gaugins, an entire room of Picassos and fine examples of almost every well known modern artist. Many of the pictures on exhibition were confiscated by the government from the houses of rich bourgeois who left Russia at the time of the revolution.

The crown jewels are kept in a bank vault and it is quite difficult to obtain permission to see them. The jewels themselves are more impressive for their size than for their quality but they are exciting. Catharine the Great went in for great sprays of jewelled flowers and strings of beautifully set diamonds to adorn her corsage and lace her huge puffed sleeves. The most interesting possessions of the later Romanoffs are the elaborate eggs which they presented to each other at Easter. The eggs, often ten to twelve inches long, were usually made of enamels and gold studded with diamonds. Inside the eggs were different kinds of trinkets, a minute model of the Czar's yacht made of gold, and perfect to the least detail, or a model of the first train to run on the Trans-Siberian railroad. A humorous touch to the collection is given by a pair of binoculars presented to the Czar by the Sultan of Turkey. The glasses are of gold, and rimmed wherever possible, with large diamonds. A more inappropriate and hideous present would be hard to imagine.

There is little café or night life in Moscow. The few night clubs that flourished after the revolution were shut by the government as it was felt that their influence was too frivolous. On the outskirts of the city is the Hermitage theatre, set in a garden where one may sit at small tables and buy soft drinks. On a warm night it is very amusing and pleasant. Opposite the race track is a restaurant, also set in a park where the food is good but very expensive. The restaurant is patronized to a great extent by foreigners living in Russia and by the hated "nepmen" or private traders whose lives are in constant jeopardy. Several times a week races are held at the track and attract a fairly large attendance. The grand stand is rather rickety and the crowd does not rise to any great heights of enthusiasm but they must enjoy the races otherwise they would have been discontinued. The races are all for trotting horses and the government owns all the horses. There is a parimutuel betting system that allows only very small wagers. If you are fortunate enough to be accompanied by one of the state track commissioners the chances are you will win some money. The commissioner is familiar with all the horses and, barring accidents, nine times out of ten he can tell you which horse will win. The most successful jockey is an American named Cator whose father was brought to Russia to train horses for the Czar.

There are a few tennis courts in Moscow and they are well patronized. At first the Soviets considered tennis as a game of aristocratic origin and therefore unworthy of their consideration. But they soon discovered that there were a number of really excellent proletarian players, players who were good enough to send out of Russia to the Olympic games. So now tennis has been honourably admitted to the roster of Soviet amusements.

The Park of Rest and Culture is the playground of the proletariat. A large space beside the Moskva river has been set aside and there on summer evenings the youth of Moscow forgather. The park itself is rather dusty. There are several restaurants that serve the plainest foods, a few propaganda exhibits and an assortment of shoot-the-shoots and simple amusement park diversions. The crowds themselves are the really interesting part of the park. The boys and girls play all sorts of strenuous games many of which seem to involve a good deal of slapping or tripping. The older people wander around more placidly or join round dances. These round dances are the most rudimentary form of communal dancing, yet the delight that the people take in them is quite extraordinary. The music is supplied by an accordion and one of the dancers directs the others. At times more than a hundred dancers form the circle. The young ones skip around lightly, constantly laughing and giggling. The older ones, unused to fun, concentrate as grimly on the simple steps as if their lives depended on it. Their faces are strained and their lips tightly pressed together. Not until the dance is over do they relax in the slightest. Watching the Bolsheviks at play is exhausting to the spectator but it helps one to understand the Russian character.

There are several excursions outside of Moscow that are well worth taking. Hire a car but on no account bring a guide with you. If you do they will lure you into inspecting some Soviet institution that may be a source of pride to them but can only bore anyone bent on an excursion. About half an hour from the city limits is one of the Yousopoff country estates. It has been turned into a sort of sanatarium but the house itself is kept as a museum. The furnishings are interesting and the library is superb. In spite of the luxury of the palace there does not seem to have been any bathrooms or running water. The grounds are neglected but must once have been beautiful. In the opposite direction from Moscow there are several monasteries situated by a river. The monasteries were built from the twelfth to the sixteenth centuries and are fine examples of Russian architecture. The grounds around them are excellent for picnicking and the bathing is good if you don't object to undressing in rather inadequate shrubbery. Further away from Moscow is the "Silver Beach." Here a river runs swiftly through lovely country with lush meadows on one bank and a forest of tall, gloomy firs on the other. On pleasant days parties of Russians bring their luncheon and spend the day swimming and lounging on the banks in their typical, unconventional (to us) bathing costumes.

Wherever you may go in Russia there is something intensely interesting to see. You can go down the Volga in a pleasant steamer that stops at Nizhni-Novgorod, Kazan, Samara and other cities with romantic names that in actuality are slightly less appealing. You can travel through the Caucasus, stopping at the famous watering places of Kislvodsk, Essentuki and Mineralnivodi where you can inspect hundreds of sanatariums where workers spend their holidays at the expense of the state, and then on through Vladikavkaz over the stupendous Georgian Military Highway to Tiflis. You may gaze upon the summit of Elbrus, the highest mountain in Europe, towering above the clouds and the steep sides of beautiful Kasbek, after which every other Russian restaurant has been named. In Tiflis, as in the rest of the Caucasus, the food is plentiful and better than the monotonous fare in the big cities. It will take half an hour to sample all the hors d'œuvres, eggplant and chestnuts cooked together, plants that taste like licorice, special fish that are to be found only in the river near Tiflis, cheese served piping hot and the sweet Georgian wines. Then you can watch the strange dances of the myriad peoples of the Caucasus.

If you travel to Turkestan you can see the nomad peoples, the Kazak and Kirgiz who fling their black yurtas (felt tents) on the wide plains, you can skirt the Aral Sea and go through the desolate Starvation Steppes to Tashkent, Samarkand and Bokhara, the cities that have grown to be myths because of their long isolation from the outside world. The cities where Tamerlane's great buildings still flaunt their turquoise and sapphire tiles for all to see, where the motley crowds of placid oriental peoples wear Arabian Nights costumes and still sit, as they have sat for centuries, cross legged, on little raised platforms, sipping their tea in the shade of a locust tree and where the men have built houses without windows opening on the streets so that their women may not be glimpsed by a profane world.

All this and a thousand, thousand more glimpses of new and old worlds are to be seen in Russia.

Where History Bows to Personality

(Continued from page 10)

the silk glass curtains beneath soft green silk overdrapes.

The bed itself, a lovely antique French piece is a silvery blue-green, decorated with a conventional floral design in shades of rose and gold. The coverlet is also green with a definitely bluish tinge, and a satin covered armchair is of the same shade.

The dining room which contains some of the most interesting of the family relics, is true to the green motif, too. Its draperies are plain green over cream net glass curtains, and the walls are a silvery chartreuse which offsets well the darkness of the Restoration oak furniture. On the farther wall, Mme. Bonaparte has hung the portrait of Jerome Bonaparte's grandfather, the second Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, nephew of Napoleon I. The world knows him better perhaps as the little boy who was born in England while his father was in Paris endeavoring to soften the iron heart of the Emperor towards his American marriage. As everybody knows, the softening attempt failed, and the first Jerome was forced to give up his American wife and child, and afterwards became King of Westphalia. His son, however, although warmly received as a young man by the Bonaparte family, was thoroughly American, and married a New England girl. One of his sons, the father of the present Mr. Bonaparte, served France in the Crimean and Franco-Prussian Wars, the other became Secretary of the Navy in President Roosevelt's cabinet.

An Imperial Eagle which stands on the dining room table is reminiscent of the French service of Mr. Bonaparte's father. It is one of three such emblems, struck for Napoleon III by E. Barbendienne, and is the only one of the trio known to be still in existence. The other two have been lost for many years. The two white Wedgwood fruit bowls on the court cupboard, however, have their roots in the early American annals of the family and are decorated with the arms of the Pattersons.

Directly beneath the portrait of the second Jerome is a small cabinet which holds a teaset once used by the Emperor Napoleon. It is of beautiful creamy, translucent Sèvres, and bears the bold N and imperial crest of Napoleon. The two graceful green and gold swan vases on top of the cabinet also belonged to the first Emperor.

Mme. Bonaparte's drawing room has strong accents of Chinese blended with the French feeling, and, at first glance, that seems the most striking thing about it. Then the eye begins to seek out details. You are particularly drawn to the corner where the small round portrait of the Infant King of Rome is hanging. This rare and priceless picture of Napoleon's small son asleep was done by Baron Gerard in 1811, four years before Waterloo.

You see the lovely 18th Century pierglass, which balances it on the other wall, you admire abstractedly the rare old Chinese table below, but it is the sad little king that holds the attention. And Mme. Bonaparte, with her unfailing dramatic instinct, has set a bronze replica of Vela's masterpiece, "The Dying Napoleon" beneath the portrait of his frail heir, into whose all-too-delicate hands he had hoped to entrust a dynasty.



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—when rooms should be left without pictures?
—how pictures should be hung?
—how to hang a group of pictures?
—how etchings should be hung?
—why painted furniture is suitable for bedrooms?
—what three important factors must be accomplished in furnishing an apartment?
—the best colors to use for backgrounds in an apartment?
—how books may best be accommodated in a small apartment?
—the four great style periods of furniture?
—how to distinguish the various period styles?
—what two pieces of furniture are characteristically American?
—how to draw patterns for valances and draperies?
—how to make a French heading?
—how to design and make draperies for arched topped windows and doors?
—how to make and hang portières?
—how to line over-draperies?

If you possessed the knowledge that would enable you to answer the questions in the box above and in the box on the facing page, it would be of enormous advantage to you in many ways. Yet these are only a few of the hundreds of similar questions that you will be able to answer out of your own knowledge when you have completed

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XXIX. The Spirit of Modern Art.
XXX. Combining Modern with Other Styles.

tions in the boxes below can your own knowledge?

DO YOU KNOW

—how to measure windows for glass curtains and over-draperies?
—how to make a festoon drapery?
—how to make a cascade drapery?
—how to make and hang Dutch curtains?
—how to treat mullioned windows?
—when to use Venetian blinds?
—how to attach rings and hooks to draperies and portières?
—how to make the puffed valance?
—how to make a bed canopy?
—how to cut and hang scarf draperies?
—how to treat a group of three windows?
—how to place rods and poles?
—the proper draperies for a living room?
—the proper draperies for a bedroom?
—the proper draperies for a nursery?
—the proper draperies for a library?
—the proper draperies for a dining room?
—how to select color schemes?
—how to balance a color scheme?
—how to estimate the amount of paint required for a given surface?
—the proper colors for children's rooms?
—the proper colors for north rooms and rooms which are sunny?
—the proper tinting colors and glaze colors?
—how to remove old wall paper?
—how to remove calcimine?
—how to glaze with two or more colors?
—how to stencil wall decorations?
—the proper paint for radiators?
—how to patch plaster walls?
—how to treat stains and discolorations on plaster walls?
—how to hang and paint wall fabrics?
—how to wash walls and ceilings?
—how to make new glazing effects match aged effects?



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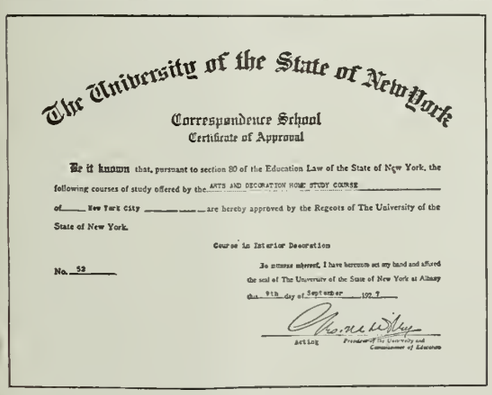
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Decoration is Dynamic

DECORATION is the starting point for a scheme of living—and a setting for that scheme through the years. Decoration did not antedate civilization, but was coincident with it. After barbarism, came a more established order of living. First, architecture announced a greater style in personality, and following that, the interior of the home (the castle) changed its character. Rugs superseded damp rushes on the floor; tapestries woven by lovely ladies hid bleak stone walls, fireplaces moved back from the center of the room to the corners, and chimneys came to birth. Dogs were banished, and the ladies who made the tapestries took their place at the dining bordes.

Then truly there was a change in the status of social standards as expressed in decoration. And in turn, in swinging around the circle, decoration established more advanced standards of living. Thus in its true sense decoration has never been static or a merely surface state. When unfortunately superficial it soon ceases to express or influence life. And right here we feel the difference between decoration and ornamentation. Through the ages decoration might easily be defined as visualized history of social existence. A woman can keep the truth about herself out of her words, out of her eyes; but not out of the decoration of her home.

Hence, for those who know that the planning and the decoration of a home is directly related to living in that home, decoration must take on a deeper significance. Harmonious decoration becomes for these people a background for the whole pageantry of social life.

For instance, a woman whose plan of life is somewhat dignified, elegant, with traditions, could not with any degree of happiness entertain her friends at dinner parties or teas or musicales against a background of ultra modernistic sophistication, or in a surrounding that was flippant or tawdry. She would not be at home, her hospitality would lack spontaneity, she would be less happy and her guests less delighted. On the contrary, this very younger and charming generation who wish to take life with great lightness and speed and some cynicism, do not want Georgian surroundings for their dances or the Italian Renaissance to frown upon a late buffet supper. They want informality whether it is modern or not; they want a certain simplicity so that they advance toward the gayety of their social existence with a free hand and a high heart; no worry about decoration or servants, and everything in their spirits and in their material background making for complete freedom. I can imagine this generation in rooms with very comfortable chairs, very low couches, very warm, rich colors; rooms in fact that the banished dogs might return to, and always immensely gay and luxurious.

ARTS & DECORATION assumes for its province decoration in this wider sense; decoration as an appropriate background for many phases of charming existence; an existence that runs the whole gamut from a gentle, wistful Victorianism of the older generation to the almost strident note of whimsicality, fearlessness and self-absorption of the younger. But ARTS & DECORATION will no longer limit its scope to a report and interpretation of developments in the field of decoration alone. Our interest in decoration is as a personal background closely related to all the wider diversions and entertainments of those men and women who live most graciously. And this decoration will reach into every part of the home, out to the utmost ends of the garden, and through all the delightful sports that the home and garden offer an opportunity for today.

Just as decoration itself implies something more than furnishing, draperies and what is loosely called "effects", so ARTS & DECORATION now enlarges its boundaries to embrace music and the theatre, games and play, travel, the dance and the arts—to include, in short, all of those pursuits and divertisements which a rounded living program today implies. And so as we have already said, ARTS & DECORATION will fuse into its new editorial program not alone the newest and the best that is in vogue in the field of decoration, but the latest word of those gayeties and graces of living which are the charm of our civilized and sophisticated existence. It will not be made alone for people who create a delightful individual beauty in their homes, but for the friends who will share this beauty and pleasure.

Inspired by the ever-increasing interest of our readers in well-rounded living programs, the content of ARTS & DECORATION will henceforth cover a wide and fascinating range. The arts other than decorative will be all related between the covers as they are related in actuality, and it is our sincere belief that there will always be groups of modern-minded Americans who will respond to a magazine which feeds directly into their interests in the colorful amenities of modern existence. A younger group of writers are bringing to these pages already a fresher, gayer note. You will notice that our articles are shorter; more swiftly paced. The magazine will continue to be most luxurious in illustrations, its pictures will be many, varied and arresting, and most stimulating in the ideas they offer for decoration and entertainment. In the future, as in the past, ARTS & DECORATION will be an authority on the decorative arts, but its articles will be written in the lighter mood—enthusiasm will characterize its presentation.

If we are not mistaken, and if you are amongst those whose eye is caught by the reproduction of a magnificent interior or an old-fashioned country fireplace, if your imagination is fired by the lively description of new modes of amusing entertainment, if you are interested in the latest and greatest singers, the newest and most vital writers, the canvas that is the sensation of the hour, the dancer who creates fantastic enthusiasm, then may we invite your attention to the forthcoming issues of ARTS & DECORATION.

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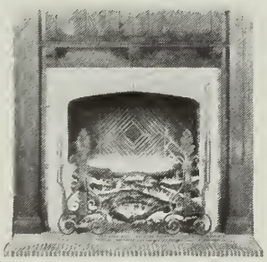
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From the Smart Shops and Antique Galleries

By ELIZABETH LOUNSBERY

TUBULAR chromium-plated steel furniture is featured by Thonet Bros., in many attractive designs planned for a diversity of uses.



Sled-type chromium-plated tubular armchair with hand-woven covering. Chromium vase and table with black top. Courtesy Thonet Bros., Inc., 33 E. 47th St., N. Y. C.

These are constructed along essentially modern lines and upholstered in hand-loomed fabrics of rough weaves and broken plaids. As such they adapt themselves especially well to game and sun rooms, masculine dens or breakfast rooms.

Outstanding among the newer designs are a book stand consisting of four glass shelves and a tea wagon with a removable black wood tray top. A child's set of table, armchair and sidechair is upholstered in blue, and there is a variety of bar stools of different heights.

Among the accessories, the umbrella-holder shaped like a stirrup and a counterpoise lamp that may be balanced on the edge of a table for cards or reading are innovations.

LEATHER accessories for the desk, the smoker and for other personal uses combine to make the comprehensive stock at C. W. Davenport's distinctive.

Especially smart are the articles done in "shagreen"—real shark skin. This is so treated as to flatten out its normally pebbly surface into a smooth ivory-like texture, and is prepared in a variety of colors, such as soft green and pale red. The natural rough finish can also be had, if preferred.

Among the hand-tooled leather imports are complete memo sets in cases, picture frames, and Social Register and telephone book covers to match. French perfumes and women's street bags are other items.

DRAPERY fabrics including chintz and solid-toned materials, distributed through the decorators and decorating departments by Ronald Grose, Inc., denote a growing tendency, this season, toward the plainer weaves. Notable among these are sun-fast rep and suède cloth. The latter is obtainable in twenty-five colors most desirable for furniture coverings, card tables and even bedspreads.

For the modern room, the rougher weaves have preference, together with the rough-finish plaid cotton fabrics in warm tones, and plaid rayon rep. A new sash curtain material, Grenoble gauze, is shown in a choice of fifteen colors, also cotton taffeta, suitable for casement windows, as well as bedspreads. White still obtains as a popular choice of color with blue gaining in favor in heavier fabrics.



Black morocco writing folio with chromium hunter motif. Red leather telephone book cover and memo pad; "shagreen" cigarette box. Courtesy C. W. Davenport, 366 5th Ave., N.Y.C.

DECORATIONS OF DISTINCTION



Semi-glazed chintz, and tomato-colored sun-fast cotton rep. Courtesy Ronald Grose, Inc., 2 W. 46th St., N. Y. C.

DECORATIVE accessories now supplement an important showing of overstuffed chairs and sofas with slip covers, made in a variety of colored chintzes, at Olivette Falls, Inc. These and dressing tables may be purchased with the furniture or separately, if desired, or can be ordered in any size, reasonably priced.

Copies of old French wallpapers are also to be had, so that one may visualize a complete interior with-



All-white French china tea service and milk glass vase with diminutive artificial white roses. Courtesy Olivette Falls, Inc., 571 Mad. Ave., N. Y. C.

Below—Handwrought silver candlestick, compote, grape dish and scissors. Courtesy Georg Jensen Handmade Silver, 169 W. 57th St., N. Y. C.

in the shop, with all the ornamental incidentals at hand. Feeling that a silver lamp functions quite like a mirror, in a room, in introducing pleasing highlights, Miss Falls has acquired a collection of old silver bases converted from coffee urns and oil burners, as well as smaller modern silver lamps. With these are especially designed shades.

Several new varieties of artificial flowers have been added, such as pink chrysanthemums, pompons, white dahlias and flaxinella, canna plants and scabiosa.

HANDMADE silver with the enduring beauty of the work of Georg Jensen may fittingly become the heirlooms of the future. In this is reflected the grace of line of the silver of past generations combined with the inspired motifs from nature that this master silversmith introduces into his work. The grace of hanging grapes and vines, delicately turned tendrils, matured pods bursting and shedding their repressed seeds have found their way into his designs of larger table pieces with consistent motifs such as the acorn pattern adapted to the accompanying flat silver and appointments.

Jewelry embodying the same feeling and accessories for the desk and dressing table supplements this comprehensive collection of handwrought work.

DECORATIVE items of modernistic inspiration, so long identified with Rena Rosenthal's shop, are to be removed during the month to her new address, 485 Madison Avenue. These will be supplemented by many new items, including an effective Lobmeyer crystal table service, in original shapes, designed by Vally Wieselthier.

This service is of the most delicate glass—as graceful as it is fragile. With it a heavy bevel-edged, irregular-shaped mirror plateau is used, and on this are placed a low, footed bowl for a few exquisite roses and a tall goblet-shaped vase, likewise for flowers, as a center decoration.

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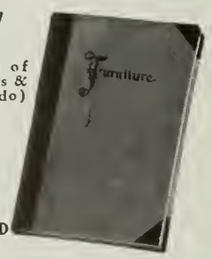
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Chromium salad plates with etched motif and glass linings; red spiral glass bowl; white pottery vase. Rena Rosenthal, 520 Mad. Ave., N. Y. C.

Below—Section of painted wall panels, "Old Philadelphia Street Scene," by Elsie G. Bell. Courtesy Ewin & Ewin, Inc., 667 Mad. Ave., N. Y. C.

white porcelain banded with narrow, greenish gold stripes has also been received, and the daintiest chromium salts and peppers, in the form of flowers, distinctly new. Engraved copper pictures with figure subjects and a small three-cornered individual cocktail tray are other items of interest.

PERIOD decoration embodying the best of the 18th Century French and English is represented in the work of Ewin & Ewin. Their interior treatment has unfailing appeal in its characteristic restraint.

For example, an entrance hall recently decorated in a New York apartment shows walls paneled in a Chinoise wallpaper in grass-green and gold, with a single gold line outlining the molding and a green rug on the black floor.

Upon a console was placed a low glass bowl on a gilded base, filled with roses, cut from their stems, and lighted from beneath. Along the opposite wall is a bench with a greenish gold velvet cushion.

In the work as shown in the wall panels, illustrated, executed by Elsie G. Bell, any type of interior may be carried out.

INVISIBLE mending and artistic reweaving of all fabrics that have been damaged by moths, burns or tears, is executed by the Le Mers Studio, where for years this has been studied.

Whether the fabric or lace be old or new, or the embroidery of the most difficult pattern and elusive coloring, here, in this veritable needlework repair hospital, it may be restored to its original beauty. This is indeed a consolation in consideration of the many household articles, ranging from a valuable tapestry or a cherished piece of needlepoint, to an exquisite table cover, that are overtaken by the ravages of time or accident. Beaded bags are likewise reconstructed.

"PLUMBING furniture" in a new design is created by the Excelso Products Corporation. The "Vanadoir" represents the combined conveniences of a well-appointed dressing table with a lavatory without detracting from the drawer and cabinet space or usefulness of the former.



Concealed in the center of the table, below the mirror, is a vitreous china lavatory of unique design, in which hot and cold water flow, controlled by handles on the front or apron of the lavatory. The "Vanadoir" is wired throughout for every desired electrical necessity, from a cigarette lighter to a curling iron, and is built of the finest furniture steel, fully insulated



Linen and lace banquet cloth with one burned medallion invisibly rewoven. Courtesy Le Mers Studio, 345 W. 58th St., N. Y. C.

DECORATIONS OF DISTINCTION



"Vanadoir" or combination dressing table and concealed lavatory, of furniture steel in color combinations, with complete plumbing attachments. Courtesy Excelso Products Corp., Buffalo, N. Y.

to prevent metallic sound. It may be finished in any desired color, including natural wood grain.

WALNUT decorative articles made from the wood and ornamented with the embedded skeletonized halves of the nut, as introduced by the American Walnut Mfrs. Ass'n, are distinctly new. These are available in ashtrays and nut dishes that show with what skill the walnut has been adapted as a decorative motif and how fittingly it lends itself to such a setting. Interspersed with metal accessories, these bowls make a pleasing contrast throughout a



Right—American walnut ashtray with halves of walnut shells embedded in rim. American Walnut Mfrs. Ass'n, 616 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Below—Reproduction mahogany chair and Duncan Phyfe dropleaf table. Extends to seat 8. Erskine-Danforth Corp., 383 Mad. Ave., N. Y. C.



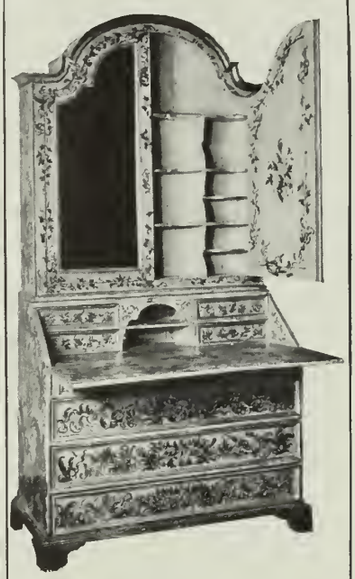
room. They quite solve the problem, at this season, of providing an attractive and appropriate way for serving nuts.

FURNITURE stressing value in good design is the aim of the Erskine-Danforth Corporation, as exemplified by the copies of famous pieces they have made, such as the Gillingham armchair, available at the cost of about one-fiftieth of the original.

Dining tables, copied from the old, they have also adapted to present-day use with sliding, extension leaves. Complete 18th Century English living room reproductions and all the requisites for the bedroom, including Early American cherry, pine and maple, are also to be had.

A department covering draperies and curtains supplements the stock of furniture, where only the cost of the material is charged on orders executed in their workrooms. Carpets and a comprehensive selection of office furniture are also available. The French Provincial bedroom pieces, of the old French farmhouse type, show adaptations in maple and white walnut for present-day requirements.

In addition to the furniture displayed in their showrooms, Erskine-Danforth are constantly working on examples to meet specific needs. They also provide appropriate decorative incidentals such as mirrors; old color prints framed in black glass; some well-chosen lamps like the illustrated on this page, with a silver base and silver-decorated parchment shade, and distinctive pieces of pottery and porcelain.



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PHOTOS BY DREX DURYEA

Light Through Gothic Windows

MULLIONED windows not only filter and soften the sunlight, in this apartment decorated by Diego de Suarez, they stand as barriers between the Renaissance and the Steel Age. Outside, the sun on New York—inside, the splendor falls on mellow gold damask, walls of powder blue and a long refectory table. The old doors are from Granada, and the chairs in the drawing room on the opposite page are antique Spanish, as is the table



Diego de Suarez—Architect and Decorator

500 Years Behind the Skyline

The Renaissance Apartment of the Horatio Shonnards Succeeds in Slipping Quietly into the Past

THE skyline is too much with us. After admiring it from every summit in Manhattan, from down the Bay and from Yonkers, we find it a little bit ubiquitous. It insinuates its inspiring view into every window, and has become as constant and banal a topic of conversation as the weather in an English novel.

All this may not have been in the mind of Diego de Suarez when he designed the Renaissance apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Horatio Shonnard—yet his first concern was the windows, windows calculated to eliminate the skyline, or, in fact, to keep out the entire twentieth century. And they do. Outside, automobiles rush the traffic lights; the sun flashes on the chromium tower of the Chrysler building—the same sun diffused so softly through the small leaded panes. But the outside world is forgotten. One forgets, too, that this is only an apartment on Park Avenue, and not some palazzo belonging for hundreds of years to people whose names ended in -i and -o.

Mullioned windows of antiqued Zenithern, into which have been set leaded casements, screen the usual double windows of the ordinary city apartment. Light streams through Gothic arches, and is caught up in the brilliant colors of the draperies. Italian brocades and brocatelles, in rich reds, blues and golds—they offset the cold gray of the stone, and the dead white of the plaster walls.

Against such a background have been placed some of the finest 15th and 16th Century antiques in New York. They have been collected from all parts of Spain and Italy. The carved wooden doors came from the old palace at Granada when it was demolished, and once swung to the touch of Spanish grandees. There are a dozen or more priceless 14th to 16th Century armchairs, part of the famous Gomez Acebo collection, of Madrid, and some from the collection of the Marquis de Valverde. In the music room and library are a pair of panels done in tempora by Panini originally for the royal palace in Bologna.

THE corner of the drawing room, below, shows clearly the beautiful detail of the carved chair in the foreground. It is of the 17th Century, originally part of the Gomez Acebo collection, and still retains its antique red velvet upholstery, although the dark wood has taken on with age the lovely quality of old bronze. The plate on the table is Italian Majolica, many bits of which are used to lend splashes of color to the somber dignity of the room





They have charm, these old things, produced in an age when the grand manner needed no apology. Even today, they are not afraid to be stately—and that, in a way without being sombre or without making a modern feel like a piece of ectoplasm projected from somewhere else. Perhaps it is the graciousness and comfort of the arrangement.

The old doors contribute their bit. No one could look through their dark arabesqued panels, thrown wide, into the dining room, without a sense of something generous and inviting. The dining room, with its walls of a vivid blue, somewhere between a powder blue and the intense Italian sky; its soft yellow damask curtains, and chairs in the same damask; its Gothic windows at the end of a long refectory table—just to look at it is enough to convince one that dining is still an art, or can be.

The very colors themselves revive the abundant life of the Renaissance. Many of the old chairs are covered with their antique fabrics, and they stand out with time-softened beauty against the white walls of the drawing room and hallway. In one of the bedrooms the combining of the ancient colors with the new background is carried out to unusual effect. The room is built around a splendid old Florentine bed, such as any number of Dukes might have been proud to rest on. It has the original headboard and coverlet of antique velvet—dark, rich olive green in color. The walls are orange—the exact complementary shade for that particular shade of green, and the curtains repeat in brocade the same green and orange.

There is just enough blending of periods to be restful without confusion. The library, paneled in the Louis XVI manner, and the Baroque music room

(Continued on page 57)

HERE in this end of the drawing room, above, one appreciates the striking effect of dark old woods against white walls. The draperies are deep rose and silver, and the chair on the extreme left is covered with especially perfectly preserved antique yellow velvet, with frame of old oak



THIS lovely little music room is in charming contrast (right) with its ivory and gold Baroque furniture upholstered in old yellow brocatelle. The walls are a soft rose, the vases are Chinese porcelain—in all a perfect setting for the rare tempora Panini panel on the wall



The Library and a Spanish Bedroom

THE other Panini panel, companion piece to the one in the music room is set in the Louis XIV boisserie of the library above. The bedroom below is dominated by the unusual old Florentine bed, its olive green antique velvet headboard and matching coverlet



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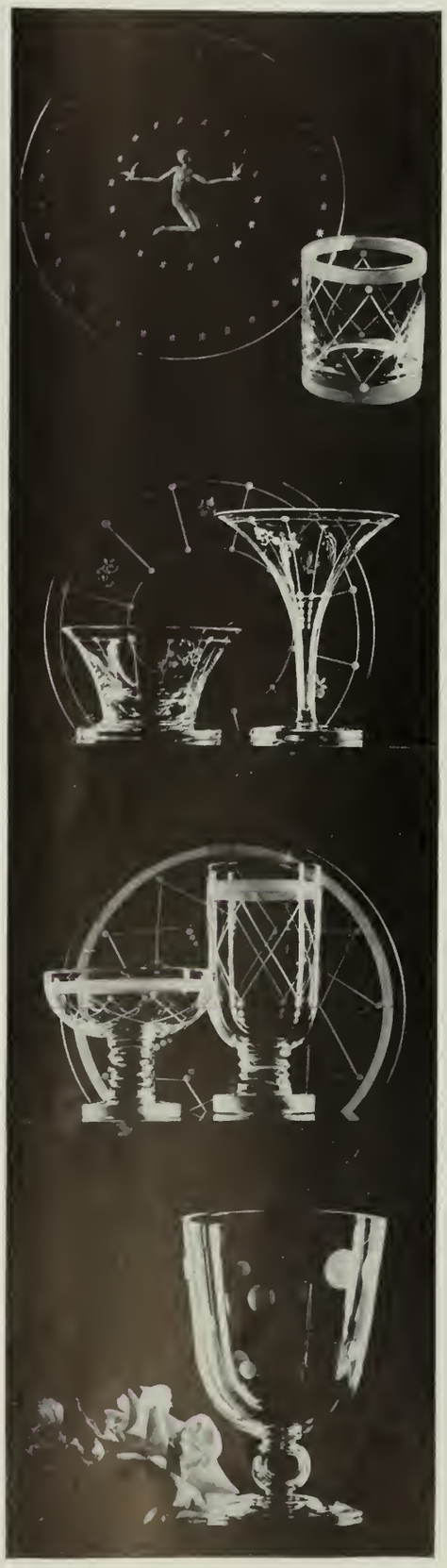
By ELIZABETH M. BOYKIN

WE have been reverent before the exquisite modern glass that has come from the hands of craftsmen from France and Sweden, from Austria, Czechoslovakia and Italy. The rhythm of form, the simple perfection of ornament, the respect for fine flawless crystal, these have been the characteristics we associated especially with the contemporary glass that came from Europe.

It is with unexpected pleasure that we recognize equal distinction in modern Steuben glass. It is with curious delight that we learn what genuine skill is employed in making them. As in all things depending on their handmadeness for their charm, detailed motifs are executed with utmost precision. Each artist worker has devoted many years to his little copper cutting wheel and those to whom the finer pieces are entrusted take the pride of medieval craftsmen in their work. Every piece is mouth-blown and engraved by hand; every piece is of metal that has endured the scrutiny of keen wise eyes, trained to find and discard minutest imperfections.

But the most skilled and loving workmen rely finally on the grace of the design which they interpret. The creation of themes worthy of the modern Steuben craftsmen and the degree of perfection that has been achieved in the glass itself was the task of Walter Dorwin Teague. He came very literally into the workrooms and developed his ideas by closest coöperation with the workmen themselves. After the forms had been evolved in their final stage of sincere flowing simplicity, Mr. Teague drew the designs themselves right on the glass with an oil crayon and watched the engraver at his copper wheel cut the delicate pattern into the glass. Again and again the two patiently made new pieces, each slightly varied, slightly better, they thought, until the perfect one had been created, perfect in proportion, in mood, in technique.

Modern this new glass is in spirit and yet it is not bizarre. Its ornamentation is uncomplicated, casual, not in the least restrained for all its simplicity. Lithe movements, refreshing subjects, compositions almost musical in their swing and gayety establish the unquestioned contemporary style of this glass, but for all of that, it recalls somewhat the feeling of Empire décor in its dignity of spacing and subject treatment.



In comparing this new Steuben glass with the modern pieces of Orrefors, Lalique, the Viennese group and other celebrated European craftsmen, perhaps we should likewise make the distinction between it and them. Modern Steuben has the same skilled workmanship, the same artistry of design, the same illusive quality that makes them as modern, but it is quite as decidedly American as Orrefors is Swedish, as Lalique is French. It expresses our acceptance of contemporary design in much the same way that Cappelin glass interprets the modern impulse of Italy, an impulse definitely affected by the new trends yet translated into lush symphonic forms that catch the very beat of Italy today.

The Viennese glass designers, notably, of course, Josef Hoffmann and Matilde Flogl, have expressed no more truly the mood of that pleasant city than has Mr. Teague reflected in the patterns of this new Steuben glass the tempo of American decorative arts, the direction of our national taste. It is not exotic and yet it is animated by the interest we have in new and not entirely understandable forces that are changing our conceptions of art and design. Even our uncertainty might be read into the variation of motifs that distinguishes a large collection of this modern Steuben glass on exhibit in New York. There are geometric designs and there are naturalistic figures; there are stars and stripes and polka dots; there are flowers and leaves and conventional bandings; all are used so delicately, and with such a nice respect for the medium for which they are adapted that the variety of the motifs seems curiously right and intelligent. Here

(Continued on page 59)

AT the top of this column the plate carries the Intaglio pattern, engraved with all the skill of Old World craftsmen, a cocktail glass which could not be blown in a mold. Next, bowl, champagne glass and plate in "Riviera" pattern

IN the third group are glasses and tea plate in the "Saint Tropez" pattern with frosted bands and a delicate design of interlacing lines and dots. Stems are cut in a notched pattern. The vase at bottom has a pattern of irregular frosted circles



PHOTOS BY SHOOK-GEFFEN



Cornering the

CORNERS are social things. That itself should explain the prevalence of shoppes called "cozy corners" and tea rooms with "ingle nookes." The Chaucerian spelling may choke you, and you may cry out at the crimes committed in the name of Atmosphere—but you have to admit that the idea is perfectly sound. Corners *are* friendly things.

The idea is so sound that you can tell a great deal about a home just from its corners. Take those on this page, for instance. They are in the apartment of Mrs. Thomas D. Heed, 53 East 66th Street, and one does not need to be a Philo Vance to deduce from them the Early American charm of the whole place.

After all, nobody ever really saw an entire room at once, not even those fabulous schoolmarms reputed to have "eyes in the back of their heads." We get our impressions bit by bit, fixing first on this focal point and then on another.

Long ago, our practical forebears devised such things as corner cupboards to take away the severity of plain unadorned right angles. They created grandfather clocks, as if especially for the turn of a staircase, or to stand sentinel in a hallway. This corner culture is an old art. That is a reason, perhaps, why the ones here are so successful—the antiques them-

A CORNER cabinet is the completest answer there is to the corner problem, and this one is of old Pennsylvania pine, in spirit with the old pewter and lustre on its shelves, warming pan, tripod table and sampler. The group above has a nautical air; the old pine tavern table was made in Pennsylvania around 1790



THE picture on the left shows just one of the charming things you can do with a screen, particularly if it is an antique of Chinese lacquer, about 150 years old, such as this. It forms a gay background for the rather chaste lines of the Connecticut writing-desk and ladder back chair. Groups in this collection arranged by Mrs. Palmer Cox, of Eighteenth Century, Inc.



Bright Ideas

selves have had plenty of experience in such situations.

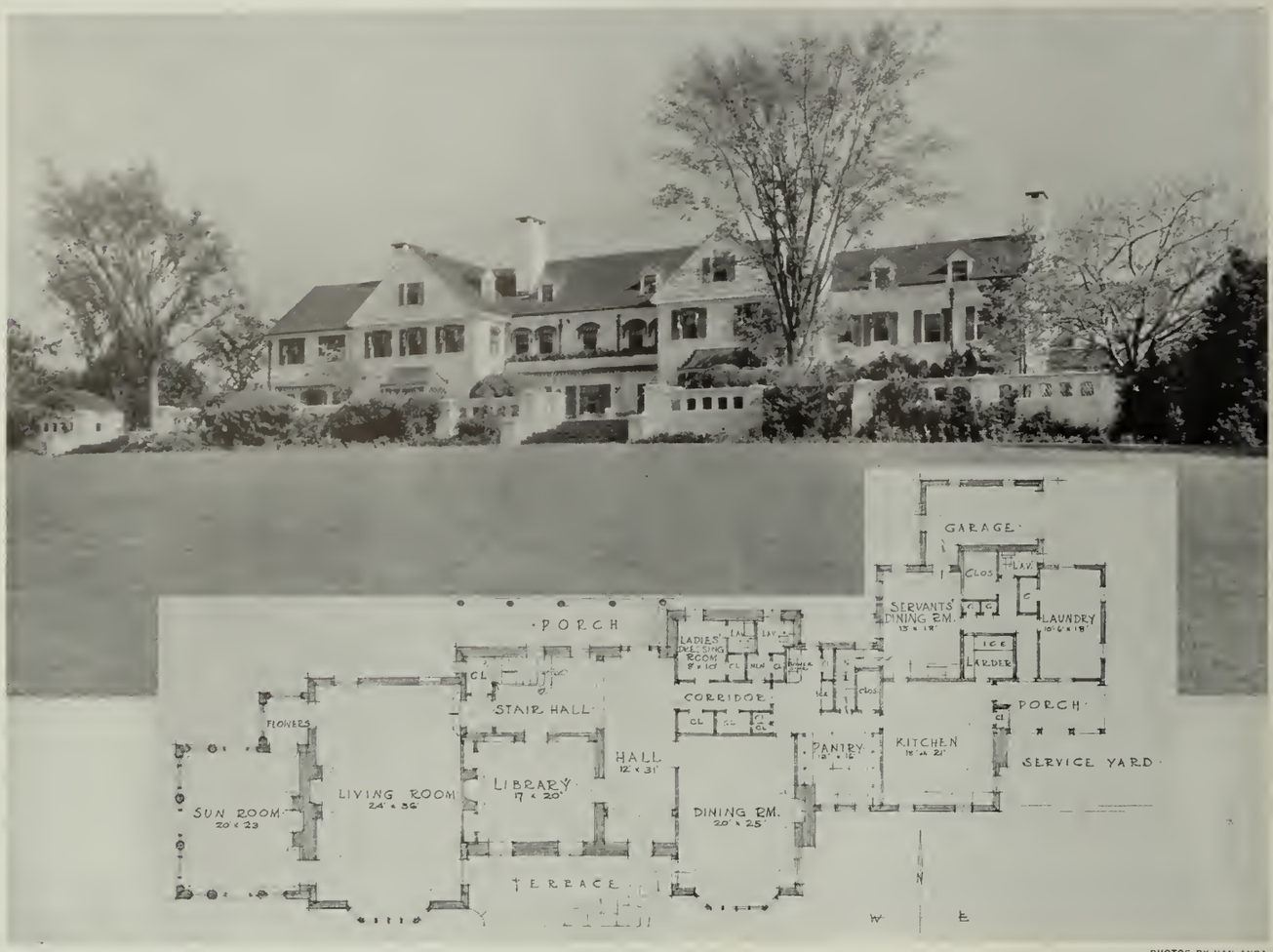
And then there are the synthetic corners—they are even more of an art than the others. Geometrically they are only straight lines, but our definitions are more elastic than Euclid's. What counts is the grouping, and the feeling of unity one gets from it, not two walls in juxtaposition.

What counts, for instance, as you glance at the old Pennsylvania pine tavern table in the photograph opposite is that you see the table with its nautical print above it, its old firearms, its globe, ship's lanterns and roses, as a unit. You are conscious of the kinship and the balance of the objects, and of the Hitchcock chair adding just the right touch of detachment. And again, right, a bowl of flowers is the spiritual link between the old wedding chest and its figured wallpaper background.

Often enough a screen turns the trick. Placed beside a writing desk it gives a sense of seclusion which is almost an invitation to write. It takes the abruptness off of a doorway, it furnishes a colorful background. Besides, a screen is practically guaranteed to upset all the rules of geometry in this matter of corners, doing everything from trisecting the angle to boxing the compass.



THE vista above through the arched doorway is dominated by the friendly old grandfather clock, which told time first for the Curtis family of Ashford, Conn. around 1790. The wallpaper is a modern design, "Old Mill," antiqued and shellacked. At the right, an old carved oak wedding chest makes a nice detail



PHOTOS BY VAN ANDA



THE approach to the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Wright Brown is through woods and fields and the estate extends along the Shrewsbury River over 100 acres. From every window there are views of refreshing beauty. The interior of the house is equally informal. It was decorated by Thedlow around the nucleus of good mahogany in the owner's possession. The flooring inside is random width oak. The stairway is typically Colonial and the walls are painted with historic scenes of Monmouth County

LEFT—A view of the terrace and the terrace wall which was in existence before the house was built and controlled the location of the house. The materials used in the building of this home were local stone, whitewashed, brick and hand cut shingles, and a roof of black Pennsylvania slate of medium thickness. The planting is quite new and yet there is an effect of years of growth in the box court and in the tree standing close to the end of the house



In Whitewashed Stone

Polhemus & Coffin, Architects

THIS Colonial type of house is exceedingly informal in design, with large rooms and ample space throughout. It overlooks the Shrewsbury River and the view extends on to the Atlantic Ocean

A Little Decoration

May Be a Dangerous Thing When Three Enthusiastic and Imaginative Amateurs Turn Their Varied Talents to the Embellishment of One Small Apartment Foyer

By FRANCES McFADDEN



"Our inspector reports that your foyer now contains two thrones, one bureau (bad condition), fat man grinning lamp, set old sleigh bells, one kimono on wall . . ."

DEAR Mr. Wellman,
I must ask you to do something *right away* about the little foyer outside the door of my apartment at 89 East 86th Street. When I moved into the apartment, I furnished it *very adequately* with two handsome Renaissance chairs, a little sixteenth century credenza and a wall hanging of Italian brocade. Since Mrs. Shaw moved in across the hall, she has been cluttering it with cheap Chinese ornaments, very shoddy and not *at all* appropriate for a foyer. Will you please see that they are removed immediately? I am sure you are anxious to preserve the present pleasant appearance of the foyer and that I can depend on your cooperation.

Yours truly,
Martha Bristed.

Douglas Wellman, Real Estate.
Please Mr. Landlord,
Will you have the electrician arrange another electric plug in the foyer outside my apartment at 89 East 86th Street for my Chinese Buddha lamp? Jo, the porter, tells me that when my temple bells are attached to the ceiling fixture the hall will be plunged in total darkness. Will you do this at once?

Lola Shaw.

Dear Daughter,
I do not want you to bring the children over for a few days. I have been having a *most unpleasant* time with *that woman* across the hall. She has pushed my credenza way over in a corner of the foyer and set up a perfectly disgusting half-draped figure, sitting with a light in his stomach on one of those nasty Atlantic City teke wood stands. I think it is *just as well* that the children do not see it. Sigrid tells me that a man has been out there all morning measuring the wall space, and *I dread* to think what that may mean. Where is that Della Robbia plaque that I let you have when you were married? I think it would be too lovely hung just over my little credenza. Do have Martin bring it over to me right away. I'll let you know when it's advisable for the children to come.

Mother.

Mrs. L. Shaw
89 E. 86th St.
Dear Madam:
The embroidered mandarin coat which you intend using for a wall hanging in your foyer will be delivered to you tomorrow, mounted and ready to be hung. Am glad to say that it measures exactly the length you specify to fit your wall space.

Very truly yours,
Manamaka and Bros.

Daughter,
Send that Della Robbia over *at Once.*

Mother.

Douglas Wellman, Real Estate.
Dear Sir:
Our inspector reports that the furnishing of the foyer on the fourteenth floor of your building at 89 East 86th Street does not conform with the fire regulations. It now contains: 2 thrones, wooden, second hand. 1 bureau (bad condition), 1 fat man grinning lamp, 1 blue and white china infant, 1 set of old sleigh bells, 1 yard red cotton cloth, 1 kimono hung on wall. Notify your tenants that regulations must be observed. Enclosed find copy of penalties.

New York Fire Department.

To *THE DIAL.*
Submitted at the usual rates.

Retour d'Orient
by Lola Shaw

Stark, fireproof hall
Steel and concrete, twenty days old,
Symbol of our
Western civilization. And there pendant
The soft melodious tinkle
Of temple bells.
Scent of the East
And the calm, all-knowing
Buddha
Smiling his egnimatic, electric smile
At the automatic rumblings of the lift.

My dear Mrs. Shaw,
I am your neighbor. I must ask you to keep your front door *closed.* The foyer is a public foyer and not your front hall. I must also ask you not to burn any more incense. It gives the apartment a *very unpleasant* atmosphere and is bad for my asthma.

Cordially yours,
Martha Bristed.



"Jo is hanging my temple bells —too lovely—only they do leave the hall in total darkness"

Boy dear,

I am having some people in to meet Mr. Woo at tea this afternoon. Will you come over and help me arrange my Chinese treasures in the foyer? There are some little inharmonies there, but I am having Jo, the porter, push them quietly into the back hall to make room for the Ming vase and the paper cherry blossoms. Come over early so that all will be OM when Mr. Woo arrives.

Mumsie.

Jo.

I am entertaining tonight and I want all the Chinese junk cleared out of the foyer by *seven o'clock. Do not forget the bells.*

Mrs. Bristed.

Boy dear,

Why did you fail me for tea? Poor Mr. Woo found me simply dissolved in tears. A horrible, horrible thing has happened. Come over the minute you receive this and comfort your brokenhearted

Mumsie.

Memo from Wellman
To Billing Department

Bill Mrs. M. Bristed, apartment 14A, 89 East 86th Street for extra storage space, bins L and half of Z. Also bill Mrs. L. Shaw, same address, apartment 14B, for bins M, N, and half of Z.

Mister Wellman,

Mrs. Shaw, she tell me clear out all Mrs. Bristed's furniture. Mrs. Bristed, she say clear out all Mrs. Shaw's furniture. I clear out everything. All down in basement. Picture of baby she break. Fat man he break. Cow bells they wrapped inside blue kimona. Too much work. I quit.

Jo.

Memo from Cleary & Clyde,
Renting Agents
To Mr. Wellman

Please have apartment 14C, now vacant, made ready for Mr. C. Beryl-Bradley at once. He will move in tomorrow. Desirable tenant. How does substitute janitor work out? New man will be in on Monday.

89 East 86th St.
Five a. m.

Merton, my thrush,

I have just moved into the duckiest little flat on eighty-sixth street on the fourteenth floor. There are only two old ladies on the floor with me, so the concerto can go on in idyllic peace. Such a lark moving in! We did it this evening. After everything was settled, along about midnight, the whole crowd turned up and we had a party. Rollo thought the little foyer outside the door looked a little barren (the old ladies had left it absolutely empty) so along about three, the whole gang trouped out there and put their hands up on the white wall, and I traced every hand in India ink and made everyone autograph their palms. Cle-ver? You can't think what a deevy little wallpattern it makes. Too amusing and *moderne.* Come over and add your palm to the collection. We've saved a place for it right by the side of Jean's. She was just too divine about not letting anybody else have that spot. Said it was just the place for 'dear old Merkie.' Bunny did some grace notes over mine.

Won't the old ladies be surprised when they walk out there in the morning. I think I'll put my silver permatex curtains over the front door and Bunny's "abstraction in chromium" on the other wall—I want your opinion about that—and scatter a few cacti about.

Addio,
Colin.

"I traced all my guests' hands in India ink on the wall and you can't think what a deevy little wallpattern it made"





PHOTOGRAPHS BY DANA B. MERRILL

LEFT. This handy little double metal tray, painted white, vies in smartness with the all-white lace pattern glasses it holds, also the rollicking dancer cigarette holder. When the chromium handles are removed from the after-dinner coffee cups they become cocktail glasses. Mitteldorfer Straus importations. French faience relish dish, Bonwit Teller. Ashtray set of colored lustre, Ovington's. Below. Beer and pretzel set, Hammacher Schlemmer. Red metal lap service tray, Lord & Taylor





THIS walnut portable bar with hand painted, ivory-toned decoration is covered with Monel metal across the lower shelf to make it stainproof. It may be readily carried about, equipped with eight glasses and the accompanying bottles and decanters, then replaced upon its folding base. Painted finishes obtainable. Pitt Petri

The Midnight Buffet Supper

AS an alternative to late hour ravages on the icebox, the buffet supper offers the same tempting food, more conveniently served and amplified by one or two hot dishes. These may consist of baked beans, spaghetti or cornbeef hash that is winning added popularity in the field of late supper dishes. These may be prepared well in advance and kept hot in a bean pot, as shown on the opposite page, and in the French pottery "tripe de Cannes," or flat pumpkin-shaped dish with a cover.

Cold cuts, of course, are indispensable with thin bread and butter sandwiches. Then there is the miniature "hot dog," cut in half, spread with mustard and concealed within a tiny pointed roll, that is even more satisfying. Hors d'œuvres, pretzels and radishes likewise add zest to the party. The drinks may range from milk to beer, as preferred.

In the matter of accessories, color plays an important part, as contributing to the gayety of such a setting. Linen with brilliant stripes is sure to do this together with colorful plates and glasses and even such knives and forks as are used, with colored handles. Quality gives place to effectiveness in the late supper. Thus the finer china may remain undisturbed within the fastnesses of the pantry closet and the silver lie securely tucked away in its woolly wrappings within the sideboard.

Elizabeth Lounsbery



CHROMIUM duck filled with artificial fruit stands upon a mirror plateau. These with the chromium candlesticks and blown-glass jazz players are from Pitt Petri. The chromium ducks containing radishes and pretzels, Rena Rosenthal. Brilliantly striped linen runner set, Mosse. Italian pottery relish dish, Bonwit Teller. "Tripe de Cannes" for spaghetti, and chicken cigarette holders, Mitteldorfer Straus. Green Spoonerware tumblers and grill plates, Mary Ryan. Sheffield platters, Ovington's. Bean pot and bright red handled knives and forks, Hammacher, Schlemmer

What the Boys and Girls Want at 11:30 P. M.



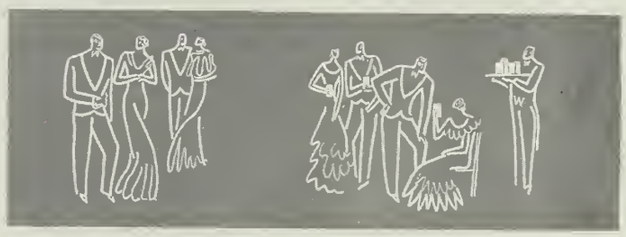
PHOTOS BY WHITING-SALZMAN

A CORNER of the garden at "Caumsett," the Marshall Field estate at Huntington, Long Island. This delightful place was the scene of one of the season's most amusing parties—a dinner and circus given for the benefit of the Long Island Biological Association. As the invitation suggests, the activities were inspired by the sawdust ring, and the big top, ranging widely from a freak show of strictly amateur standing to the perverse pleasures of breaking china without inhibition or apology to the hostess



The Circus—A New Pattern in Parties

Requiring a Sense of Humor, a Generous Supply of Talent, and a Country Estate with the Spacious Charm of Caumsett



JUST when all the variations in parties seem to have been exhausted, some public benefactor thinks of a new one, and life goes gayly on. We all remember the Great Treasure Hunt Era—during which the bright young people swept over the countryside like a horde of Huns, routing the peasantry out of bed to inquire the way to Smith's Cove, or Barker's Corners. And, the Fancy Dress Era, particularly dangerous during its later and more decadent phase, when guests started dressing up as their fellow guests, thereby causing a general deflation in everybody's ego. And of course, before all that, the classic standby of all our more rural hostesses, the Garden Party—chiefly distinguished by picture hats and ominous thunder clouds on the horizon. . . . But now a newer and better day dawns. The circus party is in order, with the famous Dutch Treat Dinner and Circus at the Marshall Field's North Shore estate as its very admirable and amusing example.

One of the most successful parties of the season, it demanded a glamorous setting, and "Caumsett," with its broad lawns and gracious formal gardens, its stately Georgian house and wide terraces, made a perfect background for the festivity. Four thousand generous acres sweep down to the Sound and twelve hundred guests could not crowd or bustle its hospitable tranquillity.

Nor was there lacking an excuse for the party, for the Long Island Biological Association, of which Mr. Marshall Field is secretary, was worthily in need of funds and contributed to the occasion by furnishing the party with a highly commendable purpose.

Of course, you mustn't misunderstand us. This was not a common or garden variety of circus. Don't look for a general return to the simple life, the naive and ingenuous amusement. Quite the contrary—this circus was a very sophisticated, typically 20th Century variety, revealing all sorts of unsuspected talents for showmanship among the amateur ranks.

It has now been established beyond the shadow of a doubt that Mr. Vincent Astor, for example, is incomparable as the chief Factotum of a china-breaking booth—that the "Baldwin Twins" can, on occasion, be quite successfully Siamese—that the big top is the poorer for not having Mr. Lucius P. Ordway and Mr. Edward McIlvaine as barkers—and particularly, that a certain wistful painted donkey in the photographic booth will go down in the history of art as bearing on its flanks the unmistakable brush strokes of a genuine Gershwin.

First, speaking chronologically, there came the dinner—served on the lawn, with Mr. Marshall Field and Mr. William Rhinelander Stewart as the delightfully urbane headwaiters. And, by way of further attractions—an open air dance floor with one of those negro orchestras that keep you up on your feet for hours while the consommé grows cold, and the sherbet melts wistfully away.

After the demi-tasse, there was a general trek



to the midway. On with the circus. Come on, ladies and gentlemen, and see the greatest show on earth. . . . Barkers—noise—booths. . . . To the right, ladies and gentlemen, the Freak Show! Nature will have her little jokes. Consider Captain "Bunny" Head as the Wild Man From Borneo—so fearsomely furry that women cover their eyes, and strong men pale beneath their tan. And Mr. Lytle Hull, the Strong Man—all muscles and mustachios. Also, Mrs. Baldwin Browne, and Mrs. Baldwin Preston being very Siamese. The Two-Headed Woman, looking suspiciously like Mrs. Malcolm L. Meacham, and Mrs. Ralph H. Isham. Mr. Frank Field as the World's Tallest Dwarf. Mrs. Joe Davis as the highly decorative tattooed lady. And finally, Mrs. Harold E. Talbott as one of the most duck-billed Duck Bill Women it has ever been our pleasure to behold. . . .

And now, ladies and gentlemen—to the left we have the photographic booth, otherwise known as the Coney Island Booth. Have your pictures



A MURAL painter at play — Lucinda Goldsborough Ballard, and her delightful side-show caricatures for the photographic booth. Mr. George Gershwin, at right, contributed advice and final touch of paint to the donkey

MRS. HAROLD E. TALBOTT and Mr. John D. Kennedy poise precariously, to the obvious amazement of the donkey, and the wide-eyed admiration of his best friend and severest critic, at the lower left

MRS. MARSHALL FIELD, Mr. Wadsworth R. Lewis, and Mr. Marshall Field—as the Fat Lady, the Living Skeleton, and the Midget. Below, Mrs. August Belmont, Jr., Miss Peggy Moffett, Mr. August Belmont, Jr., and Mr. Jay F. Carlisle interpret one theme, with variations

taken as the Fat Lady, the Living Skeleton, the Sweet Young Couple. Consider how your grandchildren will cherish these little mementos. Observe the quaint charm of this masterpiece—an equestrian portrait of Mrs. Harold Talbott and Mr. John D. Kennedy, familiarly known as "Travels with a Donkey." Or this touching family group, a bit sentimental perhaps, but sentiment makes the world go round—Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Phipps, gazing fondly at the Little One, who, by the way, bears quite a startling resemblance to Miss Eleanor Barry. Step right up, ladies and gentlemen, and have your pictures taken. Incidentally we take this opportunity to warn you, watch out for the Bicycle Built for Two. It disappeared from this booth two hours ago, and hasn't been seen since. Dreadful rumors reach our ears that this deathdealing device is being wildly driven about the grounds by various mad wags, with no regard for life and limb. We disclaim all responsibility for this Public Menace. . . .

Leaving the photographic booth behind us, we approach the hit of the show. The Living Picture Booth, ladies and gentlemen. The high spot of wit and humor in this stupendous spectacle. Tableaus by Mr. Baragwanath, and Mr. George Abbot assisted by several charming young models. Bits of human drama, in short, ladies and gentle-



THIS touching little family group includes Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Phipps as the young couple, Miss Eleanor Barry as the Baby, and Mr. Winston Guest as the Innocent Bystander. At the right, Mr. Peter Bostwick as the strong man







men—Life. Tragic perhaps, but life is like that. The facts must be faced. Consider, for example, this heart-rending scene—"Her Tragic Honeymoon." The curtain parts and what do we find? But no, we shan't spoil it for you. Let us proceed to the next little scene—"A Bird in a Gilded Cage." The curtain parts and there we find, of all things—a canary bird in a gilded cage—to the complete amazement of the audience and the canary bird. Step right up ladies and gentlemen, and see the Living Pictures. Incidental organ music by Mrs. James Warburg. Step right up. . . .

And now, ladies and gentlemen, step right this way for the China Breaking Booth! The chance of a lifetime to just let yourself go. Three balls to each person, and all the china you can break. Think of the Financial Situation,—think of the Political Situation,—think of practically any situation, and just let yourself go. Step right up, ladies and gentlemen,—Mr. Astor will give you each three balls.

And finally, ladies and gentlemen, the grand finale. Step right into the living room. Come right along and enjoy the midnight cabaret.

But let us pause a moment, ladies and gentlemen. What is this dashing up the road in a cloud of dust. Why the applause? Why all the laughter and cheering? Prepare to be overwhelmed, ladies and gentlemen. Prepare to meet the most famous character of the current American scene, the



Mr. Lucius P. Ordway and Mr. Edward McIlvaine as barkers extraordinary for the "greatest show on earth"



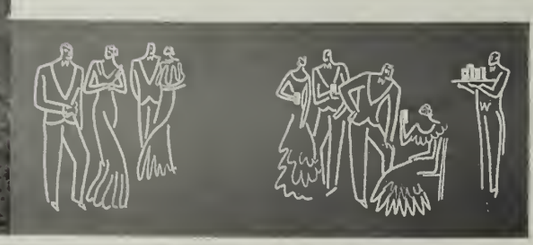


The Freak Show—

idol of American childhood, the toast of the talkies—his Royal Highness—Mickey Mouse. Where, my friends, is the teddy bear, once the pride of every nursery? Laid low, ladies and gentlemen, by the Mickey Mouse toys. Where are the movie "shorts" and Mack Sennett comedies of yesteryear? Driven into oblivion by the conquering hero, Mickey Mouse. And even now, I feel it my duty to warn you that he has come to this party by special truck, direct from the studio, with the dastardly purpose of stopping this show. Step right up, ladies and gentlemen, and see Mickey Mouse in action. . . .

And finally, ladies and gentlemen—the grand finale. Step into the living room. Come right along and enjoy the midnight cabaret. Listen to the Boswell sisters, the real authentic bona fide Boswell sisters, ladies and gentlemen. You've heard them over the radio, and now you have

DINNER on the terrace—the first step in the march of events. A gay affair, lit by searchlights and punctuated by the rhythmic enthusiasms of a negro orchestra. Left—Mrs. Frederic C. Thomas' table





Mrs. Malcolm L. Meacham and Mrs. Ralph H. Isham as the two-headed woman



Mr. Lytle Hull, as the Strong Man, is impressively casual with five hundred pounds

THE "Baldwin Twins"—Mrs. Baldwin Browne and Mrs. Baldwin Preston—famous for their ability to completely confuse the general public, prove conclusively that they can be quite successfully Siamese when the occasion arises as shown below



Strictly Home Talent

the golden opportunity to hear them in person, ab-so-lute-ly in person. Come in and hear George Gershwin at the piano. You all know George Gershwin, the famous composer who "made a lady out of jazz" with his Rhapsody in Blue. Also, ladies and gentlemen, you will hear Ramona, the "find of the season"—the recent discovery of Mr. Paul Whiteman, and the bright particular star of the Biltmore Cascades. Ramona will sing and play for you. . . . But, to continue with this all star cast, it is also my very great pleasure to announce that Mr. & Mrs. "Lefty" Flynn will sing, to the accompaniment of Mr. Flynn's banjo. Mr. & Mrs. Flynn's delightful duets are familiar to many of you, and need no further ballyhoo. Also—that Mr. Bradford Norman and Mr. Dick Meyer will prove, with their usual virtuosity, that two pianos are infinitely better than one. . . . And so on, and so on. . . . But the barker grows hoarse.

A party to end parties, someone called it. Rather a party to usher in a new era of parties. A typical party of these nineteen-thirties where a hostess—or several hostesses—gathers around her all the amusing and fun-loving people she knows, and where every guest contributes his own share to the entertainment.



Mr. Frank Field as that curious phenomenon, the World's Tallest Dwarf

CAPTAIN "Bunny" Head—completely submerged in the personality of the Wild Man From Borneo. So fearsomely furry that women cover their eyes and strong men pale beneath their tan—and quite the most irrepressible of all the freaks at the circus party





Old Art Becomes New Cheer

Two Hospitable Traditions Meet in the Edward Lee Campe' Apartment—the Unmistakably Modern Touch Offset by Old-World Dignity and Formality

WE were very grateful to the little bar. Without it we might have got a Berkeley Square-ish feeling of being in another century, and expected the flowing bowl or something equally pre-Volstead to appear. But once we clapped eyes on its modernistic outlines, we knew that two eras had met in a New York apartment, and that the new cheer was the same as the old cheer, only the package was different.

In fact, the entire home, which was decorated by Evelyn Rosenfeld, shows what can be done with the two traditions of hospitality in a city apartment—yesterday's tradition of spaciousness, and today's of coziness and informality. A walnut paneled living-room in the 18th Century manner, achieves by harmonious detail the graciousness of an English country house; while a dining room of an earlier and more sturdy period is practically baronial in atmosphere. A Louis XV bedroom lends a light touch. These have their moments, but they share them—and becomingly—with the trappings of our more *intime* age.



A TALE of two eras—the dining room, below, with its Jacobean oak furniture, unusual 16th Century tapestry, heavy parged ceiling, English linen-fold oak paneling, rich colors and dignity—above, a gay modernistic bar with geometric shelves





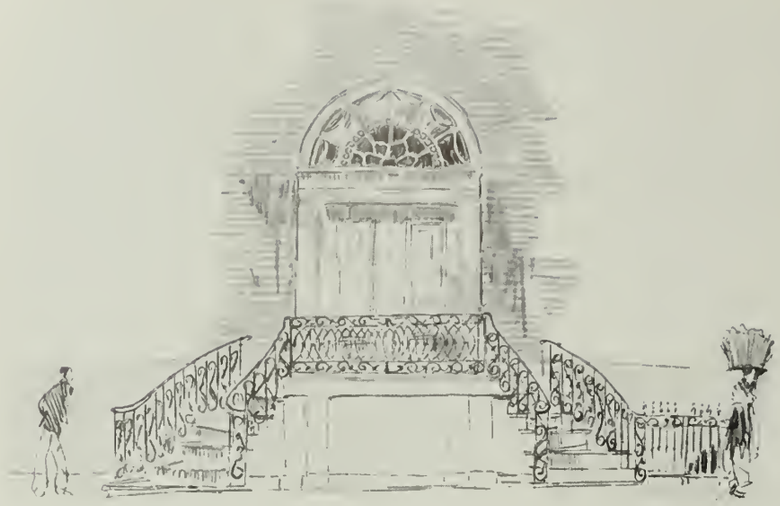
THE Georgian is always gracious at its best, and the living room above owes its charm to the clever blending of the 18th Century chairs with reproductions of that period, to rich walnut paneling and carved mantle

THE French note may be a trifle formal like the language, but gray Louis XV moulded walls, pastel-colored Savonnerie patterned rug, are gay enough, and form an appropriate setting for the French furniture in this bedroom



Philadelphia

William Penn's City Celebrates the Anniversary of Its Founding This Autumn —and Pauses Again to Admire the Grave and Lovely and Patrician Old Houses and Streets of Early Days



Old doorway at Spruce and Eighth Streets

PHILADELPHIA celebrates the day of its founding this fall—that 20th of October two hundred and fifty years ago when William Penn returned from England and marked the little peninsula between the Schuylkill and the Delaware as an excellent place for a city.

And what better way of celebrating than by pausing again to admire the stately and serene beauty of those early houses and streets which made Philadelphia perhaps the most beautiful city of the Colonies. Edward Suydam has caught the charm of some of those early homes for us in his sketches on these pages.

Here is the old Second Street market, built in defiance of Penn's order that the two wide streets of the city should be unobstructed, and which has been saved from wreckage all these years by its beautiful proportions, the fine fanlight over its entrance and its delightful old belfry.

Here is the home of Samuel Powell, first mayor of Philadelphia, and one of the finest houses in America, one of the rooms of which was carried to the Metropolitan Museum of Art; and below it a row of houses stretching in leisurely fashion down Germantown road—the summer homes to which the early Morrises and Chews and Biddles and Wisters retreated from the heat of the city.

The wrought iron stairway which leads to the doorway with a rare old fanlight is still the entrance to the nurses' home for the hospital founded by Franklin and Benjamin Rush.

Not far away is Third and Delancey Streets, the heart of the old city, with its typical two-and-a-half story, dormered houses with the spire of St. Peter's in the background. This was Washington's church in Philadelphia and its interior is one of the finest in America.

The Old Second Street Market



Counts Her Treasures

Sketches by Edward Suydam



The Samuel Powell House, 1761

Old houses on the Germantown Road





The gardens of James Logan at "Stenton"

Third and Delancey Streets



"STENTON", the James Logan home, above, housed the finest collection of books in the Colonies. James Logan, himself, was the secretary and representative of William Penn and in his old days became a great friend of Benjamin Franklin. The house with its gardens remained in the Logan family until some fifteen years ago when it was presented as a gift to Philadelphia. The small house below was one of two which flanked Benedict Arnold's hospitable "Mount Pleasant"

Small house at "Mount Pleasant"





The John Penn house

THE John Penn house, above, was built by and for William Penn's grandson, a member of the Albany Congress and Lieutenant-Governor of Pennsylvania. He brought back from his boyhood in England and from his college days at Geneva treasures which made his American home one of the great houses of the day

St. Peter's



ST. PETER'S CHURCH, at the right, was Washington's church, and although not so old as its parent, Christ Church, it proudly displays one of the most beautiful interiors of the early churches, as well as the Washington pew, and a stately piercing spire

HISTORY has not decided whether or not the little house at the bottom of the page is without doubt the very house in which Betsy Ross sewed the first American flag, although it admits that she did live there, and however authentic its legends, the house has a delightful old-fashioned quality of its own

Betsy Ross' house





Set for a Chippendale Dining Room



SILVER ornaments for a table in Chippendale room. Above, Spode service plates in 18th Century design of Oriental inspiration, and cut glasses from Gilman Collamore & Co.; damask cloth and napkins from Mosse, Inc.; china blue and red birds from Philip Suval; Chippendale epergne from E. Schmidt & Co., and reproductions of Georgian silver from Crichton & Co. The epergne from E. Schmidt, left, combined with old Bow porcelain candlesticks from Arthur S. Vernay, Inc.





PHOTOS BY MATTIE EDWARDS HEWITT

ABOVE—Worcester service plates decorated with Oriental figures of the Chippendale period and funnel-shaped glasses with twisted stems are from Wm. H. Plummer & Co.; reproductions of Georgian silver from Crichton & Co. and linen from Mosse, Inc. Below, Chippendale simplicity and elegance are combined in this room in the Irvington residence of Mrs. A. J. Drexel Biddle

Chippendale Establishes the Mood



OUTFITTING the Chippendale dining room with table appointments, involving, as it does, excursions among Chinese pagodas and exotic birds, acanthus leaves scrolled in the French manner and English flowers, becomes an exciting adventure. Certainly England's Rococo period, in the middle of the eighteenth century, when the elect were sipping tea in Thomas Chippendale's London furniture showroom and finding his models comfortable, is a delightful one in the chronology of English homes from which to choose table appointments.

In the Chippendale period we may take our cue from the furniture and mirror frames. A wealth of motifs typical of the era lurk in unexpected places in the exquisite carving.

Fine linen damask, sometimes with armorial bearings, was the preferred material for table cloth and napkins. Home-woven linen was used for ordinary occasions. Scrolled designs, which may be picked up in the silver, reflect the spirit of the period when everything was "in curl." In Chippendale's time the tops of dining tables were made of beautiful mahogany boards, for the appearance of the table when the cloth was "drawn" and the punch bowl brought in was a matter of great pride.

Social amenities and customs as regards dining have changed since the age of panniers and petticoats, embroidered waistcoats and knee-breeches and many of the precious pieces that remain of the table appointments of that bygone era have found new uses. An old piece of silver, porcelain or glass is often an inspiring nucleus around which to build

(Continued on page 57)



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITING-SALZMAN

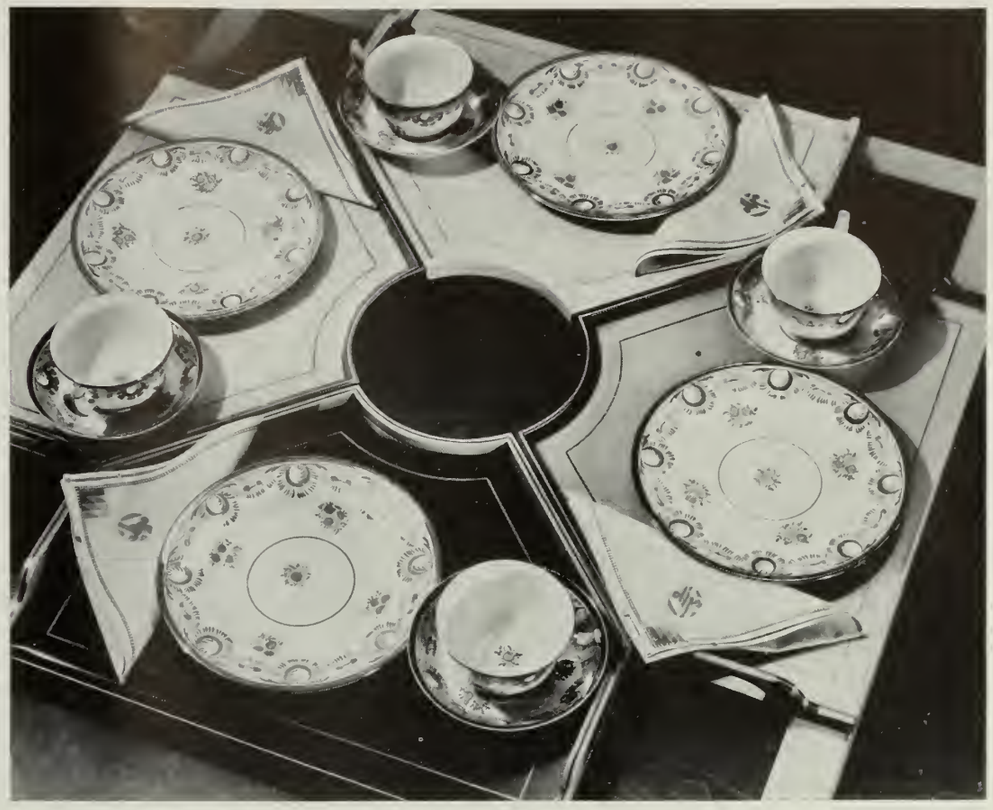
Self-Service for Supper Parties

If Your Guests Have Been at the Theatre or Driving in from Golf or a Swim, a Late Supper Is Inevitable, but Must be Done in the Most Informal Manner. Of Course no Servants, but Every New Accessory for the Convenience of the Hostess. There Must Be a Portable Bar, Wooden Trays to Convert a Bridge Table Into a Supper Table, and Endless Carriers for Sandwiches and Cakes



ABOVE. Folding supper cart, attractively decorated in green and pastel colorings. May be pnshed about. Pitt Petri. English and Lenox china and tomato juice glasses. Wm. H. Plummer & Co. Peach linen napkins, Mosse. Revolving "lazy Snsan" smoking stand; Sheffield cigarette holder and ashtray; glasses for a long drink decorated with chessmen. Abercrombie & Fitch

RIGHT. A sturdy tray made from a French white metal roasting pan, filled with eqnally practical dark green glasses. The tip bottle, in a wrought-iron holder, also "stands and waits." In the white painted stand are plates dotted with tiny gold stars. There are glasses to match and new tall white etched bnbble glasses. Mitteldorfer Strans



RIGHT. After the bridge game is over, these individual light wooden trays solve the problem of serving tea attractively. They are made to fit on the standard size card table and are painted green, orange, black, red or yellow. Lewis & Conger. The tea service is of copper lustre. Wm. H. Plummer & Co. Hand-loomed napkins embroidered in red. Mosse.

BELOW. Sheffield and crystal relish dish. Metal cocktail tray in black frame with revolving recipes, operated by a wheel at the back. Individual painted cocktail tray and glass. Ovington's. Aluminum beverage set, Russel Wright. Wrought-iron candle tree, Mitteldorfer Straus.



BELOW. This light-weight folding wooden bar with three decorated panels has a useful shelf below the counter and the traditional brass rail. Pirate decorated glasses, ice bowl and bottles are shown. Lambeth Bros. Chromium stool in red leather, Thonet Bros.





PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. ATGET—FROM THE COLLECTION OF BERENICE ABBOTT

DESERVEDLY E. Atget is called the father of reportorial photography. In grand staircases, and doors of houses so old they were even then tumbling down, humble little shops, push-carts, and doorways, his camera captured the agonies and triumphs of Paris, yet it never failed to record too, his own fine sense of design. Above is an ancient cast-iron staircase at 97 rue de Bac

Details of Ancient French



Salon of the Austrian Embassy, 18th Century

Hôtel de Lauzun, Paris



Monastery of the English Benedictines



Architectural Splendor

SO fine was the detail of interior architecture in France in the 17th and 18th Centuries that the glimpse of one of these sweeping, free-hung stairways, of ancient doors carved and painted, integral parts of the whole lavish decoration, recreates for us the grandeur of these splendid hotels that were the pride of architectural France in the 17th and 18th Centuries.

In the 18th Century salon of the Austrian Embassy was collected a rare and beautiful assortment of Classic art—mirrors holding the center of attention, alternating with rich paintings and carved doors, light trophies of the hunt placed in mysterious corners, and grisaille paintings with cherubs in the framed lintels over the doors. Throughout this gilded salon, fidelity to the decorative tradition of Louis XIV was minutely observed.

A magnificent door of the 17th Century is in the Hôtel de Lauzun. It is credited with being one of the most significant monuments of civil architecture remaining from the epoch of Cardinal Mazarin. One must go to this ancient Quay d'Anjou (Number 17) to find, down to the last detail, the sumptuousness and exquisite delicacy of the last Parisian Hôtel of those days. The beauty of these salons seemed to concentrate in the doors, where painting and sculpture were closely united. Le Vau was the architect of the Hôtel de Lauzun.

This doorway of a delicacy incomparable in interior decoration is one of several in the ancient monastery of the English Benedictines on the rue St. Jacques. Louis XIV decoration at its very best is observable in the door, the swag and the panel at the side.



Clifton Webb

CLIFTON WEBB will open in New York this fall in a Howard Dietz musical show which is to be called "Flying Colors." It is scheduled for a première appearance sometime in September

BETH MERRILL is opening in Atlantic City in "Exit the Queen", which, if plans do not fail, will see the lights of Broadway soon after Labor Day



Beth Merrill

A Preview of Fall Players



Cornelia Otis Skinner

HERE Cornelia Otis Skinner is costumed for her rôle in her self-penned drama "Empress Eugénie." This was introduced in London, prior to its New York opening, which is scheduled for early fall

Ina Claire, Donald Brian, Walter Poulter



THE famous breakfast scene in "Reunion in Vienna" with Ina Claire and Donald Brian in rôles made memorable in original production by Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne

Midsummer Stage Gayeties

Has Broadway Gone Bowery?—The Inner Meaning of Two Musical Comedies and Two Plays—Open-Air Entertainment—Real Broadway Moves Into the Country

By BENJAMIN DeCASSERES

Why, let the stricken Drama go weep
And the little Minskys play,
For some must bawl and some must laff—
So runs the Great White Way!
—SWINBURNE O'REILLY.

AS a matter of fact, Broadway is just as ocularly gay these summer nights as I have ever seen it. With only a few legitimate theatres open, most of the picture houses running full blast, and the Minskys opening up one burlesque show after another, with here and there an old-time roof-garden—ah! what memories of olden-golden summer nights bubble up from the tombs of memory at the word roof-garden!—the famous Old Alley is far from going dark, as the pessimists would make us believe. Then, too, you may have jazz-bands, chop-suey and speakeasy beer.

But, truth to tell, this gayety is a little hollow. Since the funereal Eighteenth Amendment cast its shadow over Little Old Bagdad-on-the-Subway, Broadway has tended to become more and more Boweryized—that Bowery of the old days with its cheap, catchpenny shows and generally vulgar air of a Midway at a county fair.

Now, in this tragic vulgarization of Broadway I do not include the incursion of those burlesque shows which are generally named "the Minsky shows." There has been a great hullabaloo over these performances. To me, it has a Pecksniffian air. These burlesque shows are no worse and no better in "art" and ethical odor than some of the panoramas of Flesh that have been applauded and salaciously ogled for years in the $6 top houses. And the humor? Why, ladies and gentlemen, all the best comedians of our musical shows—Jimmy Durante, Bert Lahr, Ted Cook, etc.—are graduates of these so-called cheap burlesque houses. And let me whisper that some of our best-known actresses and musical-comedy singers first got their try-outs in these "low" burlesques. There are lots of skeletons in the dramatic closet—but, as Moran says to Mack, "Why bring that up?"

CONTRASTED MUSICAL COMEDIES.

The word Broadway, like the words Wall Street, has an expanding and elastic meaning. Wherever stocks are traded in is now known as Wall Street. Wherever there is a play within a radius of a hundred miles of New York City it is now known as "news from Broadway." I will later touch on the immense activities of Broadway this summer—unprecedented!—in the wide-open spaces where the cows moo and the moon comes up like a jack-o'-lantern over the trees to watch famous actors and actresses doing their bits and try-outs in plays that we shall see later on the Main Stem. And there is *très mucho* hooey also, Señoras and Messieurs!

The two musical shows that are running through the summer are destined to become American classics. "Of Thee I Sing" and "Show-Boat" are both profoundly and one hundred per cent American in conception, locale and composition. Both of these fine entertainments are packing them in. And yet can you conceive of a greater difference in themes?

"Of Thee I Sing" and "Show-Boat" are at opposite poles. The first is ultra new. The second old old-fashioned. "Of Thee I Sing" is a satire on our Presidential elections while "Show-Boat" takes you into the land of sentiment, of hornpipe humor. The first is aimed at your brain; the second is aimed at your heart. But both are tightly wound gold-thread on the spool of Reality. Sentimental! We are all sentimental. The wisecrack is its mask.

Both "Of Thee I Sing" and "Show-Boat" are tremendous exaggerations and caricatures of the facts of which they treat. But this exaggeration is the very soul of all substantial writing and painting. Exaggeration is the art of putting beautiful hair on the bald spots of Reality. In "Of Thee I Sing" the hair is filled with laughing, dancing serpents of mischievousness and in "Show-Boat" the hair—well, it's silver threads among the gold!

The colossal success of these two musical plays proves to me that the Public is both old-fashioned and new-fashioned; both satiric and sentimental; both cen-

(Continued on page 58)

On Broadway and Off

Eva Le Gallienne

PHOTO BY TONY VON HORN



EVA LE GALLIENNE will open her new season in November, after several months abroad. The Civic Repertory Theatre promises, among its plays for the winter, "Dear Jane", "Gruach", and again "Alice in Wonderland"

Sea-Faring Walls for the Sailor at Home

Nautical Murals Which Extend the Sea Lover's Horizon Beyond the Boundaries of Daily Existence. There Is a Sense of Salt Winds and Wild Flying Birds in These Pictures Which the Artists Have Captured Convincingly



RIGHT—In the dining room of the Maine home of Mr. and Mrs. Van Rensselaer Lansingh, the wallpaper is painted, with gulls flying in mass formation past sail boats dipping to the wind and lighthouse towers and wharfs, past young people picnicking on the beach and quaint little fishing villages set close to the water's edge

BELOW—Showing the nautical wallpaper in place with blue-green curtains at the windows and a French Provincial cupboard to hold a collection of old plates and teapots and pitchers. This wallpaper in grey tones with spots of naturalistic colors covers three sides of the room; the third wall being in pine, matching the cupboards



TOP, opposite page—A map of Deer Island, along the Maine coast, executed for the entrance hall of the Lansingh home by Emily L. Muir and William H. Muir. This map is geographically correct and shows the position of the house, the barns as well as the saw-tooth waterfront

BOTTOM, opposite page—Marine murals used as panels in the study of Mr. B. E. Puckett's home at Douglaston, L. I. Mr. Puckett is a seaman of great enthusiasm and these drawings of yachts are memories of sail boats translated into enduring beauty. The room was decorated by George Crocker







When a Collector Goes Fishing . . .

WHERE expeditions begin and end—here the good ship "First Folio" puts out to deep sea and bay in search of the weak fish, channel bass and striped bass, and returns to dock where wide verandas overlook the sea. The simple white clapboard exterior of the house suggests old New England in her nautical heyday, as does the terse square wooden lighthouse tower, from which an old lantern sent out a hospitable light

Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach Goes Down to the Sea in a Craft Called the "First Folio", and Finds Quiet Anchorage in His Charmingly Nautical Boathouse



IT is a collector's house, there is no doubt about it. Many a shore house has been built with a salty tang, and many a fisherman has tried to express his piscatorial leanings in architecture. That is what Dr. Rosenbach did with his house at Corson's Inlet, N. J., and because he is a connoisseur and collector as well as a fisherman, the place is probably one of the most unusual and interesting on the coast.

It smacks of old New England, with its white clapboard walls and square wooden lighthouse tower. Inside, however, the Puritan rubs noses with the Renaissance in decoration—and to startling effect.

In the spacious living room, heavy carved furniture, antique Italian velvets, and 16th Century stained glass are thrown into bold relief against a background of Spartan simplicity and unfinished woodwork. The contrast is even more striking in the musicians gallery which overlooks the living room. There nine brilliantly illuminated miniatures of old chants are hung beneath bare rafters.

The small grill, however, sticks to the Early American motif, and is furnished throughout with valuable old pieces of the period. There are nautical prints on the walls, and among them the famous Lord Nelson letter in which the great admiral declares he is so seasick he would like to be on top of Canterbury Cathedral. Dr. Rosenbach keeps it there to comfort guests who aren't such good sailors themselves.

All the details of decoration have been chosen for their associations with the sea and fishing. The stained glass window shows the Bible story of the miraculous draught of fishes. There are two old globes of the 17th Century, and barometers of many ages. The tower contains an old Spanish ship's lantern of the 17th Century. And here and there are mounted trophies of Dr. Rosenbach's prowess at deep sea fishing in the "First Folio."

THIS corner of the minstrels gallery shows the curious blending of primitive background with sophisticated works of Renaissance art. The illuminated miniature on the wall was made for the Sforzas



THE small grill room has a delightful Cape Cod atmosphere about it, and is furnished with rare Early American pieces. The walls are decorated with old fishing and sporting prints, pictures of famous clipper ships, and mounted fish, one of which is a 59-pound channel bass, caught by Dr. Rosenbach. There, also hangs a letter, in which Admiral Nelson admits being seasick and wishing for land, a brave word indeed



AFTER the brilliant glare of the New Jersey coast, the living room has a cool and restful dimness, achieved partly by the stained glass window, and the small windows imitating the ports of a ship, and partly by the dark and solid Renaissance furniture. The window, 16th Century German work, depicts the Bible story of the miraculous draught of fishes

A FIGUREHEAD from an ancient sailing vessel resting on the Commons at St. John's, New Brunswick. This proud and portly lady, carved generations ago by Mr. Robertson, a native of St. John's, still looks eagerly out to sea





FIGUREHEAD in place on the old bark, *Metropolis*, which bears a curious resemblance to ancient wax figures in the Eden Musee. She is romantic in conception rather than heroic and undoubtedly expressed something of the hidden poetry of the old sea Captain's nature

BELOW, left—A massive figurehead in a Quebec garden, so placed that she gives the poise and sense of flight that must have been hers when she was speeding through the tempestuous seas and furious winds across the Atlantic. Below, right—Sturdy, determined, even prophetic, is the figurehead from the *Philena*, wrecked off Gay Head, Martha's Vineyard. Sheltered by box, she is now a dominating ornament in a romantic garden in Providence, R. I.







A FIGUREHEAD, round and rosy, with floating drapery and a coquettishly escaped curl, still adorns the bow of the old American vessel, *The Avon*, laid up in the Erie Basin, Brooklyn

PHOTOS BY EDITH S. WATSON

Figureheads from Old Ships Rest in Modern Gardens

BELOW, left—This large and valiant figure which still adorns bow of the *Mary A.* in New Bedford harbour has curiously enough something of the spirit and magnificent action of the Venus de Medicis; stalwart, to be sure, and overweight, perhaps, but fine and fearless. Below, right—Full sized figurehead from the bark, *Belle of Oregon*, built in '76 in Maine, carved by Charles Samson, was presented to the Webb Academy Home for Shipbuilders by Chas. G. Hyde, Esq.







Ultra Modern House To Take Root in Long Island

Philip L. Goodwin, Architect
Model by E. T. Howes

THIS project of a modern house is a refreshing interpretation of the practical simplicity of contemporary architecture. It is planned to be built of cinder block with white stucco cement finish, and to fit into a setting of trees in pleasing contrast to their dark foliage. Nor is it without color interest. The metal sash and doors are to be kept a subdued bluish gray, the chromium plated railings at the balconies left in their natural finish. But the cantilevered balconies and projections over the windows will be painted on the underside a deep blue which will serve to absorb any glaring light. There is no attempt to design in a purely modern way, using new architectural materials with novelty as an object; what may seem new, is simply the total omission of all traditional styles, both on the exterior and in the interior.



Luxury—without extravagance



—from the looms of Mohawk come durable carpetings, both plain-toned and figured, to clothe your floors in warm beauty and restful quiet—at surprisingly moderate cost

Little wonder that more people each year are surrendering to the charm of fully carpeted floors. Nor is it surprising that they should turn to Mohawk. For Mohawk offers an unrivaled choice of weave, color and pattern. Deep-piled Chenilles, seamless up to 30 feet wide, may be had ready-woven or woven to order; and lustrous, long-wearing Broadloom, which is also woven up to 18 feet in width, to avoid unsightly seams. Both fabrics are available in an almost limitless range of colors. ¶If you are considering carpets, why not let Mohawk's experts advise with your decorator or furniture dealer? There is no obligation, of course, and it will *insure* success.

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MOHAWK *Styled* RUGS & CARPETS

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PHOTO BY DANA B. MERRILL

THIS glorified street vendor's cart brings with it all the requisites for the cocktail party. Having been converted into a movable bar it has been given a convenient water-tight compartment for ice, within, and sliding racks for bottles and glasses. A hinged counter of flowered bakelite covers the entire top. White awning has been added. Photo taken in garden of 142 E. 18th St., the oldest apartment house in New York. Frankl Galleries

BELOW—A portable swimming pool for the lawn, penthouse terrace or camping, that may be folded up as easily as a tent, is this one of especially woven green fabric, adequately large for a cooling dip. Children may even swim here. It is filled by means of an ordinary hose and emptied by an outlet pipe attached to the pool. Guaranteed not to leak; it may be ordered in sizes from 12′ with 2′, 3″ depth to 18′ with 3′ depth. Abercrombie & Fitch

Last Days of Summer in Town and Country

PHOTO BY RICHARD AVERILL SMITH



By Request This Amusement Room in SHEVLIN PINE Knotty Finish

REG U S PAT. OFF.





With built-in Buffet or Bar

Send for the Plan—

This Recreation Room Works 24 Hours a Day

1. As a play room for the youngsters in the daytime.
2. As a room for club meetings.
3. As a meeting place for the yaung people.
4. As a place to play bridge and entertain friends.
5. As a gun or sparts roam with guns, fishing tackle, golf clubs, etc.
6. As a room to exhibit home matian pictures.
7. As a perfect place far the Christmas tree or New Year's party.

In response to many requests we are pleased to offer this plan far an amusement room in Shevlin Pine Knotty Finish. This room is 20 feet long by 11 feet 8 inches wide and is finished in Shevlin Pine Large Knot Type with simple feather edge moulding. These pine walls stand the excitement of many a party and come up smiling. Dents and bumps do not harm them.

Notice the many convenient cupboards—the gun rack . . . the two large closets for games . . . and the special cupboard for card tables. The lower half is just the right size ta hald card tables and above are shelves for cards and other equipment.

This room solves the problem of serving refreshments conveniently. Opposite the fireplace is a Dutch door. When closed it is a simple daar and nothing mare . . . but when opened . . . it reveals a complete buffet with serving counter, shelves, and space for a stove and sink if desired. In this buffet china, glassware, and silver can be kept in readiness for entertaining. A large crowd can be served easily by one person.

Entertain at Home

This winter there will be more entertaining at home than in years. Many people are installing recreation rooms now in preparatian for a season at home.

Those who have just installed an oil burner or gas heater are quick to make use of the space now available. With the coal bin and its dirt out of the basement, there is space for a recreation room that will be useful to the whole family.



Pioneer tap rooms are reproduced with Shevlin Pine Log Siding also. This tap room in the cellar of a modern home quaintly recaptures the atmosphere of a "bygone age."

A Necessity—"Not a luxury but an actual necessity" is the verdict of architects and decorators in regard to the recreation room. It saves untold wear and tear on the other rooms in the house and provides a suitable place for unconventional entertaining.

This recreation room in Shevlin Pine can be installed at a price in keeping with the times . . . only $445 is the estimate of a reliable cantractor.*

Let us send you the plan so that you can talk it over with your architect or decorator. Just mail coupan below with ten cents, stamps or coin.

*Estimated at Northern Mississippi Valley Prices. Estimates in other localities may vary according to location, freight rates, labor costs, etc.

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TORONTO, ONTARIO
1806 Royal Bank Building

Common or Garden Talk

Observations of an Amateur Gardener

By GAY YOUNG



Left—A flower arrangement by Mrs. Louis B. McCagg, which took first prize in the group of still life studies at the Newport Flower Show

Below—Pansies, and a prayerbook, and a little of nearly everything else filled this colorful push cart which took a first prize at the recent Newport Flower Show

IF the praying mantis chooses to make his home in your garden, welcome him, for the daily diet that gives him that sylph-like figure includes a good many pests you will be happier without (his name, incidentally, comes from the devout bended-knee attitude the bug takes when resting or just being nonchalant waiting for his prey to come along). The appearance of this big loose-jointed insect in many areas of New York recently has caused the State College of Forestry at Syracuse to go into a huddle over its life and works. They say that the adolescent mantis is content to graze on plant lice and bugs of like dimensions, but the healthy, full-grown mantis goes around taking large mouthfuls of slugs, caterpillars and other garden foragers.

These entomologists are by no means the first learned body to cast a friendly eye on the mantis. The Greeks used them as soothsaying accessories, and the Turks and Moslems to this day insist that there are more intelligence and piety in the maneuvers of this bug than meets the eye. Peasants of Southern France insist that if you are lost all you have to do is find a mantis, and he will point you to the right road. The Chinese and Javanese cage mantises, make wagers on them, and pit them against their fellow-mantises to fight.

THERE are lots of kinds of mantises—some of the tribes are called "rear-horses" and "mule-killers". In tropical countries there is a tribe called "flower mantis"; a bug of this family has a trick way of looking like a certain pink orchid, and "sitting pretty" until along comes some insect that feeds on these blossoms. That finished, he can relax and look like just a mantis again, if he feels like it.



FREESIAS, potted early, may be successfully forced indoors. They should be planted in a rich friable soil with the bulbs just out of sight under the surface. Freesias do not need to be started in the dark, but it is a good thing to cover the top of the pot with paper until the shoots appear.

OUT on a big estate in Delaware the other day, week-end guests were standing at an open window with their hostess, overlooking the sweep of grass and beautiful shrubbery. A little bird lighted in the middle of the lawn, sported about a bit, and was off again about his birdish business. Close on his heels came a liveried servant with a squirt-gun, to disinfect the spot where he had landed. Which just goes to show, as the hostess explained to her amazed guests, how on a well-managed estate not a precaution is overlooked to give every little blade and leaf a chance.

A BULLETIN on common insects of the flower garden is to be issued shortly by the entomology department of the College of Agriculture at Cornell University. Included in this will be instructions for mixing insecticides on a small scale—a convenience to the home gardener who has to face the problem of getting a receipt made out for commercial use down to fit a rosebush or two. Practically an entire afternoon of spooning might be saved, for example, by just knowing for sure that there are approximately 250 teaspoons to a quart. Included in the tables of dilutions is the information that a proportion of 1 to 1,000 may be made by using ¼ teaspoon to a quart, and a 10 per cent solution by using 6¼ teaspoons to the quart.

ASTERS respond to rich soil—they belong in the group of gross feeders. Liberal amounts of manure will make long stems. Be on the lookout for black beetles which attack in late August or early September. Use arsenate of lead spray, or shake them into a pan of kerosene. The spray discolors the foliage, so the second method is usually preferred.

THE Shadow Boxes at the Southampton Flower Show, donated by Mrs. George G. Dewitt, proved to be one of the most talked-of features of the exhibition. Honorable mention went to Mrs. E. M. Horne, Miss Cockshaw and Mrs. Albert Symington for this group of ex-

(Cont'd on page 60)



There are an awful lot of people who will never read The STAGE

FOR one thing, there is the large army of the mentally unemployed who don't go to the theatre.

For another, there are plenty who don't go to the theatre *much;* who have no abiding love for it, who aren't in the least interested in plays and players, producers and playwrights, and the goings-on of the play world.

Among all these no doubt, are the salt of the earth. And *we* are not at all concerned with scolding, pitying—or uplifting them.

We *are* concerned, and very much so, with that band of inveterate playgoers for whom the theatre is a familiar and ever fascinating world, with those who walk its aisles and lobbies with accustomed feet, who wish to have and pass on the latest and most intimate word of what goes on on the stage.

Month by month, we are finding more and more theatre-loving men and women who can find their way about Times Square—and Westport and Southampton and Stockbridge and Millbrook; and Paris and Berlin and Vienna, too.

They are reading THE STAGE because it points them to the plays they wish to see, enriches their enjoyment of the plays they are seeing, renews their enjoyment of the plays they have seen.

They discover in its critical material new yardsticks for their individual evaluation; relish its news of the personalities of the play world; enjoy its luxury of illustration and its crisp, terse frankness of editorial manner.

NO. THE STAGE is of no help to the man who thinks that *Reunion in Vienna* was all about college life among the Austrians.

But it is a twelve-month delight to those select and exclusive few who comprise the chosen audience among the audiences.

In the September Issue

A PLAYGOER'S AFTERTHOUGHTS

Reflections (some of them a little sad) engendered by the first doings of the new season.

THESE SUMMER THEATRES

They have been honoring their big promises in a big way. Here are first-hand reports.

THE ASPIRING CRITIC MAKES SOME RESOLUTIONS

Principally, after reading the past year's reviews, not to be one.

EDITORIAL

The depression has proved the sweetness of adversity's uses in a dozen ways in the theatre.

THEATRE TALK

The "They-Say"s and "Would-You-Believe-It"s of the stage world.

WHISTLE THE NEW TUNES

We are not of those who think the future of American jazz lies behind it.

SUMMER DAY-DREAMS

Lawrence Langner's list of all the nice things that won't come true this winter.

AT THE HEDGEROW THEATRE

Where Jasper Deeter's actors work (and work well) for board and lodging, and love of the play.

PICCADILLY PICKINGS

Including perhaps a dozen plays which will be seen in New York this season.

THE CURTAIN IS UP

Still a modest little number. It will take its big jump next month.

PROMISED AND HOPED FOR

Ever so many nice things for the theatre, and so proudly announced. A few of them will come true.

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THE
STAGE

50 EAST 42ND ST. NEW YORK



A Little Light on the Subject

Lanterns Which Glow Cordially at Our Doorways Once Lighted Our Colonial Forefathers into Home and Harbor

OF sturdy wrought iron, ribbed around with wire, this lantern once hung on an old ship's bow. By courtesy of Todhunter

"ALL'S Well!"
"All's Well!"

Coming through pitch-dark streets with a bobbing lantern, the watchman of each little Colonial town sent out that reassuring cry. And through the years, even to these days when lamps are being modeled in every conceivable design to fit every real and imaginary need, these friendly old lanterns somehow seem still to emanate hospitality and the assurance that all is well.

Though they are equipped with dependable electric bulbs, instead of whale-oil or candles, and glass has replaced the thinly-scraped cow's-horn which originally gave these lights their name, "lanthorne", excellent reproductions of the old designs are being made, so that there will be enough to "go around."

There is a wide range of choice: one may take a fat old ship's lantern, or a half-round tin one, with a pierced top and a funny little chimney-topped hood, topped off with a sort of tin ruffle. Or choose, if you will, a small hand-lantern, an admirable illustration of which is the graceful cylindrical one in the right-hand corner of this page. It was just such a lantern as this that hung on the wall of the little cabin steamboat on which Charles Dickens took daily trips up the Connecticut River while he was preparing his "American Notes"—the little vessel it lighted Dickens describes as "half-pony power."



Double fluted hood



Iron lantern with square peaked hood

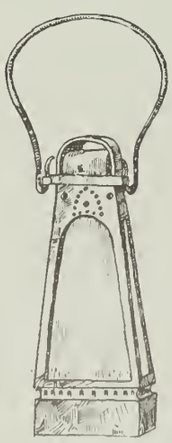
A tall hooded lantern





Old cabin light

A small hand lantern made of tin





A barred cube lantern

Old whale oil lantern

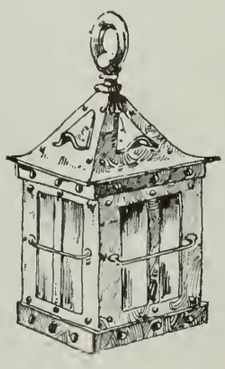


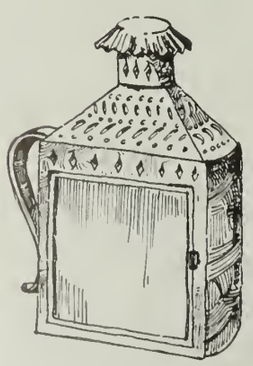
Brass ship's lantern



Drawings by Katherine Morrison Kahle

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Chippendale Establishes the Mood

(Continued from page 37)

a table true in spirit to the period of its inception.

The standing salt was, perhaps, the original centerpiece. Its presence in the center of a round table indicated that all, like the "Knights of the Round Table," were of equal rank. In the Chippendale period the epergne, a masterpiece of the silversmiths' art, laden with precious fruit and sweetmeats, was the pièce de résistance. The glass sweetmeat dishes of that time are also attractive. This era also left us such delightful pieces as the pierced bread and cake baskets and chestnut bowls, punch bowls, "wine coolers" and innumerable covered dishes which, although not originally intended as such, serve graciously as centerpieces with fruit or flowers.

Porcelain candlesticks and bibelots, which were delicately modelled and painted at the contemporary English potteries, charmingly reflect Chippendale's lighter mood, exemplified by his ribbon back chairs and intricately carved mirror frames full of surprises.

Whatever the shortcomings of the Georgians in the period of conviviality in which Chippendale lived and labored, they displayed taste and elegance in the assembling of their table appointments. No hit or miss here. China, glass and silver were carefully chosen for design, and this is our first consideration today in completing a Chippendale dining room. We are aided by authentic reproductions of the designs of the period and others which are in the spirit of the time.

There is an Oriental strain running through the designs on English china of this era, echoing the Chinese motifs on Chippendale furniture. Figure subjects, both in blue and white and polychrome colors, were popular. Among them is one of tall, graceful girls irreverently styled "Long Elizas." The, so called, "Old Japan" patterns were very much beloved. The artists caught the spirit of the Kakiyemon floral designs, with or without a strange bird and monster, and made them peculiarly their own. The well-known Quail or Partridge pattern, with two birds under a flowering shrub, was adapted from a Japanese model. There were also alternating stripes, either spiral or fan shaped, in harmony with the rococo spirit of the time.

Flowers in relief, particularly on vases, was the vogue and openwork baskets with encrusted flowers were used.

The exotic birds of China, arriving perhaps by way of Dresden and Sèvres, played such an important part on the English porcelain of the period that they are known as "Chelsea birds." Whatever their origin,

(Continued on page 62)

Shonnard Apartment

(Continued from page 12)

form delightful settings for the two rare Panini panels. Venetian mercury mirrors and 18th Century details are used throughout, particularly in the minor rooms. The effect is one of a place actually lived in by successive generations, each one accumulating something of the prevailing mode, while the spirit remains the same.



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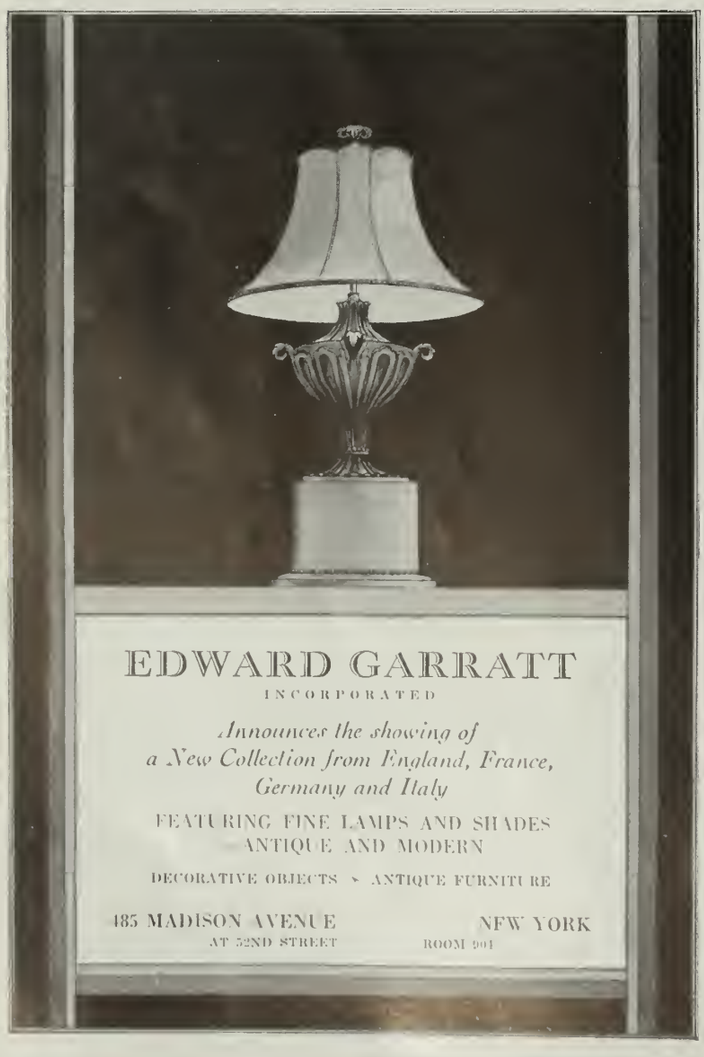
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Midsummer Stage Gayeties

(Continued from page 43)

tripetal and centrifugal; both hokum-lovers and hokum-slitters. That "Of Thee I Sing" and "Show-Boat" can run equally side by side—and will run and run for many a day—is a phenomenon that throws a powerful light on what the Public wants—which is simply this: Give them something that is first class and it makes very little difference what the subject matter is; *but it must mirror something that is vitally theirs.*

The new "Show-Boat," put on by Ziegfeld, is a memorable night's entertainment. Paul Robeson, who sings that fine bit of American folk-lore melody, "Old Man River" (with its undoubtedly echoes from Dvořák's "New World Symphony"), put into his work a depth, a fervor, a tragic-epical quality that I have never heard before. This Old Man River is Life itself, and on the words and voice of Paul Robeson as he sings we—you and I and all of us—are being swept down relentlessly like corks on the stream of Fatality to that Open Sea which is—?

Broadway has sometimes been known as *Tomate Surprise*. Two surprise hits that will carry through the summer are "Another Language" and "Bridal Wise."

ANOTHER LANGUAGE.

"Another Language," by Rose Franken, is like the universe we live in: it has all the materials for something perfect; but something went wrong in the making of it. Hence sometimes it's good and sometimes it's bad. And its ending (the play's ending, not the universe's, I mean) is as raw a piece of hokum as the silliest movie director has ever been guilty of.

It has, however, a creational glow, and I forgive it its many structural faults because its theme is something that is dear to my heart. This theme is the Vampire Family versus an individual in that family (in fact, two) who want to break through family taboos.

The eleven characters in the play are all Hallams. They are a mediocre bunch of philistines—all soddenly respectable business bunnies. Over it all presides old Mrs. Hallam (Margaret Wycherly). There trickle in and out of the entrances and exits a raft of sons with their wives whose commonplaces and stupidities (far too photographic) provide the audience with many titters.

The fly in the family ointment is young Jerry Hallam. He's sick of this card-playing, mother-worshipping family. He wants to be an artist. Blasphemy! But he finds a sympathetic ear in his beautiful blond aunt (played luringly by Dorothy Stickney). They fall in love with one another. Stella's husband (Glenn Anders) is not any too attentive and is just another stick-in-the-mud Hallam. He bounces out of the house, leaving Stella and Jerry alone—at night. He never dreams that Old Mother Nature is still without conscience.

BRIDAL WISE.

This is a real horse opera, and it whinnies and snorts its way through the languid summer nights and causes mixed merriment. As a stage play it has its moments when real chuckles and chortles are evicted from you. Unfortunately, we do not see the horses on the stage, probably because they are not stage-wise.

It's all about the Burroughs family down in Maryland. The framework of the drama is somewhat mouldy and bug-eaten. It concerns those ancient domestic difficulties that have been played *ad nauseam* in every key and combination.

Madge Kennedy, James Rennie and Blyth Daly were all good in the grown-up parts. But Pete and Sam were the show.

Now, the success of "Another Language" and "Bridal Wise" also carry with them a "portent," so to speak. In "Bridal Wise" the parents dislike their offspring, just as in "Another Language" there are the mutterings against Mother and Family. These plays, following "The Silver Cord" and "When the Bough Breaks," probably mean the drama is going forward or backward—whichever you like—to the "King Lear" theme. The Mother and the Family are going to be put under the microscope. It's time!

NO DEPRESSION HERE!

But why be serious these summer nights when the stars still twinkle merrily and ironically and the Cosmos gleams in unabated glory over our petty worries!

I invaded, with thousands of others, the Lewisohn Stadium to hear the Philharmonic and to see Irma Duncan and her Isadorables dance to Tschaikovsky and Dvořák. When great music and great dancing combine under the full moon then the mind—the soul—is lifted out of its hairshirt of troubles, and I, for one, shout hallelujah! that Man has distilled from the presses of Matter and Sound and Grace a little of the immanent glory that runs through the universe like a rare wine. Irma Duncan was at her best. Her dancing has achieved a maturity and charm that put her in the front rank of the daughters of Terpsichore, of whom the great Isadora was the partaker of the throne. She and her company will later appear with the Philadelphia Orchestra. Miss Duncan has fought a hard fight and won. The Stadium was packed on both nights. She will go to the top.

Then there was the performance of the Ben Greet Players in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the George Washington Stadium, at St. Nicholas Avenue and 194th Street. This performance was given in conjunction with Modest Altschuler's New York Orchestra. The delightful Mendlessohn music was played. There were lawn seats, and altogether it was a midsummer night's feast. The performance, however, at times labored under the difficulty of inaudibility, inseparable to open-air theatrical performances; but with the glittering lights of the city in the distance, the music and Shakespeare there was a glamorous spirit abroad which pulled out of the most matter-of-fact being a quantum of poetry.

The "Summer Evening Theatre" is here, too. On the roof of the Sutton Hotel the Guild of the Summer Evening Theatre presented Edmond Rostand's "The Romancers." It's a thin play, but had all the charm and lightness which we expect of these performances. It's the sort of thing one should see while sipping mint juleps—but the juleps may come later. ("Repeal" is like a chicken in the hat of Houdini.)

The Barbizon-Plaza put on an extra-fine show in Jay Strong's "Nine



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Midsummer Stage Gayeties

o'Clock Revue." A mixture of music, dancing and sketches, it had glow, shimmer, laughter and charm. This must be numbered among the pleasures of this summer night's chronicle of woe-killers.

BEYOND THE HARLEM LIES—BROADWAY!

The greatest phenomenon in the land of the stage is the summer season of plays from Maine to Colorado—and beyond. In Colorado we have the strange news that Lillian Gish is doing "Camille," the lady who, as you will recall, died for Armand Duval. Her gay night life had, incidentally, brought on tuberculosis. Lillian as Camille sounds deliciously good, but dying of tuberculosis in the mountainous regions of Colorado sounds rather like a slander on that fair State.

Wherever I week-end I am now invited to see a play in a barn, in a shack, and sometimes in the open. All the Broadway stars who are not squawking in Hollywood may be seen in these performances. They help out on the bread-and-butter problem. But it's hard on the critics—for who will pay a critic's railroad fares to review all the summer shows between here and Colorado? (Deep editorial silence.)

Westport, Conn., may be called the Times Square of the summer theatrical season. Lawrence Langner, of the Guild and the Repertory Theatre, has put on a new comedy, "For Husbands Only," by Basil Lawrence, directed by Winifred Lenihan. This is a domestic squabble. Nora is a writer and Paul an architect. That's enough to cause a squabble anywhere. And all agreed that the play was not bad entertainment. Osgood Perkins, June Walker, Armina Marshall were in the first-line squabble trenches. It is drawing crowds. Other plays are looming at this red-and-gold rustic theatre.

I dash up to Woodstock and find the indefatigable and woodsy Harvey White putting on a comedy by Lawrence Eyre, called "While Doctors Disagree." These are the Maverick Players, and, as becomes mavericks, they do nothing conventionally.

Provincetown, Mass., is a name indissolubly connected with the theatre. That name has "made history," as they say in Congress. The Wharf Theatre has "Fish for Friday" running. There is also "Motif Mosaic." They tell me that the latter has "an immensely multiple emotional eloquence." Ah, g'long!

THE COMING OF GEDDES.

Virgil Geddes' work is gradually getting a hearing. This American playwright has had one play produced in New York—"The Earth Between," which was reviewed in this department with some cheers.

Geddes' work is concerned mainly with Western rural types. His treatment of his themes is extraordinarily vivid and sun-clear. In fact, he is more clean-cut and direct than even Eugene O'Neill. His dialogue is cut to the bone. There isn't an atom of ornament anywhere. The speeches of his characters ring out like pistol-shots. There is an inevitability about the action of his characters and the bare story of his plays that out-Strindberg Strindberg.

"In the Tradition," the comedy of a corpse, raised a pretty row when it was produced a few weeks ago by the Brookfield Players, in Brookfield, Conn. Mrs. Stokowski, wife of the Philadelphia Orchestra director, walked out on it. But there were those forty years ago who walked out on Old Daddy Ibsen. Now we walk out on Ibsen because he bores us. *Tempus* not only *fugits* but laughs at our prejudices.

I prophesy: Virgil Geddes will be the next Tall Talk.

LE GALLIENNE—SCHILDKRAUT.

At this writing the only authentic, blown-in-the-bottle announcement that can be made are the projects of the Civic Repertory Theatre. Eva Le Gallienne and Joseph ("Peppy") Schildkraut will put on "Dear Jane," by Eleanor Holmes Hinckley. This is a play based on the life of Jane Austen. Josephine Hutchinson will play Jane. Then there will be a production of Lewis Carroll's great piece of sardonic nonsense, "Alice in Wonderland." Miss Le Gallienne will play the White Chess Queen. Mr. Schildkraut will play the Queen of Hearts (really!). It looks like a gala night. Another presentation will be "Gruach," by Gordon Bottomley. This will be no less an entertainment than the early life of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, who were, as you doubtless recall, the parties of the first part in the celebrated Duncan bump-off.

And so now: Lights! Curtain!

The Grace of Modern Glass Design

(Continued from page 15)

in a collection of this glass we may see, if we look thoughtfully, a picture of America in the decorative crafts. The designs are not self-consciously individual; they are rather a satisfying merging of the different forces that meet on this battle ground of industry and art, a merging that comes forth with a very definite personality of its own.

The effect of the goblets and vases, the bowls and plates and tumblers, is of extreme and casual simplicity. Their charm is subtle; the beauty of the workmanship only gradually is appreciated as one examines the tiniest flower and finds the fine detail that has made it a poised and graceful spot in the design to which it belongs.

As the hand of the modern is upon all of the fine engraved crystal that the various countries are offering as their contribution to the body of decorative arts that the future will judge us by, so now as in the past is a definitely national impulse present to guide its expression. Whatever creative lack we may feel in some branches of the decorative arts, it is only gratitude and pleasure that we have in Steuben glass which can offer such a satisfying collection of hand blown and engraved crystal.

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**at rate of exchange prevailing July 1, 1932*

Temple of Jagannath, Udaipur



Common or Garden Talk

(Continued from page 54)



A lovely mass of chrysanthemums of the variety Ermalenda, a part of the fall showing—an annual event of importance at Bronx Botanical Gardens

hibits. There were others of much interest.

Tea tables set under umbrellas for terraces by Mrs. E. M. Horne and Mrs. Henry W. Torney, and individual luncheon services arranged by Mrs. Wm. Robinson, Mrs. E. M. Horne and Mrs. Kenneth O'Brien were given awards. For the best arrangement of white flowers the first prize went to Mrs. Carter R. Leidy; second, Mrs. Robert Malcolm Littlejohn; third, James Taylor Terry. Mrs. Charles E. Van Vleck, Jr. was given the award for the best decorative arrangement of vegetables, Mrs. Carter R. Leidy and Mrs. Wm. Robinson Simonds for a pair of mantle vases.



For cutting, some of the smaller-headed varieties of chrysanthemums are graceful. From the Bronx Botanical Gardens

In the potted flowering plants in bowls, Mrs. Kenneth O'Brien took first prize, and in the arrangement of flowers for breakfast trays awards were given to Mrs. Wm. Robinson Simonds and Mrs. Charles E. Van Vleck, Jr. Mrs. James Shewan's garden at Strathmore took first place for 50 feet of ferns and flowering plants, and Mrs. Rufus L. Patterson's garden at Levoir took second place in this group.

"GARDEN Making by Example," a new English book published in America by Charles Scribner's Sons contains planting detail for such intimate spots as patios and little town gardens. The awkward typography and layout of this book detract from its interest. Nonetheless, it will be a useful volume if you have on your hands a back yard, front yard, side yard or penthouse terrace. It would help you think of things to do with sunken gardens, pools, steps, trellises and paving stones. Made up almost entirely of bad illustrations of nice English gardens, it's a book to work with, not to keep around for its pretty pictures. Prepared by G. C. Taylor.

WIDESPREAD interest in amateur flower shows has caused several local and state garden organizations to turn their attention to training judges. The New York State Federation of Garden Clubs will hold their third Course for Judges of Amateur Flower Shows this winter, according to Mrs. James Baird, president. This course is being expanded so that it not only prepares garden enthusiasts for helpful, impartial and stimulating judging, but will be interesting to exhibitors as well. The Hillsborough Garden Club out at Burlingame, California, has published an attractive little book on scoring systems, which tells all about how to train your flowers up in the way they should grow, if you want blue ribbons pinned on them. This book has scoring tables for all kinds of exhibits and should be a great help to clubs which are trying to raise the standards of their shows. Emphasis is being put on the attractive arrangement of exhibitions, as well as upon choice blooms.

ON the upper shores of Lake Hopatcong several people with rock gardens employ as a gardener an old fellow who comes around each season with amazing bargains in roots and bulbs of choice varieties. For several years he has been regarded as a great treasure, in spite of the fact that a surprising number of things seemed to winter kill each season. But gradually, as people got to know each other, the horrible truth has leaked out: those same charming pasture roses which Mrs. R—— was so proud of last summer are now blushing under Dr. H——'s dining room window.

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Chippendale Establishes the Mood

(Continued from page 57)

they are joyous creatures with no mission but to please. When painted in rococo reserves in one of the rich ground colors for which Chelsea and Worcester are famous, such as claret and scale blue, said to have been inspired by the scales of the Chinese carp, Chippendale ribbon back chairs can find no more fitting companions.

Although Josiah Spode did not begin potting until near the close of the Chippendale era, he continued its traditions, combining classical, English and Oriental designs in a wonderful world of makebelieve of his own creating. Many of his early patterns are so typical of the English Rococo period as to rightfully belong to it. The, so called, Chinese Lowestoft was also imported at this time.

The blue and white "India" porcelain, brought to England by the East India Company, painted with island views, no doubt found its way to Chippendale dining rooms for use on ordinary occasions with home-woven linen. This was followed by printed designs in the rococo style on Staffordshire earthenware, of which Spode's "Tower" pattern is representative. The artist let his imagination play about the old mill on Spode's Staffordshire estate, but even it is overshadowed by the luxuriant trees with an Oriental air. A Chinese fretwork bridge and exotic birds and flowers fill the foreground of this make-believe view of great charm.

The shape and decoration of glasses in the Chippendale period was a matter of importance. They were usually brought in at the close of a meal when the cloth had been removed, so the polished surface of the table showed them to perfection.

There is a funnel or bell-shaped stemless glass, shown in Hogarth's engravings, which appears to have been used extensively. The stems of the better glasses often contain a twist and some are cut in facets. A continuation of the baluster stem is seen in the knob or knobs on many of the glasses.

Cutting was employed to a certain extent in the decoration of English glass in the Chippendale period, but it was usually confined to the stem and the lower part of the bowl.

The rococo spirit of the era is also apparent in the silverware. The reaction from the severely plain designs of "Good Queen Anne," which depend on beauty of outline, was gradual.

Many of the motifs on the silverware of the period also appear on Chippendale furniture and not infrequently on the china. There are fluting, spirals and C scrolls in variety. The gadroon, a rope like border of twisted convex fluting, was used extensively as an edging as, also, was the "pie crust" border, which is also seen on Chippendale tea tables, designed to keep the precious tea china from falling off. The shell and scrolled acanthus leaf motifs were popular. Chippendale also used a design of falling water, which also appears on some of the candlesticks of the period. The hoof, paw and claw and ball feet were all used. The claw and ball foot, also used by Chippendale, is thought to have drawn its inspiration from the Oriental dragon clutching the sacred pearl.

Spoons, knives and forks, had by the Chippendale period nearly reached their present perfection.



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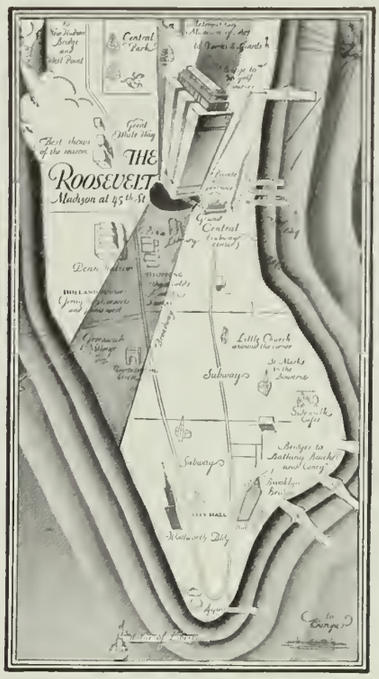


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THE EDITOR GOES WEST

Every four years, this Republic, like other civilized countries, breaks out with an Olympic rash.

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And yet, we feel that a really adequate job remains still to be done in reporting these events to the truly discriminating lovers of sport. So we shipped our Editor westward.

If you will be satisfied with no more than tabular calculations of results, and a few hazy pictures of close finishes, you will not particularly want our September issue.

But if you want a complete story of the whys and wherefores—with a million pictures and a full month of easy reading—we suggest a visit to the newsstand. Or the entering of your subscription.

For the *outstanding report, in text and pictures, of the Tenth Olympiad, see the September Sportsman.*

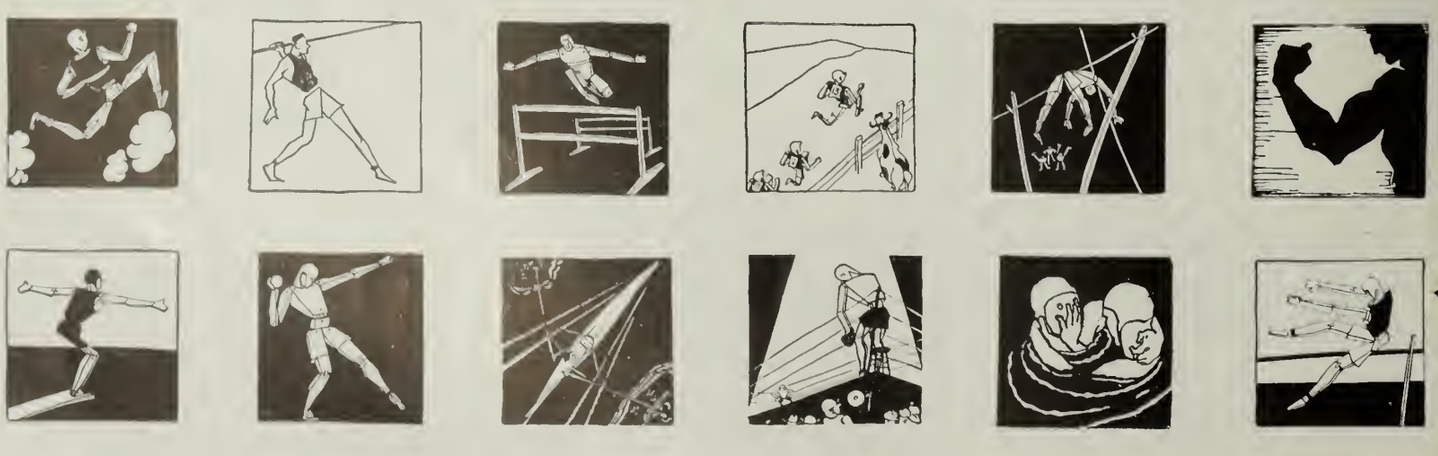
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RICHARD E. DANIELSON, *Editor*

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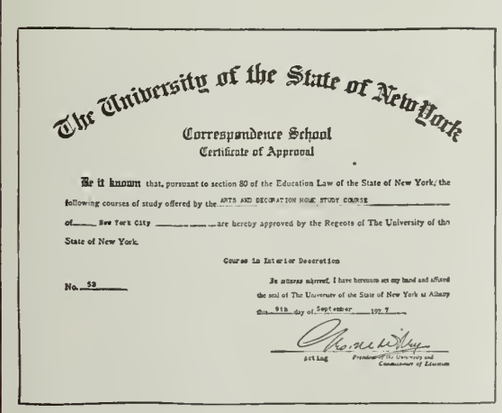
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RUSSIAN

Jade Egg, mounting red and white enamel on gold by Faberge.

FRENCH BOX

Royal blue enamel on gold—banded with pearls, superb miniature. Circa 1740.

ENGLISH BOX

Bloodstone cover with thumb press of diamonds and ruby. Gold base. Circa 1795. By Thomas Howell, London.



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BY ELIZABETH LOUNSBERY

VICTORIAN furnishings, reminiscent of the 60's, and earlier, are outstanding features of Bruce Buttfield's. Here, an interior of the period may be completely equipped with every requisite, from lamps and wallpaper to the characteristic overstuffed furniture. As coverings for rosewood furniture, satin and leather are favored, in cherry, Venetian red, light blue or white.

Papier-mâché tables and boxes and an ornate white iron bed are other consistent pieces. Among the ornamental items, the Parian ware vases with a beautifully modeled hand are shown in different sizes. Paintings include several amusing portraits by itinerant artists of the early 19th Century. Brilliantly flowered Brussels carpets are also available.

In the modern decoration executed by Mr. Buttfield, only original designs assuring comfort are followed.



White papier-mâché lamp, 2′ 3″. Hand holding lily. Wired for indirect lighting. From Bruce Buttfield, 55 E. 52nd St., New York

ENGLISH 18th Century antique furniture and foreign reproductions, at Lans', augment a stock of inexpensive copies of generally useful chairs and small tables, such as a revolving bookstand that may be placed beside a deepseated armchair to hold a lamp. Among the more ambitious examples are break-front secretaries and cabinets.

A large importation of Sheffield has also been recently acquired, and with it a supply of modern Waterford, copying the old patterns in crystal and etched colored glass.

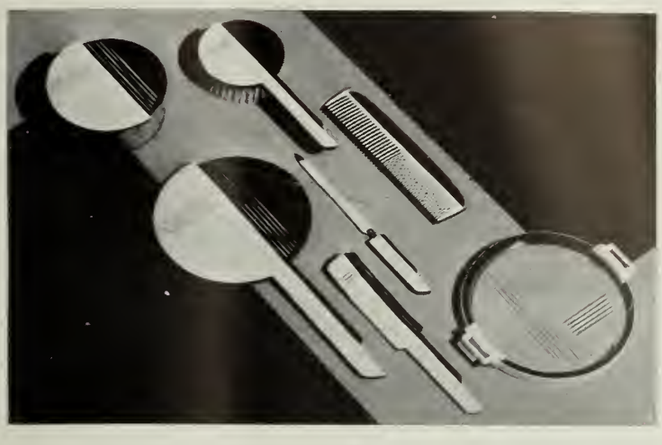
THE Cocktail Corner at Bonwit Teller's verily does all that the name implies in providing intriguing glasses for all kinds of beverages. Unusual shapes are the new tall beer glasses banded in red or blue with platinum, and the ribbed highball glasses of the same colorings.

The smartest of trays are also included, such as those with the polka dot decoration, and others having four or six individual canapé trays in ivory or green, monogrammed. A new cocktail shaker has a wheel at the base, which turns to operate the cocktail recipes along its side. In decorative accessories, there is interesting, fresh variety.



Georgian Sheffield candlesticks; tea tray, 19″ x 25″, with pierced gallery and chop or bacon dish with a cover. From Lans, 554 Madison Ave., New York

Arts and Decoration on Display



Pyralin 6-piece toilet set, in the modern manner, with silver lines on black and ivory. Also two shades of blue. Courtesy DuPont Viscoloid Co., Empire

TOILET sets of Pyralin and Lucite, made by the DuPont Viscoloid Company, offer a wide selection of colors and new designs in dressing table accessories. These are guaranteed not to chip, crack or break, and are obtainable at leading department and jewelry stores. They can be cleaned satisfactorily without destroying the colorful flower motifs which prevail.

The Pyralin set illustrated shows a restrained yet forceful modern American design suitable for the modern boudoir. The popular "Monticello" design, with Continental blue and buff in a flower and pheasant pattern, suggestive of the early decoration on Colonial chests, is equally attractive. This is of Lucite, in which the pattern lies below the finished surface and cannot wear off.

With the vogue for the Victorian fresh attention has been turned to all things feminine, and dressing tables have come in for a share of the limelight. Here, at least, is one place where Woman is still in her original role, no matter how far into business or politics she may stray after she has dabbed the final coat of powder on her nose. The dressing table, certainly, is one spot she can keep truly feminine; a place where her love of delicate colors and fine workmanship can express itself. And after all, where might one more aptly apply painstaking care in selection, than in the assembling of the setting for one's intimate hours before the mirror?

It is indeed a satisfaction to find present day designers turning their minds to accessories for the dressing table. Without losing sight of the beauty of the long familiar period pieces, they are modifying these patterns, and creating new ones, to harmonize with the current moods of smart boudoirs.



African whittle wood tray; charred white oak bottle; platinum banded crystal highball glasses and red lacquered metal cigarette box, gilt lined, opening with spring, holding 30. From Bonwit Teller, 56th Street & 5th Ave., New York

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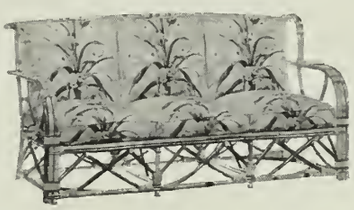
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Original Chippendale bird cage, showing Chinese influence. Deep green painted finish on metal and wire mesh. From Westport Antique Shop, 5 E. 54th St., New York

AMERICANA finds a most interesting and valuable expression in the exceptional pieces by Duncan Phyfe at Ginsburg & Levy's, as in a satinwood "trick leg," brass rimmed card table.

Supplementing the American furniture are fine examples by the 18th Century English cabinet makers; old English china and Battersea enamels. An unique box shows the finest of straw mosaic in four panels on the under lid, representing the four continents, and the coat-of-arms of James, Duke of York, on the outside. The base is of carved wood.

BEAUTIFUL linen with china and glass of original design, remote from the commonplace, forms an intriguing group at Mrs. Ehrich's. To individualize, there are adorable handmade runner sets alluring in color—some with embroidery—and individual breakfast sets, complete with every requisite, including ashtrays to match. Among the newer cocktail glasses are the square crystal ones with heavy bases and deeply incised stripes.

A recent importation of 18th Century English furniture has added some remarkably fine pieces. With these has come a new selection of exclusive table decorations, the type of things which we have come to associate with Mrs. Ehrich's characteristic good taste and delicate touch.

HANDMADE quilts and comforters produced by the country women of Kentucky for Eleanor Beard are being offered this season at irresistible prices. These may have a chaise longue cover to match and a long or square floppy pillow to complete the effect.

Then there is the Shasta daisy pattern bedspread, so desirable for the young girl's room, in ever-fast contrasting gingham, such as apple green and white. Another spread is of crêpe satin with an appliquéd monogram. Among the lamb's wool comforters, those of satin or moiré with plain or corded edges, quilted in double squares with flowers at intervals, are exceptionally lovely. They come in the pastel shades.

TEA caddies carved from rich toned wood in the form of apples and pears are among the charming array of accessories offered by the Westport Antique Shop. These make most attractive cigarette boxes. Then there is an inlaid papier-mâché decanter tray, quite rare. This shop centers its interest around English 18th Century furniture, with an eye out, especially, for the pieces which are usually difficult to find.

A Sheraton mahogany frame bird cage adequate for several birds is also attractive. Genuine old Staffordshire animals offer a rare opportunity to the collector. A remarkable antique candle stand is of burl walnut with tripod legs and a sliding candle holder within its top shelf.



Gilded carved wood Chippendale Cartel clock. Works by Hutchinson, Norwich, England, 1770. Steel dial. From Ginsburg & Levy, Inc., 815 Mad. Ave., New York

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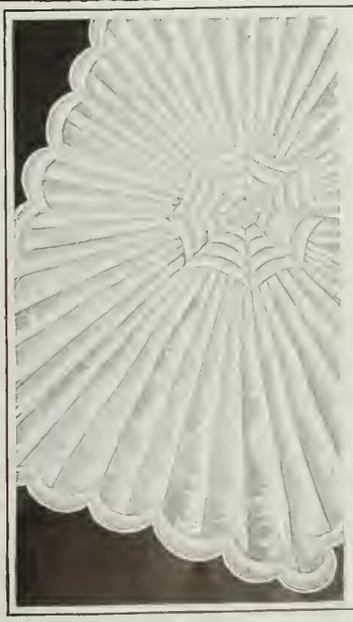
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Supplementing the stemware are separate pitchers, ice dishes with containers for fruit; canapé cocktail trays, finger bowls, ice tubs, candy jars, vases and cigarette boxes and ashtrays, some with notched edges.

ITALIAN and Spanish furniture, rich in the patina of centuries, comprises a varied stock at George W. Funk's. There are also later 18th Century Italian pieces, showing French influence, in marble top chests of drawers and commodes. Two charming window seats covered in gold damask, on the other hand, are suggestive of Heppelwhite in the delicacy and charm of their graceful outlines. With these pieces are a pair of sofas to match.

Antique brocades and gay Spanish pottery are other items of interest, together with wrought iron torchères and grills, bronze lamps and those old lanterns, which are so desirable for halls and for exterior entrances. These are also effectively used on garden gates.



Spanish walnut 17th Century table and chair with red brocatelle cushion; 18th Century brass candlesticks and Venetian grafitto jewel box with lock and old red velvet lining. From George W. Funk, 862 Lex. Ave., New York

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You will notice first that the October STAGE appears in an enlarged and more luxurious format. But before you have turned many of its lavishly illustrated pages, you will begin to realize that here is a magazine of the theatre which is, above everything else, a direct, a natural, and a spontaneous paper.

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Authoritative we think THE STAGE is, but with no high-priestly accent, no pontificating, and no uplifted forefingers.

Now the subject of acting, for instance, happens to be a prime preoccupation of the editors. They are sure that good acting lends more to the essence of true entertainment than most playgoers think. And there is a piece on acting in the current issue of THE STAGE which every ardent playgoer will want to read and preserve. We commend it for your consideration as the test of the simple, forthright mood in which THE STAGE is edited.

We want THE STAGE to go along with you to pleasant places in candid companionship. We want it to point you to the plays and the things in them you want to see. We hope to heighten your enjoyment before the curtain rises, and afterwards to refresh your pleasure in the performance in retrospect.

We essay to make THE STAGE for people who know and love their theatre, who detest clichés, cliques, and claques.

We hope—and dare to believe—you will like the new October STAGE.



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THE

STAGE

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Arts AND Decoration

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Diego de Suarez, architect and decorator

THE SPIRIT OF OLD FRANCE TAKES ROOT AND FLOURISHES ON LONG ISLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY CHÂTEAU OF THE THOMAS L. CHADBOURNES, OUT AT BROOKVILLE

A House Out of France

BY COUNTESS DENISE DOLFIN

WANTING a house in France, and wanting France in a house, are not the same thing—but they very nearly are, here in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Chadbourne, at Brookville, L. I. For although the place is some three thousand miles and two hundred years removed from the court of the Sun King, one still feels as if the *ancien régime* were smiling on it—perhaps from the skies, or wherever it is that Good Old Times go when they die. At any rate, I'm sure the spirit of Old France was very close when Diego de Suarez was designing the charming rooms looking out on stately gardens and reflecting pools. It still hovers there.

The illusion of the 18th Century is complete, but it is not entirely due to architecture and decoration and the sorts of things you can put your finger on—part of the effect is derived from the personality of Mrs. Chadbourne.

To leave the highway and stray into the Chadbourne gates, is to leave these United States. So much so that almost without thinking you are apt to begin to chat with your hostess in French, and are no more surprised when she replies in the same language than if you had stepped on the soil of La Belle France itself. The house inside, the exterior, and the gardens are all true to the period, but never to the point of slavishness; Mrs. Chadbourne's definite individuality and ideas take care of that.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITING-SALZMAN



Looking down from the gallery and across the library (on opposite page) one gets this unusually impressive view of a room which achieves the rare qualities of sumptuousness combined with comfort. The soft fawn-colored rug, in conjunction with the walnut paneled walls, makes an ideal background for the old blue and rose of the Louis XV needlepoint chairs. The south windows look out upon a rose-colored marble *plaque d'eau*, a leaden figure in the center, sending high its jet of crystal water

Another corner of the library, showing the bookshelves which tower fourteen feet to the ceiling, and cover the entire north wall, while the tapestry and fireplace make a pleasant break in what might appear to be too literary a background. The iron gallery, halfway up, has its obvious uses, and is reached by a hidden stair, tucked away behind a secret door in the rank and file of the bookcases. The Louis XV marble mantel holds only one choice ornament, a *terre cuite* bust, typical of the 18th Century

The traditional cobbled courtyard, the precision of shrubbery, the classic façade, not too classic—Diego de Suarez, architect and decorator, has re-created in our casual times, all the formality of an age that worshipped the god of form



Each terrace has its mirror of water, to catch and give back all the changing lights of the day, or the night, too. And then the plaisance sweeps off endlessly into the horizon, a brilliant carpet of green, patterned by shadows of the bordering trees



Into these surroundings, she likes best to gather her friends together for week-ends—a gracious hostess, but better still, a clever one! It is truly an art, that a guest be never conscious of being engineered into something or other,—anything, just to be kept moving. Here, one moves or not, as one wishes. For the energetic ones, there is tennis and swimming and riding; in all of which sports the hostess herself excels. For those less vigorous, there are endless numbers of cosy nooks and corners in the gardens; thoughtfully equipped with back-easing chairs, where a book may be enjoyed in splendid comfort, and more often than not, one has the vantage point of a pool to refresh the vision. Mrs. Chadbourne's parties are scarcely ever large, as large parties go. Her only venture into the realm of quantities was when she presented Palm Beach (practically all of it) to Princess Aspasia of Greece, and that was a party, par excellence. But six or eight persons, or at most ten, please her better—each person is an entity to her then, and not just part of a crowd.

She is a vitally modern hostess, for all her rather reminiscent graciousness, which goes so well with her home—alive and original, as a modern hostess should and must be—the sort of hostess and the sort of house which makes you feel that backgammon or ping-pong, or chess or even tiddle-de-winks, if you like it, is quite the thing—but if you heard faint strains of a minuet, you wouldn't be surprised either.



A BACKGROUND OUT OF THE PAST MINGLES WITH THE PERSONALITY OF THEIR OWNER, IN THESE TWO ROOMS



Mrs. Chadbourne's drawing room, with its old French blue furniture, walls of rose and pale gray, is dominated by the lovely portrait, by Elaine Vicaja, of herself and her two little daughters. The same colors—rose and blue with pale gray—are found in the bedroom, but here they have a bit warmer feeling, perhaps, achieved by deft touches of apricot and yellow

"Do Dro

An old English black lacquered table decorated with bright colored flowers, with a coffee urn in the same spirit, forms the nucleus for the after dinner coffee which begins the evening parties with which a New York hostess has solved her winter problem of entertaining. The cups are of old German lustre with decorations and verses in gold, and the cream pitcher and sugar bowl are family pieces of the same lustre. The table is from the English Antique Shop, the silver from Georg Jensen

BY ELEANOR LAY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITING-SALZMAN



"In for Coffee!"

A YOUNG NEW YORK HOSTESS SOLVES THE PROBLEM OF ENTERTAINING THRIFTILY AND AMUSINGLY THIS WINTER

NOT so long ago when a certain charming young hostess had a visiting celebrity whom she wanted her friends to meet, she invited some ten or twenty or thirty people for dinner; and because she is one of our clever young matrons with the knack of mixing the varied ingredients for an amusing evening in the right proportions, her dinner parties, large and small became celebrated.

But in this day of simpler and more spontaneous entertainment, when she and her butler have surveyed the cupboard and the budget, she blithely invites six for dinner—and just as blithely summons the other twenty-four by telephone to come in afterwards for coffee and for the evening.

And because her flair for parties has suffered no whit from deflation, her evenings at home have become as celebrated among her friends as her dinner parties once were.

As you enter her drawingroom where a warm fire is burning on the hearth, you will find her seated before her coffee table. Low lights and candles everywhere shed a mellow light and there may be anywhere from ten to thirty guests, including by way of divertissement an explorer from Thibet, an aviatrix, a musician or an actor.

Little tables are distributed everywhere. Some of these indispensable treasures are antiques of intriguing shape just solid enough to set a cup or glass on and demanding little room. Some are low, gaily lacquered and stolidly modern and fit into nests which are stowed away out of sight when not in service. Each is equipped with ashtray and matches.

Flowers are in profusion about the room. Real flowers arranged in stiff artificial bouquets, or in graceful Japanese fashion as one prefers—and much more exotic.

We are offered brandy in big globe inhalers and there are very good blackberry and peach cordials from our hostess' own estate, made she says from old recipes found in her grandmother's priceless book entitled *The Helping Hand*. These appear in a collection of fantastic bottles: Eiffel towers, pistols, ships and sky-blue china ladies labelled Alsace and Lorraine. Like their accompanying fleet of little liqueur glasses, they are the spoils of foraging trips into antique shops, auctions and fleamarkets all over the world.

He who says that conversation is a lost art may well pause these days to note encouraging signs of its revival, never more spontaneous perhaps than about nine o'clock of a brisk November evening amid pleasant company and auspicious surroundings. You know 'tis said "Coffee makes the politician wise to see through all things with his half shut eyes."

There is no such thing as an isolated chair in this house. Seats are numerous and comfortable and arranged in inviting groups.

There are lovely old china barrels covered with flowers and gold scrolls somewhat reminiscent of the ancient apothecary's window and bearing in pink and blue letters the intriguing labels: Peppermint tea, Raspberry shrub and Whip Syllabub. These stand in a decorative row on the buffet to be sampled by the curious or the *(Continued on page 63)*



Cordials in fantastic bottles with a fleet of glasses



Red lacquer and gray aluminum—Russel Wright; glass, Plummer



Brandy inhaler for the connoisseur—Wm. H. Plummer



As the evening mellows—mulled wine. Pitcher from Jensen



Sunlight over the Cedric Gibbons house

Swimming pool around which the house is built



The House that Sports Built

CEDRIC GIBBONS, ARCHITECT, FIRST PLANNED HIS COURT AND POOL

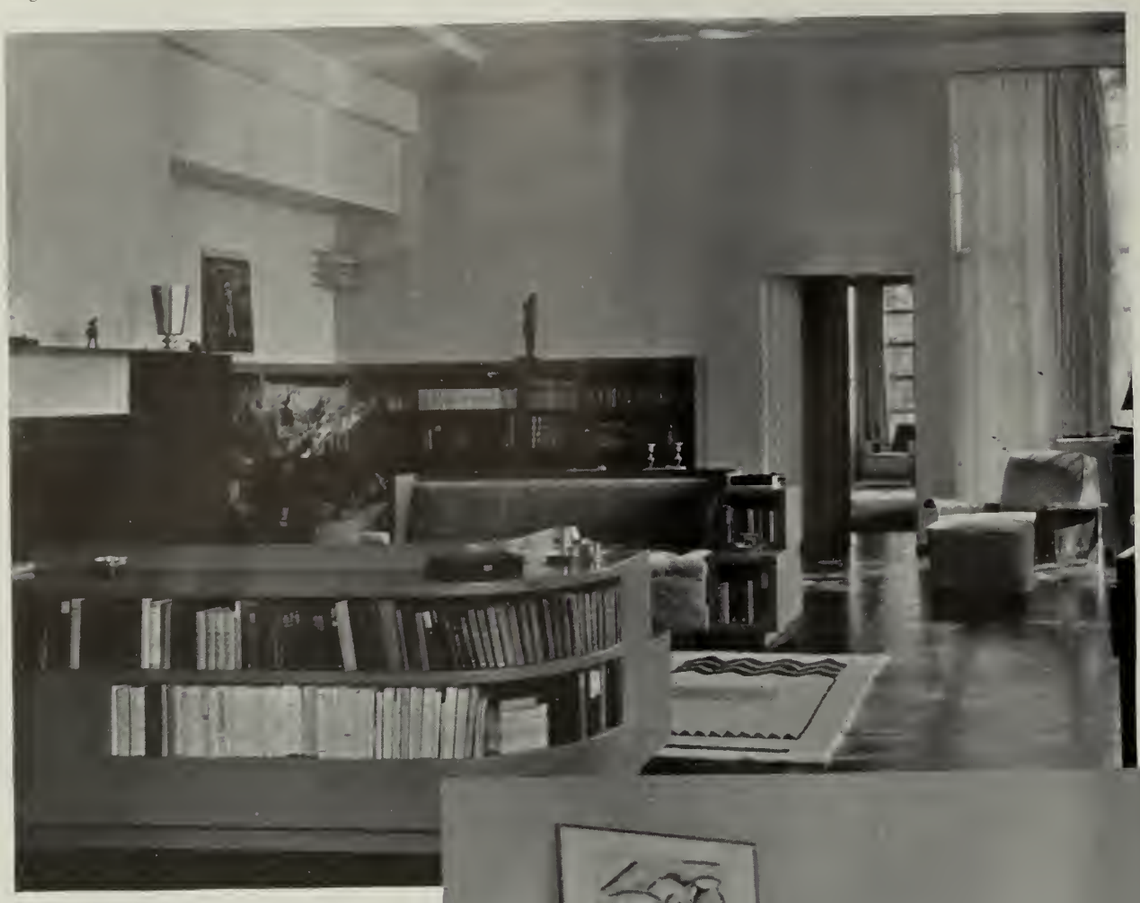
ONE OF THE outstanding contributions to contemporary architecture in Southern California is Cedric Gibbons' modernistic villa at Santa Monica. Here Mr. Gibbons has brought about one of those final statements of aesthetic belief that occasionally come to a designer after many years of experimentation and investigation. Mr. Gibbons, while a comparatively young man, is one of the distingushed art directors of Hollywood. The house embodies that fine structural simplicity that goes with the best of modern building, and its relation to the swimming pool and the tennis court—being an ardent devotee of this sport he built the court before he ventured on the rest of the establishment—has been worked out with remarkable success. An unusual feature of the arrange- (*Continued on page 57*)



The formal entrance to Gibbons house

The tennis court—important feature with lounge at the side





The Interiors of
Cedric Gibbons H
Are Planned wit
Fine Relation to
Type of Architec



The living room has books at every side. This charming interior is so arranged that one can rest or read or chat or look out of the windows that so beautifully frame the landscape. Red lacquer bookshelves contrast with the gray walls, and light from windows and lamps falls full on the books which are always within easy reach. The second view of the living room is shown at the right, with couches against the shelves. Instead of a mantel the fireplace has a single strip of stainless steel. Windows are hung with plain sail cloth. Beauty is considered, but comfort first

A house of fine proportions and simplicity, in every detail of which the architect has related the structure and decoration to his purpose of building for himself a serenely livable home







Right—The simple dining room is flooded with sunlight and color. Blue and green are used for the tables and chairs and the walls too are a green tone. At the spacious modern windows, orange hangings frame the fountain and the broad expanse of terraces beyond



WHITE IS FEATURED

in blanc de Chine and modern porcelains

"Nymph and Faun" (below) by Gerhard Henning. Replica of group in Metropolitan Museum of Art. Royal Copenhagen Porcelain. Shell pottery bowl with white artificial trillinm, Olivette Falls. The Bavarian pottery pheasant is from Rose Cumming's

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITIN



Blanc de Chine (on the opposite page) in varying tones is appropriately adapted to the modern as well as the 18th Century French and English decoration. At the left are characteristic figures and bottle shaped vase with relief flower decoration of the K'ang Hsi period (1662-1772). Ch'ien Lung pieces, somewhat later, are shown in the oval cups with their open bases. Courtesy Edward Garratt



The "Goddess Kuan Yin" (below), of delicate graceful outlines, holding the "ling chih" or sceptre, is of Fukian porcelain, in a most brilliant flour-white glaze. The fluted bowl or "kübel" is in blue-white; the pointed leaf shaped cup, showing animal and foliage decoration in relief, one of a pair in a rose tone. Both are K'ang Hsi pieces. Edward Garratt



Above—Tall Ch'ien Lung vase, of rose tinged glaze. Female figure, blue-white glaze, and bottle shaped vase with dragon in relief. All examples of "blanc de Chine." Edward Garratt. Below —Alabaster glass fluted vase, low bowl and flower vase with Cluthra mottled glass vase, Steuben Glass from Corning Glass Works. Pair of old white Bristol glass horns of plenty on marble bases. Westport Antique Shop



Week-ending

BY ELEANOR BARRY

WEEK-ENDING is changing and I, for one, am glad.

There was a time, I suppose, when to be mildly decorative and gently proficient at the art of polite repartee made one an acceptable visitor. But during the hectic '20s the business of being a successful guest became pretty grim. One was expected to play excellent contract for high stakes and be able to dash expertly around a tennis court as well as whip off eighteen holes of golf in well under one hundred. Blushingly I remember occasions in my early career, when, with a naïve desire to please, I agreed to make a fourth at tennis, or play a rubber of bridge! Fortunately I realized, almost as soon as my partners, that I was a social liability and took up tatting in a serious way.

The advent of backgammon made my life happier. I became sought after, and if, as a result, my purse became leaner, my sudden popularity was adequate compensation. Now, however, there are other exciting games which do not demand the professional specialization of bridge, tennis or golf; games which help to reduce the high cost of amusement for both the visitor and the visited, and allow even the untalented guest to shine complacently for a moment in the week-end firmaments.

There is "Pig" for example, resurrected from the nursery—a game which demands only the intelligence of a child of six and a pack of cards. From three to eleven people can participate in this delicious pastime and the object of the game is to collect four of a kind. It is therefore necessary that there be four aces, four twos, etc., for each person playing. The dealer having shuffled and dealt, the players frenziedly scrutinize their cards and decide what to discard. At a given signal each person passes one card to the left and picks up the card which has been passed to him. This continues until someone collects four of a kind, at which happy juncture he places his finger beside his nose, trying to avoid, if possible, putting his eye out in the excitement. The rest of the players, who have in the meantime been watching each other nervously, follow his example with all possible speed, and the last person to put his finger to his nose becomes a Pig. The cards are then shuffled and dealt again. When the same person has been thrice a pig, he becomes a Hog and must pay a forfeit. Having given an impersonation of Rudy Vallée, stood on his head, or done a polka for the benefit of his tormentors, he becomes conversationally taboo. No one can speak to him, and if he asks insinuatingly, "Didn't you cheat then?" and succeeds in soliciting an angry "No!" the person whom he has goaded into answering him automatically becomes a Hog also, and joins his inquisitor in outer social darkness. Each time a Hog leaves the circle of players, four kings or queens, etc. are removed from the pack, and the game goes on until there are but two non-Hogs left.

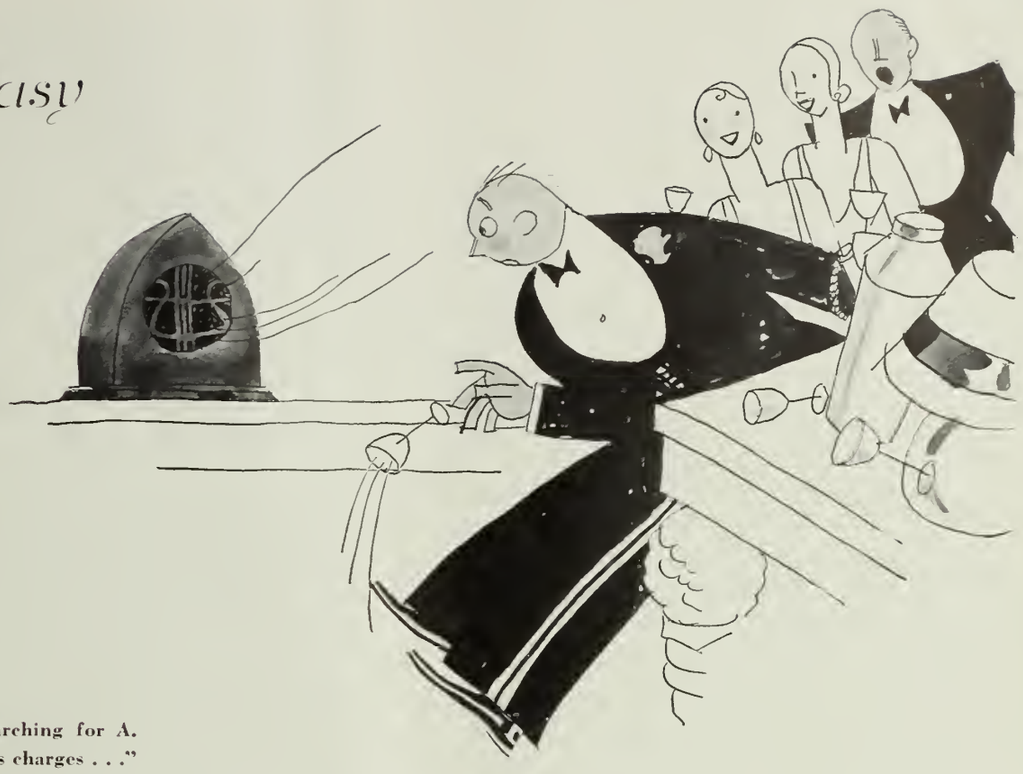
"Pig" may not sound gay, but it is guaranteed to change the most ill-assorted gathering of people into an hilarious party.

If you happen to have a penchant for practical jokes there is a new attachment which can be bought for your radio—a microphone that can be operated from another room and which has the most devastating effects on the innocent guests who are idly "listening in." The most effective means of electrifying your audience is to begin by broadcasting more or less authentic news items, and then, very subtly at first, to introduce embarrassing comments on the most vulnerable guest present. Although this trick can be played only once on the same group, it is a God-send to the unfortunate forfeit payer, who can take refuge in being heard and not seen while he does his imitation of Kate Smith or Uncle Don.



"'Pig', this game demands only the intelligence of a child of six and a pack of cards"

Made Easy



"Police are searching for A. Zimp on serious charges . . ."



"Old Bitch" is a very fine game. Five cards are dealt to each person playing and one card turned up in the center of the table. The rest of the pack is left, face down, to be drawn from. If the key card happens to be the seven of spades, for example, the first person to play must discard on it any spade she has in her hand, or, lacking a spade, put on a seven of another suit. Failing these she can discard an eight of any suit, which, being the joker, is very valuable. If she lacks all of these she must draw from the pack until she gets one of the required cards. This performance proceeds around the table until someone succeeds in discarding all of her cards, and then woe betide the people who are unfortunate enough to have eights, deuces, aces or face cards left in their hands, for these count, respectively, two hundred, one hundred, twenty-five and ten against them. Other cards are counted according to their face value; a nine spot counting nine points. At a cent a point, this game is exciting and not too costly.

Almost my favorite game is "baffle ball", first cousin to bagatelle but more entrancing, which can be bought at Abercrombie and Fitch. I shan't explain how to play it as the directions are included. It has strong masculine appeal, and is one of those games that no home should be without, for it will make the rainiest week-end fly by like a flash.

For those who crave exercise in a simple and inexpensive form, Badminton is the perfect solution. The original cost is negligible and the up-keep nil. All that is necessary is a small level piece of ground in a not too breezy place. Here the players can whack the feathered *missive* in the most vicious manner and work up what is known as a sweat.

If you have not already indulged in "Scavenger", it is high time you began. It is the newest version of "Treasure Hunt", but instead of being given clues to decipher, one is handed a list of peculiarly difficult objects to collect—such as a white hair from the tail of a horse; a pigeon's egg, and so forth. The first person who manages to accumulate the required number of bizarre articles obviously wins. The game was played on Long Island recently, and two of the items were a portrait by a living artist and a dress shirt. An ingenious young woman spying Neysa McMein and her host, who were also playing, rushed up to the latter and said, "Quick—take off your shirt and you"—to Miss McMein—"draw me a portrait on it—", which both obligingly proceeded to do. A young man who was told to bring back some animal, not a dog, raced across country to his own stables, woke an astonished race horse, packed it into a van and appeared on its back in the ballroom with an easy five seconds to spare.

Well, Autumn week-ends are at hand, and I am looking forward to leaving my tatting wrapped up in moth balls.

Lament of a Fox hunting Man



SOME people ride to hunt, others hunt to ride.

And you can always tell the two categories apart, because one talks horses and the other talks hounds.

It doesn't take five minutes in the presence of Mr. Joseph Thomas, who has acted as master of his own pack of hounds in seven different American hunt countries, to be perfectly sure to which party he belongs. You naturally look for considerable hound-talk from a man who owned and hunted for a score of years one of the finest packs in America, and who has written an authoritative book on the subject. But if your impressions of fox-hunting have been culled in anything like the orthodox manner, you expect the fence-jumping yarns to begin at any minute. Only with Joe Thomas they don't begin.

He simply assumes that if a person is going to ride to hounds, he must not be an Airedale about riding. Of course. But a fox-hunt is not a steeplechase—it is a sport and a pageant, which happens to include hounds, horses and men. The pageantry of hunting to Mr. Thomas is practically an article of faith, and as for hunting itself, it is a science, an art, a way of life—well, almost a religion.

Plenty of people don scarlet coats and hard hats every year. Even now, it is the hunting season, and throughout the hunting countries meets are beginning. On good hunting days you hear the horn and the hoofbeats, the throaty voices of hounds as they "speak" on the trail of crafty Reynard. Autumn

JOSEPH B. THOMAS, Narrator—ELINOR HILLYER, Commentator



The field saunters forth. At left: Colonel R. R. McCormick, Mrs. Joseph Thomas, Mr. Joseph Thomas, and Mrs. Howard Linn. Above: The Warrenton (Virginia) fox hounds ready for action with Mrs. R. C. Winmill, M. F. H.



fires, the pungent smell of gray smoke rising heavenward—over a hundred fields the hunt rides by.

It is a picture worth seeing, and worth being part of. And then, there is the return. Everyone is full of talk. The fox has made a sensational getaway. Somebody took a spill going over that particularly tricky fence. Somebody made a clever use of a roadway. Each event must be discussed, post-mortemed and bragged on—and the hearty hunt breakfast consumed.

It is a lovely picture, and a gay one. But Mr. Thomas shakes his head a little sadly, because in all this goodly company, real fox-hunting men and women are so scarce. They may subscribe generously to the Hunt, they talk hunting enthusiastically, they take immense pains with mounts and uniforms. But with most of them, it's horses, horses, horses, while a hound is just a hound.

And to a man who has spent two decades perfecting his pack, this is a very melancholy thought. And as a matter of cold fact, if it were not for the hounds, fox-hunting simply wouldn't exist.

"I am pretty much of a cynic about this tremendous so-called interest in 'hunting' among our American landed and dislanded gentry," said Mr. Thomas with a smile. "A lot of it goes no deeper than a desire for skill in horsemanship, to wear the pink, pursue an exhilarating sport, and to discuss it afterwards.

"But as far back as the 18th Century, heyday of hunting, a similar wail was being raised in England. Beckford divided all fox-hunters into four types—the 'dress' type; the 'around the mahogany' or social type; the 'healthy hunting' type and the 'genuine'. They still exist. I do not wish to be too hard on the first three categories—for verily they have their reward. But I wish there were more of the 'genuine'. From purely altruistic motives, too. They get so much more out of the sport. After all, you know the purpose of hunting is to account for foxes, and jumping fences and gossip and hunt breakfasts are

Some of the Warrenton Hounds, of which Mrs. R. C. Winmill is master. And below: Followers of the Blue Ridge Fox Hounds of Boyce, Virginia, take a short way round

TWO PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDWIN LEVICK





Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, on the right, is seen with two enthusiastic young members of the junior drag, which rides near Aiken, South Carolina

all very well, but just accessories after the fact.

"I say, if you have horsemanship, so much the better. But there are plenty of opportunities to show off your individual prowess besides the hunting field. Don't try to steal the show from the hounds. Give them a chance. Remember you are part of a picture. Team work on the part of hounds and man is essential, and each rider should think of himself as part of the group, and not as Mr. So-and-So out for a good run and anxious to outjump everybody else."

And then Mr. Thomas talked about the land, what made a good fox-hunting country, and what organized hunting does for a section. Sitting in his study, whose walls were covered with photographs of hunts and hounds, he spoke with the genuine enthusiasm of a man whose roots are in the soil itself. How people build country homes in certain parts of the country (for instance, the counties south of the Potomac) for very special reasons—the hunting, shooting, interest in breeding fine cattle and horses, and the possibility of a pleasant social life—all these he weighed and gave their due importance.

But, granted a community where the chase is presumably the paramount interest and the reason for its existence, such as Virginia, even there Mr. Thomas deplores the dearth of real scientific interest in hunting.

"A hound has a difficult problem at best here in America," he continued. "Our hunting country is hilly, rocky, cold and (*Continued on page 56*)



Mr. Joseph B. Thomas (third from left) with his hunt staff and his pack. The horses are chestnut thoroughbreds, three of them by famous "Fairplay"

ARCHES AND TOWERS

recreate ancient Norman durability in a Connecticut home

MANOR houses in Normandy, if you have noticed riding down from Cherbourg, never seem to forget that they are sprung from the soil. No matter how large and impressive, how divorced from the arts of cultivation they may be now, they always appear to be brooding on the fertile fields which may or may not nourish them.

And even when you transplant such a manor house to the rolling Connecticut landscape, it does not lose its sturdy, conquering character or its country ways. That is why a home like the one of Mr. and Mrs. Norman P. Ream, in Greenwich, although exact in period and style, still has that "lived in" appearance, while so many of the more perfect tinselled types of French houses often remind you of something presented to "La Nation" and open to the public regularly on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

But this is good durable stone; its flattened arches and low tower seem almost to hug the old earth beneath them, as the house spreads itself comfortably around the courtyard. The architect, James W. O'Connor, has so related materials and design as to make this structure a natural part of its site.



Three-centered arched entrance to the Normandy French home of Norman P. Ream in Greenwich. Joan of Arc is shown in the stone plaque above



In true "manoir" fashion, this house is built around a court. The sturdy construction is emphasized by the squat tower, flat arches and solid supports for the arches



PHOTOGRAPHS BY AMEMYA

WHITE LIMESTONE MANTELS AND MANY BOOKS



Just as life once centered around the hearth, the carved limestone chimneys in the dining room and the "great hall" dominate both rooms, contrasting with dark oak woodwork. In the dining room the furniture—also oak—is carved in the substantial 17th Century manner. Draperies are of heavy silk

The tremendous living room and library is ruled on the far end by the gleaming white fireplace and two Gothic windows—on the opposite, by a whole wall of books. The doors on the left, also framed by bookshelves, may be opened back to give a pictorial view of the courtyard and garden



A sense of space, and to spare, with that same durability, is what one gains from the long hall, with its white plaster walls, massive French Renaissance chests and chairs, and its length augmented by the longitudinal placing of the elaborately carved oaken beams. The tapestry lends a bright touch of color. Fine examples of wrought iron are seen in the double door, the torchère and the wall brackets. The decoration of this house was executed for Mr. and Mrs. Ream by McMillen, Inc.



Again the motif of the three-centered arch is repeated in the vaulting of the library roof—another variation of the flattened arch is seen in the beautifully carved doors beneath. The room is furnished with comfortable modern chairs and sofas, interspersed with antique pieces, mostly of the period of Louis XV. Two large Oriental rugs cover the floor—a room for music as well as books, and for a curious idleness. There are lamps on every table and the deep chairs suggest pleasant conversations but do not insist upon it



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JESSIE TARBOX BEALS

Roofs and roof gardens are not the exclusive rights of New York and Old Babylon, and although this California house is built around the inevitable patio, the roof still provides an extra and charming outdoor living room. There the Pacific seems very close, the private golf course is in view, lounge chairs are invitingly comfortable and sun plays through the vines

On the right is a view of the roof garden and pergola as it appears from the loggia of the bathing pavilion looking across the swimming pool. A flowing, double flight of curving steps leads from the roof to the tropical garden below. The pool is lined with green tile, which gives it a striking emerald cast inside a frame of velvety grass





FOR OUTDOOR LIFE

A hillside near Santa Barbara, sunshine, palm trees and cypresses—those things nature contributed herself to making "El Cerrito", the California home of Mrs. Charles Boldt ideal for outdoor living. It is one of those spots that turn even the most confirmed pep-artists into salamanders and lotus-eaters. As for the rest of us poor, indolent-by-nature creatures, we could probably sit for all eternity on the vine-covered terrace-roof of the house, and just lift our eyes unto the mountains on one side, and lower them to the Pacific Ocean on the other. Or look out over the tropical garden, as it is seen in the picture above. Its flagged walks and green plats of grass, almost on a level with the roof, lead to a swimming pool, surrounded by palm, banana and pepper trees. Beyond is a bathing pavilion, with dressing rooms and a recreation room, often used for moving pictures. Soule, Murphy and Hastings, architects; Ralph Stevens, landscape architect



From the collection of the Grand Duchess Kyril of Russia. James Robinson

Popular in early 19th Century.
From Freeman of London





Silver gilt—
From James
Robinson



With matching candlesticks. Symons, Inc.

Modern porcelain and ornaments from Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Co.





Sheffield epergne as centerpiece. From E. Schmidt & Co.

Spode epergne in white porcelain. Courtesy Copeland & Thompson



Epergnes—surtout de table

BY EDWARD WENHAM

THE CUSTOM in France is for the host to sit in the center of one side of the table and the hostess opposite to him, the *surtout de table* being in the center of the table. The Anglo-Saxon custom places the host and hostess at opposite ends of the table, but the epergne or centerpiece still occupies its former position, as in France. But while to the French it retains its original significance, we regard it merely as a means of decoration.

We might well indulge in a few brief historical references to epergnes as table ornaments, which first appeared in the reign of George I, when they took the form of massive pieces of table silver. At the present time we *(Continued on page 54)*

On Going Native in Mexico

A RETURNED TRAVELER TELLS HOW TO PRACTICE THE TECHNIQUE OF DECOROUS INERTIA

Drawings By EDWARD H. SUYDAM



Looking through an ancient archway in the old quarter of Mexico City into the courtyard and beyond to the servant or slave quarters. This building is undoubtedly of the 16th Century and many señoritas smiling through lacy mantillas have passed this way. The smaller sketches shown on these two pages are street scenes in Mexico City: fruit vendors and flower merchants, and one woman marketing with a tiny boy, in an enormous hat

THE most important thing about a trip to Mexico is not passports, or suitable clothing, or a Spanish dictionary, or even a bulky letter of credit. Those things are mere incidental necessities. The essential thing, which determines whether or no the trip will be a successful one, is the mood in which it is undertaken. This mood, if properly achieved beforehand, automatically reveals to its owner—or wearer?—the great secret of how to go unobtrusively native; which contains a tranquil reward—a way of life—that some human beings work very hard to attain, and others write profound books about, and others—we who are masters and mistresses of laziness—inherit.

In our own superior way we smile at some of our fellow-passengers on the boat to Vera Cruz, busily reading all about the flora, the fauna, the sanitation, education, history, art and social problems of the country to which we are both proceeding, each with our private purpose. The difference between us is very precise. *They*, worthy folk, have a purpose. We haven't. *We've* started out with the same idea as any holidaying Mexican; which is, primarily to enjoy ourselves. We begin on the boat by getting into the pleasant Mexican habits of doing nothing in a hurry and of never doing too much; by letting our watch stop and stay more or less permanently stopped; and by blandly ignoring any idea of a planned program, thus allowing much leeway for the contemplation and enjoyment of



BY ANITA BRENNER

pure, abstract leisure, including the pursuit of whatever turns up that looks as if it might turn out amusing. And we read, by way of fitting mental preparation for what lies before us, Alice in Wonderland and the Wizard of Oz.

Thus qualified to practise the fine art of loafing—sometimes unsympathetically called wasting time—we can devote one of our days on deck—or two, or three—to pondering ways and means. Some of the pleasures we contemplate are as universal and old as man. Adam and Eve discovered them, and practised them exclusively in Paradise, which is why it was Paradise. Others are *(Continued on page 62)*





A magnificent ancient church in Azcapotzalco, once enclosed by a fine wall decorated with statues of Dominican saints. Below is a street scene in Cuernavaca, on the Pacific slope of the Mexican mountains, a favorite spot of Cortez—and of our own official representatives



BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Cal.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DONA B. MCNEIL

In the essentially feminine feather and pearl pattern, above, shown in a 50″ semi-glazed chintz, a pleasing gayety in design is carried out in peach, deep brown and cream; brown, tan and cream; pale blue, brown and cream, or black, gray and white. Next to this is a handwoven 50″ spun silk mixture, "Bourette", intended for draperies or coverings, in brown and beige, green and tan and other color combinations, from Howard & Schaffer. At the right of the "Bourette," is a modern damask brocade, 50″ wide, in green-blue on tan or cedar on tan, shown by J. H. Thorp & Co. The figured chintz shows the "Cries of London", adapted for the first time to a semi-glazed curtain fabric. In this natural flower colorings are shown on a white, Nile, maize, blue, green, eggplant or black ground and medallions with figures. From F. Schumacher & Co.

The Mode in

BY ELIZABETH LOUNSBERY

EACH ROOM PRESENTS an individual problem in curtains. Harmony, simplicity and suitability should be the criterion for the selection of materials from the large new stock this season offers. With the growing feeling for the modern, no longer of freakish design, a large variety of plain-toned fabrics are available for both furniture coverings and hangings. The interest in these is sustained, not only in restrained colorings, but in weaves that favor a rough, ribbed surface. In the adaptation of a familiar material for this purpose, corduroy lends itself especially well to over-draperies. In a deep ivory tone it is particularly effective. Where design is preferred, broken plaids and horizontal stripes in broad, interrupted bands, in gradations of color, are most favored. For sash curtains, filmy nets have given place to the more practical light weight silks, casement cloth and its substitutes and imitations, especially for town use. Among upholstery fabrics to be recommended for their extreme durability, leather is no longer relegated to office furniture and the frankly evident, deep-seated lounging chairs used in men's rooms, for in soft shades of green or blue, and even white, it is quite lovely for use on an occasional chair or stool.



The Newer Fabrics

SEMI-GLAZED chintz has become so definite a feature of the average house that it knows no season. For this reason the patterns in this fabric offer an unusually diversified selection. Ranging from the extreme flower designs, also shown in hand-blocked linen, and in scale only suitable for extremely large living rooms and dining rooms, to the tiny nosegay patterns, it has a wide variety of uses. Striped chintz is no longer evident, having served its purpose in slip coverings for the summer. The patterns illustrated are rather more indicative of the trend of chintz design. Damasks and satins, on the other hand, follow in the period patterns that are consistently suited to period rooms. These are obtainable in great variety for Italian, French or English interiors and in motifs that are frivolous or dignified, as their application demands. Velvets still remain in plain tones for general use or are broken by an indefinable line in faint contrast. The handwoven woolen and linen fabrics have also become a popular selection, because of their so-called rugged beauty, and practicability. With these has come the rejuvenation of hair cloth in bold patterns, that stand out in strong contrast to the sombre black of early Victorian times.

The first fabric above is a cotton broché, 50″ wide, with a natural toned ground, showing a pattern in reds, yellow, green and black suggestive of crewel work. This is particularly appropriate for living room or library hangings, or even for furniture covering. R. H. Macy & Co. At the right is a two-tone Directoire satin in green-blue, gold, eggshell, rose, blue or coral. F. Schumacher & Co. The plain, rough surface curtain material is a handwoven, natural linen chenille, 51″ wide. This may be dyed a desired color without losing its texture. Metropa Fabrics. At the extreme right is a flowered 31″ chintz, charming for bedroom curtains, with its bunches of brilliant flowers and birds, on a mottled, green-blue, maize or tobacco brown ground; the latter is especially good in a room furnished with maple furniture. Stroheim & Romann

"I Cannot Sing the

BY BARON IRELAND

OH, DON'T you remember *Oh, Don't You Remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?* If you don't, you are not in touch with the times.

Some years ago columnist F. P. A. revived the lyrics of some of the songs that would have been Tin Pan Alley hits if there had been any Tin Pan Alley at the time the songs were written. "The brave songs of an elder day," he called them and to the vast joy of readers he reprinted those soul-stirring ballads, *She's More to be Pitied than Censured, You Would Not Dare Insult Me, Sir, If Jack Were Only Here, The Little Lost Child,* and many others.

Suddenly everybody began to laugh at the Gay Nineties—at the lives and times of everybody else's grandparents and parents.

The term the Gay Nineties is elastic. It has come to include a stretch of time which overlaps the period 1890-1900 in both directions. Just how far back it goes is conjectural; but I do know that its influence extended into my own adolescence, say to 1905.

Now, after an interval, we are having a revival of Victorianism. And in no way is the revival of Victorianism more patent to the observer than in the continued persistence with which the old songs are sung.

Those of my friends who have been to a smart party of the cognoscenti tell me with hysterical delight of the perfectly hysterical time they had at Bill's perfectly hysterical party the other night and why wasn't I there?

What did we *do,* my dear? Well, Frank had his xylophone and Jack his harmonica (he plays it with a glass tumbler, my dear, and it's simply hysterical!) and Sig had his "sweet potato" and my dear we sang



**"Take back your gold, for gold can never buy me;
Take back your bribe, and promise you'll be true"**



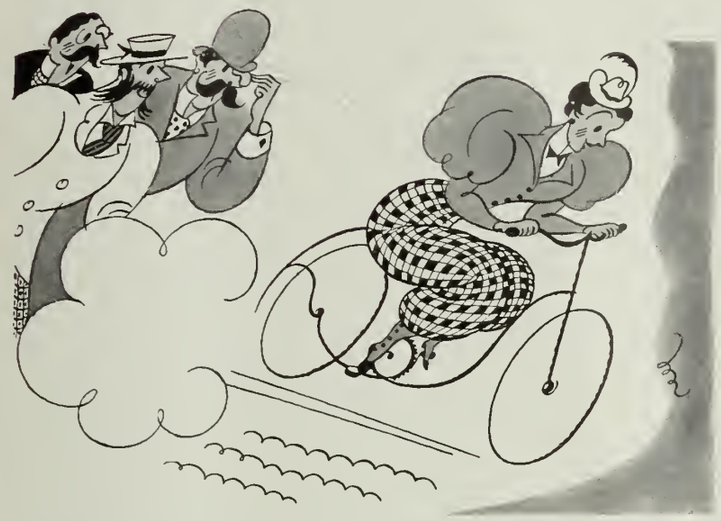
**"A passing policeman found a little child,
She walked beside him, dried her tears and smiled"**

. . . those perfectly hysterical songs they sang in the Gay Nineties—



Old Songs—"

BUT I CAN TRY, CAN'T I? WITH A PIANO OR A XYLOPHONE OR A "SWEET POTATO"—OR NO ACCOMPANIMENT AT ALL



"If you haven't got the price why you don't cut any ice; for she's the only pebble on the beach"

Goodby, Dolly Gray and *The Banks of the Wabash* and *Rufus Rastus Johnson Brown* and *A Bicycle Built for Two* and *I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard* and *In the Good Old Summer Time* and *You Made Me What I Am Today* and *Sweet Alice Ben Bolt* and *Cheyenne Cheyenne* oh no not Cheyenne Cheyenne—Shy Ann Shy Ann, it's a pun, you see because that's the way they pronounce Cheyenne out West isn't it perfectly hysterical my dear and *In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree* and all those perfectly hysterical songs they used to sing in the Gay Nineties and Peg Hamill dressed up in a perfectly hysterical old gown her great great great great great grandmother wore at Henry Clay's wedding or something and sang Ben Bolt and my dear she made everybody so hysterical we all passed out with delight.

To such rhapsodies I am always politely responsive and regretful that owing to a previous engagement my own neuroses were not present to make the evening a completely hysterical one. But when we separate I smile a supercilious smile.

To begin, with the possible exception of Ben Bolt, none of those songs were, I am quite sure, sung during the period 1890-1900. One of them is, I believe, from the prolific pen of America's premier balladist, Mr. Irving Berlin, himself no bearded Nestor.

The days when those songs were sung were the days when I myself, in a high stiff collar with a complicated front-locking device which never locked, went on hay rides under a New Jersey moon or on launch parties on a New Jersey river. What can the petters of today, who actually avoid the mellow beams of earth's lovely satellite in darkened coupes, know of the thrill that permeated the bosoms of either sex on those happy excursions? Kids, you don't know what you're missing! I speak who know.

Always there was some minstrel with a banjo or mandolin. We sat in the odorous—oh, all right! odoriferous then, you old realist—hay, some with our feet over the tail end, some in complicated attitudes in the wagon body and some riding backward on the driver's seat. Some held hands inconspicuously, here and there a daring arm circled a demure shoulder-blade, some of the lads at intervals staged a wrestling match to the discomfort of the other passengers. But everybody sang. The banjo would be tuned up when the ride was an hour or so old, somebody would start *Sweet Adeline* and before the last syllable of Adeline's name was out the full strength of the company would be enlisted. And so on, and so on, far into the night. Well, until midnight anyway.

Twenty years have elapsed. The scene changes to the palatial living-room-kitchenette of one of the better-known dramatic critics. Within its walls are to be found the élite of literary and art circles. Here sits ——, the famous columnist. There stands ——, the famous fashion artist of the Bon Ton store, conversing animatedly with ——, the famous writer of advertising copy. ——, the famous pianist, is drinking lemonade in a secluded corner. He is remaining secluded as long as possible because he knows what he will be up against all too soon. He will be up against a piano keyboard and—but I go too fast.

Suddenly, "A song! A song!" someone cries. "This party's going intellectual or Democratic or something. Come, lads and lassies! A roundelay!"

"Attaboy!" is the resonant response from all present. The pianist is rushed to his bench of servitude and with one accord everybody swings into—what? *Auf Wiederseh'n? Soft Lights and Sweet Music? Mandalay? The Hills o' Home?*

Not so. The ballad that pours from those cultured throats is none other than that hit of lawsy knows how many years agone, *I Guess I'll Have to Telegraph Mah Baby.*

Hear the fresh young (well, anyhow fresh) voices as they carol lustily, "Ah guess Ah'll have to telegraph mah bay, hayhay, huh hee bee; Ah need the money bad, indeed Ah do-oo-oo—"

The Gay Nineties are with us again.

To list all the songs which are keeping the uvulae of the sophisticates in a constant state of vibration these days would involve the compilation of a volume like, say, Sigmund (*Continued on page 60*)

In Cotton and Calicoes

FASHIONABLE PARIS GOES TO OLD FASHIONED PARTIES AND HAS NEW FASHIONED FUN

IT'S FASHIONABLE to have fun this year in Europe. Superior young people, and beautiful and titled, are having themselves a good time in a nice old fashioned, undisguisedly hearty way. If there is a finger pointing to the revival of honestly admitting you are enjoying yourself—instead of looking bored and only secretly alive, by way of distinction—private parties, small bar galas and romantic nights in villa gardens are a most unmistakable index.

When the invitations arrived for Caresse Crosby's party, out at her summer home an hour or so from Paris, saying *Filles et Marins—Cotounades et Calicos,* it already began to look as if depression had found another way to be more amusing than prosperity. Almost any party would be good, of course, after the drive out from Paris through the lovely forest of Ermonville, and down the lantern-lit lane to Mrs. Crosby's *Moulin.* But plunging through the big wooden gates into the vast courtyard with a great bonfire sending sparks to the stars was still a revelation. Around the fire groups sat on blankets or bundles of hay, tossing on fresh logs to watch the fireworks display, drinking coffee or *fine,* or eating cherries, or munching doughnuts, or just being gay as the case might be. Over on one side, in the ground floor of the tower, steaming *bouillabaisse* was being ladled out to those in the first stages of the feast. In the house proper, so to speak, before the huge stone fireplace of the living room, other guests speared sausages bubbling in big jars of boiling water, and consumed them with authentic baked beans. In the barn, the *jeunesse dorée,* and the writers and the painters and the movie stars posing as sailors and pirates (of course) and bathing beauties and calico girls—danced to a band especially strong on the rhumba, or swung on the rings and trapezes suspended from the ceiling. Outside again, under the barn sheds, long tables were filled with other stages of eating and drinking.



This is "Ferdinand," who is resting in Freddy Proctor's garden at Cap d'Antibes after his famous swim at sea

Over in one corner of the courtyard young athletes were climbing up a rope ladder which had a fashion of turning over and over, however much marine training the contestants might display. There was a stretched sail cloth, of course, to slide down on. No difficulty was manifested, however, in mounting the steps of the old stage coach which stood along side, doing the honors of a bar by having champagne parked on ice inside. In fact everybody seemed to have a bottle of champagne in one hand and a glass in the other, whatever occupation might be going on at the moment.

Nor did anyone forget to keep going the automatic piano, superb relic of some remote little dance hall, which was installed outside the door of the *Moulin* tower. Past its painted scenes wandered the Lucinges, the Grammonts, the Hohenlohes, the Marquise de Polignac, Willie Vanderbilt, Jr., Louis Bromfield—now back at his lovely house in Senlis, Robert Rychner—home from game hunting and filming, Beth Leary, Madame Schiaparelli, the Baronne Almeda; a breath of India—the Maharanec of Coochbehar, and dozens of others that illuminate the international society of Paris. Everything went gaily throughout the night, and when dawn arrived and the line of cars outside the gates began to dwindle, there was still a remnant of hearty revellers left. Armand de la Rochefoucauld took a party back to his château, quite near the *Moulin,* and the *warius* went for a swim before an early *petit déjeuner.* Others drove back and breakfasted together with renewed appetite in town.

It's an old Parisian tradition that everyone must rush away from Paris after the *Grande Semaine,* so the old time inhabitants who long ago discovered Europe and its customs, dashed off to Cannes to join the sun worshippers. Perhaps they gave a backward look at the Paris season which continued with unprecedented gayety until the end of July. But Cannes was smarter than ever. When these devotees of beach pursuits arrived, there was a real rush to the sea. In the first pool of walled off ocean there was a new game for this new kind of small party. Everyone was joining in a cocktail race at Eden Roc. The idea was to drink a cocktail as quickly as possible, dive in and race to the other end *(Continued on page 57)*



PHOTO BY ANDRÉ DURST

The breakfast party at Ermonville after Caresse Crosby's party at the Moulin. Reading left around the table: Miss Lee Miller, Miss Janie Sanford, Tony Gandarillas, Miss Hean Trelfall, Willie K. Vanderbilt, Jr.; Compte Armand de la Rochefoucauld and Erskine Gwynne standing behind Comtesse Irene Volonzoff. Mrs. Kenneth Hunter is there, William A. Reardon, the Maharance of Coochbehar, Mr. Hunter and Baron Friez





The Princess Carla Boncompagni is one of the most popular of the fashionable people who like old fashioned parties. She is especially devoted to Saint Moritz. To the left are Irving Netcher and Freddy Proctor posing under an orange tree



Jeanne Aubert

Jeanne Aubert, now a front rank musical comedy song-bird, is often dazzling and never dull. She is in "Ballyhoo" this fall

Alla Nazimova is subtle and mantles with a tragic air all she does. She will appear as the Chinese mother in the Theatre Guild play, "The Good Earth"

Alla Nazimova



TWO PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAURICE GOLDBERG

Harriet Hoctor

PHOTO BY DOROTHY WILDING



FIVE LADIES APPEARING ON THE STAGE

Katherine Alex

PHOTO BY OGGIANO-MITCHELL



Harriet Hoctor, one of the most finished of American ballerinas, will appear in Carroll's "Vanities." Of Miss Hoctor it may well be said that she puts brains in her dancing feet

Katherine Alexander has a personality that literally surges at you. Whatever she does pulses with intelligence and distinction. She is appearing this fall in "Best Years"

Broadway Up to Date

Sweet Are the Uses of the Depression—Looks Like a Big Dramatic Season—Some New Plays and Fall Pointers—the Exploring Third Eye

BY BENJAMIN DeCASSERES

O WOE! WOE!—WHOAH!
Lo where the stage, the poor degraded stage,
Holds its warped mirror to a gaping age!

THE above was written not in the current time of Pessimist's Pilgrimage but by one Charles Sprague, who lived between 1791 and 1875. Charley was an American poet and, no doubt, was a dramatic critic of some discernment. You may see in the couplet I've quoted from his "Curiosity" that he might even have been the spiritual grandfather of our own Lohengrin of the Drama, George Jean Nathan.

But Charley Sprague merely proves that the Stage is *always* being whacked. I've lived a few years on God's dusty footstool and I cannot remember since the days when I first patronized Fanny Davenport in "Fedora" and Gilmore's sinful Auditorium in Philadelphia when there has not been a persistent and direful Warning about the Condition of the Stage—and all points south and west.

As a matter of fact, the stage is, always was and always will be in a "bad state" simply because there are few good playwrights. Last season most of the plays were simply and plainly pediculous. Eighty-five per cent of them went floppity-flop. And a lot of the dullest musical comedies I have ever seen took the count with them.

And I rejoice in this! Because it will soon be apparent to both producers and playwrights that, Barnum to the contrary notwithstanding, the Public is *not* a perennial sucker when it comes to giving up a fat admission price plus a government tax to see three acts of an alleged comedy or a drama written by some Boy Scout between potato-peeling and guard-duty.

Sweet, too, are the uses of the Depression. It means fewer and better plays. I am told it will take a bomb to get at some of the tin-boxes of the Broadway producers this season. They were stung so hard and deeply during the last two seasons that a play must really sound like a play and not be a lot of dialogue butter smeared over three thin slices of exits and entrances before they will turn the combination in the wall-safe.

When I read the producers' announcements for the coming season I always begin to hum, unconsciously, "O Promise Me!"

These producers are as well meaning as Moses, no doubt, who took 'em up to the mountain-top and showed 'em the Promised Land, which, according to Roark Bradford and Marc Connelly, no one ever entered.

Well, these annual Moseses are right at our gate again, and they are showing the drama-hounds a delectable land, as usual. All sorts of "masterpieces" are projected. Many of them melt away and leave not a royalty behind. And suddenly, unannounced, like Tammany Young and One-Eyed Connelly, there will crash down on us a splendid bit of entertainment that some of the regular producers have rejected as if by concerted action. It's a wicked and comic game, this play-business.

The Theatre Guild will produce five new plays. The bottom may drop out of everything, of even the Minsky shows, but the Guild will be there as certain as Al Smith will never quit politics. Of course the Guild goes Mad Hatter once in a while. But even Babe Ruth strikes out once in a while. Genius and God's universe are not impeccable—*quoi?*

The first Guild production will be a play made from Pearl S. Buck's prize-winning novel, "The Good Earth." If this story of Chinese peasants is as good as it reads, it will make dramatic history. About the book opinion seems to be unanimous. The story of the Chinese farmer and his family, of his frightful poverty, and his rise to riches with the introduction of a young mistress in his household, is bitten right into the blood and marrow of life. It is odd, it is different, it *(Continued on page 58)*

TERESTING PRODUCTIONS THIS FALL

Gordon

PHOTO BY DE MIRJIAN STUDIOS



No one more steadily grows in her art than Ruth Gordon, now in "Here Today." Pert, dynamic, piercing, Miss Gordon can make even the dullest play worth while

THIS YEAR

Let's Go to the Game in Comfort



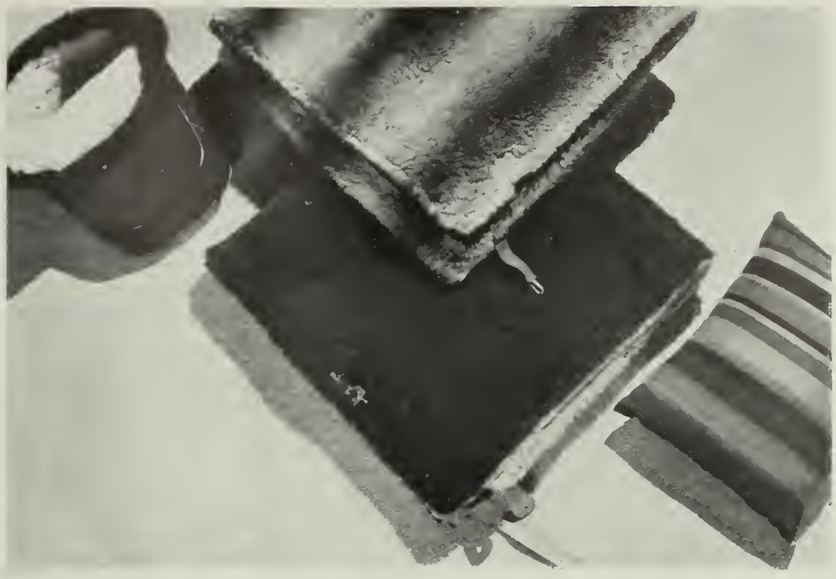
What could be more enjoyable than to make the trip to the football game with a party of friends in an Aerocar trailer, a veritable land yacht, such as this from Theodore Luce, Inc.? Inside are five rattan armchairs, divan seat and radio. One can lunch on a gay linen cloth from Mosse, with yellow Spoonerware unbreakable plates and cups from Lewis & Conger, and a thermos jug from Abercrombie & Fitch

The Aerocar is attached by an improved patent coupler to a Hudson coupe, which pulls it steadily along, regardless of hills and curves. The exterior finish is battleship gray and black. Inside the finish is dark green leather and light green painted trim. It is electrically lighted and has a complete tiny kitchenette

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT MACLEAN GLASGOW



New things that will score with your football guests



Right—A fleece-lined suède foot-warmer; llama wool robes with straps for waist and feet, and a colorful suède pillow. Abercrombie & Fitch

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DANA B. MERRILL



A collapsible pigskin kit bag, of generous size, is easily stowed away in the trailer. This may be packed with clothes for dances or houseparty after the game ends





The cowhide cocktail kit, above, includes bottles, and thermos ice container. The pint flask disguised as a camera is from Abercrombie & Fitch. Dark blue seal motor roll contains toilet equipment. Cartier, Inc.

A green "Pik-nic" case is at the left. Closed, the legs and extended table shelf fold up and form the back of the case with a sandwich box, ideal for a roadside lunch. Lewis & Conger



PHOTOGRAPHS BY EMELIE DANIELSON

Vivid Contrast in Decorative Scheme

This dining room is strikingly furnished in blue and white. L'Élan Inc., decorators



Quite a different version of the blue and white dining room is shown in modern fashion in the apartment of Mrs. Kenneth Friede. The furniture is dyed marine blue, trimmed with white hollywood. The walls are this same blue, the hanging, white silk moire, and the upholstery white moire fabricoid. Candlesticks and bowl are Mexican glass—blue. The modern carpet is marine blue, bordered with a wide white band. The only warm hues are in the modern paintings in which orange and yellow predominate. Lighting fixtures are chromium

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Common or Garden Talk

Observations of an Amateur Gardener

BY GAY YOUNG

THE gardens of "Nemours", the 1600-acre estate of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred I. duPont, at Wilmington, Delaware, were opened to the public for the first time September 17 and 18, to raise funds for the restoration of Robert E. Lee's home in Virginia. This marks the high point of a season in which many beautiful estates have been shared generously with garden lovers. The duPont gardens are laid out in the magnificent old-world manner characteristic of the famous gardens of Versailles, with the château dominating sunken gardens, orchards and small lakes. In front of the château a wide green, terraced like a stairway, stretches down to the reflecting pool. On either side of this terrace are stately rows of cryptomere Japanese evergreen. The illustrations on this page show the *tapis vert* leading up to the duPont home, the tall water tower, and details of the long colonnade.

FOR Princeton and for posterity, about a quarter of a million evening primroses are bravely trying to help Dr. George Harrison Shull figure out evolution. Mostly they go about their solemn business pretty modestly, with no one but Dr. Shull and his fellow primrose-students bothering much about them, but the recent International Genetics Congress brought them into the limelight for a few minutes. The evening primrose project, with a 7-acre garden as its laboratory, is said to be Princeton's largest single scientific research problem. Dr. Shull has been at it 27 years, and the primroses even longer, some of them having pedigrees that go back more than 50 years.

SINCE even the smallest hamlets are now having their own flower shows, the problem of finding good judges looms large. More and more garden enthusiasts are putting their minds on this business of qualifying for judges, but even at that there aren't enough to go around. So once it gets about that So-and-So is a fair and astute judge, that person is kept trotting from show to show. Mrs. Albert Humble, of Douglaston, Long Island, is one of the judges much in demand—last year she helped select the winners of 18 flower shows.

THE herb helxine (baby's tears) grows so readily that it is surprising it is not more commonly used as a house plant. A little bunch will cascade down over the sides of a pot in a few weeks, in a tangle of tiny round leaves. Mrs. Park J. White, who took a prize on her pot of helxine at the New Milford flower show, recommends water and sun, but says that you must be careful not to get the leaves wet. Lift them up and pour the water directly on the soil, or set the pot in a pan of water overnight. Mrs. White's prize plant hangs beside the sunny dining room door of her Colonial house on a Connecticut hilltop.

Miniature bouquets, one of Mrs. White's hobbies, are pleasantly consistent with prim Early American interiors. Here is a chance at last to use the diminutive vases and pitchers you've sighed over fondly, and wished you could use in your decorative scheme without their looking knick-knacky. Miniature bouquets were featured in several New England flower shows this year. The beauty of vivid small flowers is treated in a fresh way by Laurence Biddle, an English artist. He takes a few such blossoms as purple shadowed pansies and pink-red verbenas, puts them carelessly in a small Chinese bowl, and centers the study in an expanse of gray back-



Water tower on the Alfred I. duPont estate, built even before the house and gardens





In front of the duPont house, *le tapis vert* stretches down to a large reflecting pool

A fountain group in marble, and behind, the classical colonnade. Carrere and Hastings, Architects









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PHOTOGRAPHS BY MATTIE EDWARDS HEWITT

ground. The John Levy Galleries have brought a few of his canvases to New York, and may give an exhibition of them this winter.

A Chinese patriarch came down to the pier in Hong Kong last spring to bid farewell to the American friend who had admired his garden. He bore as a gift a few seeds tenderly wrapped in an embroidered silk handkerchief. They were prized, made the center of a conspicuous formal bed, and favored with every gesture of hospitality

Spots in the garden of Mrs. John R. McGinley, of Manchester - by - the-Sea, where one might bask in the fall sunshine. There is a fireplace in the tea-house



man can make toward plant. But the cherisher of these mysterious plants was a little discontent, for his gardeners seemed indifferent to the value of his treasures. He even fancied he once heard two of them snicker behind him as he stood contemplating the Oriental bed. Hatred of the Chinese, maybe, he thought. But it annoyed him. Finally he called his head gardener to him, pointed out elaborately that the rarest things in his garden were being neglected, and demanded the reason. The gardener shifted his eye to a far pear tree and cleared up the situation with, "Them's radishes!"

AMONG the choicest of red tulips are "Eclipse", unfortunately little known because the bulbs of this variety are still quite expensive. Although the Eclipse tulip was brought to this country about sixteen years ago, it has not been propagated enough to bring the price of bulbs down to a reasonable figure. If you enjoy experimenting, here is a tulip that will reward you and you will be helping bring this flower out of the class of rarities.

WHITE flowers have taken on fresh importance since the vogue for white accents in decoration. A list of white bulbous flowers for forcing indoors or in the greenhouse has been prepared by John Scheepers, Inc. Paperwhite grandiflora narcissus can be in bloom in November; for December there are Roman hyacinths, calla Godfrey, lilium Harrisii, freesia purity and helleborus niger; to this group for December they add the following as possibilities for January: Elder's giant white freesia; gladiolus Colvillei, gladiolus tristis, and single early tulips, white swan and white hawk.

A BEAUTIFUL fall-flowering tree which bears rose-like white blooms from mid-August until frost was among the exhibits at the Atlantic City flower and garden pageant held early in September. This tree, the Franklynia Altemaha, was discovered in Georgia in 1789, but no tree of its kind has ever been found growing wild since. At one time only one tree of the Altemaha was known to be in existence, and all those now growing are thought to be its offspring. Experiments have been made in propagating this tree, and shoots are now available commercially.

Mrs. Fred I. Risher, of Hackensack, N. J., won first in the amateur flower arrangement class at the Atlantic City show. Mrs. H. C. Parry, of Langhorne, Pa., second. Mrs. W. F. Apgar and Mrs. G. L. Poffenberger, of Audubon, N. J., won a silver medal jointly, for the finest single arrangement.

Part of the Hancock display, one of the prize-winners at the Atlantic City flower and garden pageant

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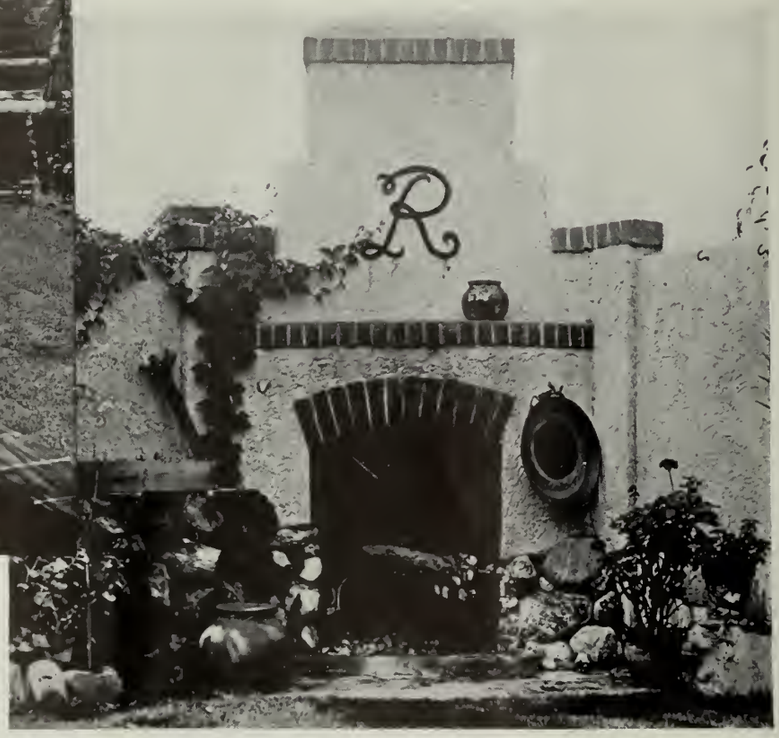
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AUTUMN FIRES OUT OF DOORS

CRISP FALL EVENINGS—AND TEA OR SUPPER AROUND A GARDEN HEARTH

Piper and Kahrs, Architects





In a corner of her garden wall sheltered by Lombardy poplars, Mrs. Jesse Barbee, of Long Beach, California, has an outdoor fireplace built of broken slabs of old cement walks. Nearby are tree roses and a lily pool topped with quarry tile

Potted flowers and a tangle of vines make the fireplace in the garden of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Riedman a spot admirably suited to activities having to do with rare juicy steaks, an open blaze and ravenous appetites



One flue serves for both the living room and the outdoor fireplace in the California home of the sculptor, Merrell Sage. With French doors opening out upon this garden, an outdoor room, framed by tall eucalypti, is really added to the house

AUGUSTUS

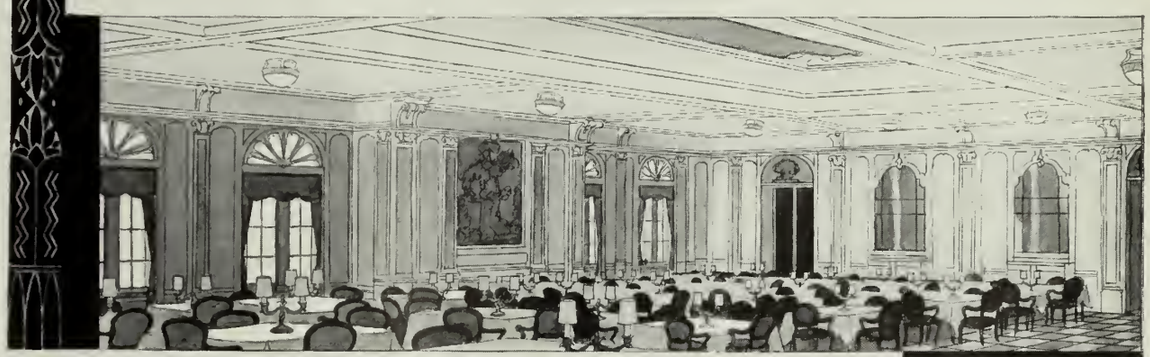
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(Continued from page 33)

are more familiar and certainly we prefer those of the later Georgian period, which are unquestionably lighter and more graceful. At the same time, in a proper setting the earlier centerpieces, as distinct from the later epergnes, are correct when reproducing the traditional dining table of the early 18th Century.

Many of the larger and imposing ones have come to America and are used at important dinner parties where the table is consequently fairly spacious. But generally speaking those with the delicately pierced ornamentation are preferable and are without doubt more appropriate to the average dining room.

As an example of the enormous proportions of some of the Early Georgian centerpieces, we might describe one belonging to the Duke of Rutland: This is more than two feet high and has a spread of about the same measurement. The feet are four large sea-horses on pedestals of rock supporting a large oval dish decorated on four sides by a trident and a paddle and festoons; on the rim of the dish are scrolls and shells with four dolphins holding an oval bowl and cover on which there is a figure of Neptune holding a trident.

Another example has the customary center bowl and dish with numerous brackets rising from the feet and around the base, the brackets holding small trays, saucers, small bowls, sugar and other casters, and candle-holders. In picturing one of these *sans* its saucers, trays and other accessories, it is possible to visualize an octopus in silver, the branches or brackets being almost numerous enough to resemble this cephalopod.

Then there are many others which though more massive than the later epergnes are less imposing than those already described. This type is shown among the illustrations and it is actually based upon one designed and made by the celebrated Paul Lamerie for the Newdigate family in 1743. The Newdigate centerpiece is twenty inches wide and about ten inches high, but even so, some of those reproduced by other silversmiths from this model are considerably larger.



Epergne formed of various sea personalities: Neptune with his trident, dolphins, a base of sea-horses and mermaids. American Art Association-Anderson Galleries

Many readers of this will doubtless recall having dined at certain American homes where a centerpiece of this style was on the table. It consists of a fairly large center bowl on a heavy base with four lion feet, the cover for the bowl usually being a deep dish. There is a bracket rising from each foot holding a small tray, these trays being fitted with small feet to allow their separate use as salvers in passing sweetmeats and other delicacies.

So much for the table plate which reflected what we might term the "grandeur complex" of the Georgian era; but most of us today are more concerned with the table ornaments known as epergnes. This word, now long since anglicized, doubtless came from the French *épargne* meaning saving; the inference being that the intended use for the several trays, small baskets and dishes of the epergnes was to hold the different exotic fruits and delicacies imported from the Far East. Naturally these would be expensive, so it is possible to imagine that the application of the French word to these table ornaments implied an invitation and an admonition—"Help yourself, but do not waste."

Various styles of the lighter epergnes suitable to any average dining room are quite easily obtainable because they remained popular in England until the Victorian period. And if some of the silver designs of that time are not acceptable to present day taste, many of the table ornaments are less ornate than might be supposed. This is evident from the 19th Century examples illustrated here.

It is probable however, that the pierced epergnes which appeared after about 1750 are more generally popular and it must be admitted that these are particularly graceful. While fairly tall, they never evince any suggestion of massiveness owing to the stand and the various baskets being ornamented by finely pierced designs. The number of brackets or arms varies: Some have a center pierced basket with four brackets holding small round saucers while others will have as many as three baskets in the center, with a bracket on either side each supporting a smaller basket and four saucers for sweetmeats below.

Occasionally, in one of the important shops, it is possible to obtain a pierced epergne made in the form of a Chinese pagoda and beautiful indeed is such an example. These are about twenty inches high with an intricately pierced base of scrolls and flowers fitted with a basket. Four slender pillars support a pagoda shaped roof on the top of which there is a pineapple ornament and in some instances four shorter pillars with a smaller roof above; and from each of the roofs or canopies, eight tiny silver bells are suspended.

Doubtless the various pierced baskets were originally intended to hold fruit and nuts, but on one table we saw an epergne of this type arranged with both flowers and fruit. In view of the pierced sides, the use of the baskets for flowers might seem impractical, for the reason that they will not hold water. But this was ingeniously overcome by having blue glass liners made for the baskets.



Centerpiece, made in London, 1732, adapted from Newdigate original by Paul Lamerie. The large bowl was originally used for punch with fruit in small trays. James Robinson



Centerpiece made for the Newdigate family by Paul Lamerie in 1743. The tray serves as the cover of bowl. Victoria & Albert Museum



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A Fox-hunter's Lament

(Continued from page 26)

dry, compared with England. The scent is hard to follow, consequently the American hound must have a far keener sense of smell than the English hound. And because of the hilly and wooded condition of much of the hunting country, he must have stronger "voice" and use it to good purpose. The Virginia type of hound, therefore, is bred for nose and voice, and a Virginia pack can stick to a failing scent to the *nth* degree, where English hounds would have been baffled long ago.

"I am sure that two-thirds of the people who ride behind that remarkable animal, the hound, don't realize what his accomplishments are. Often enough, I have seen a thrilling piece of work on the part of the hounds ruined by some non-comprehending individual who overrides them when they have checked. Of course such blunders spoil the sport too."

Horses are all too often the star boarders, not only among the "hunt to riders", but even among those who are talking on the responsibility for organizing a hunt.

"Suppose," said Mr. Thomas, "that you had devoted years to developing your pack of hounds, and then you get a letter from Mr. X, who has just bought an estate in the next county, saying he expects to hold a meet on the 25th of the month, and would like to find some 'good dogs'. It is then the 15th of the month. Well that very thing has happened to me. And the ironical part of it all is that Mr. X has probably taken infinite care selecting his horses, but he thinks any pack of hounds shipped in at the last moment will do.

"Whereas, really, if our esteemed Mr. X were planning to hunt on the 25th of the month this year, he should have begun not less than three years ago to get his hounds together. That is the minimum time it takes to develop and train a good working pack. The next year he might start to worry about his stables. Good horses can be obtained on a two year margin. Meanwhile, he would collect a reliable staff of hunt servants, and decide on his uniforms and livery. Then he might issue invitations for the 25th of the month."

Hunting is no slapdash affair. And even though you pay little attention to the pack work of the hounds, even though you go just for the ride, so to speak, the whole thing represents thought and careful planning by somebody over a long period of time. It is a pageant of sorts. Every detail must be perfect if the pageant is to have any reason for being. That is why uniforms are important.

"I expect a person to give as much care to dress at a hunt as he would if I had invited him to a dinner party," Mr. Thomas explained. "If you are going to put on a show, insist on perfection of detail, for fox-hunting is one of the few really picturesque occasions left in this drab modern world and deserves to have its adherents play their parts correctly."

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In Cotton and Calicoes

(Continued from page 40)

of the pool. A whole lot of amusement and some alarm was caused by the false starts and restarts which necessitated another drink each time. Michael Farmer was there, the Grand Duke Boris, Countess Marzoni, Erskine Gwynne—who has given some grand parties himself—Rosy Dolly Netcher and Irving Netcher, Baron Baubigny, and René Fonjallaz—the Swiss athlete. Around the pool were actors and princes and movie stars. The actors were really acting, for the cocktail race is a scene in Gloria Swanson's new picture. Camera men were hidden behind the trellis work to shoot the scenes in their best and most spontaneous moments. So America will see them all.

There was no time for repose after the cocktail hour, for that evening Freddy Proctor gave a dinner party in the garden of La Tourelle, his villa at Cap d'Antibes. Later on he took his guests to the Yahne d'Argent, that tiny *boite* which is so popular near the Palm Beach. A *soirée d'adieu* had been organized for Bobby Minton who was to sail for the States. The *clou* of the evening was the presentation of Ferdinand, a very young goose who sat up to all hours of the morning and swam out with the entire party to Rosie's new craft, the Dolly. After a very elaborate breakfast. Ferdinand, alone, swam back and found his way to the Proctor garden.

There is something in the blood of modern human beings, especially the younger set, which warns them against staying too long with one group of people. "Dangerous to be too long with an angel" belongs to the new creed; so there was a general exodus to the mountains. A few went to Dr. Dengler's at Baden-Baden for the cure. Alice Nikitina was there; so was the Baron Maurice de Rothschild; and Alice O'Gorman, the daughter of Senator James O'Gorman of New York. Others stopped at Munich for the music festival. But all eventually arrived, over the Julier Pass, at Saint Moritz. And all arrived with the same idea: peaceful mountains, glorious sunshine, a perfect place for rest—if you like. Certainly at the Palace one would meet the gathering of Italian, Egyptian and Greek families who make the usual summer season. Yes they were there, with such charming people as the Princess Daria Karageorgevitch, and Mrs. Gustave Porges who was entertained by all the Royal Highnesses of Europe twenty years ago. (At that time, Toscanini played in the twenty-one piece orchestra at the Kulm Hotel which was owned by the grandfather of Hans Badrutt, present proprietor of the Palace.) At the Palace, too, is Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt, who also has a charming little Swiss chalet where she entertains intimate luncheon parties.

Big parties are rare now, and balls are taboo. But a small bar gala is the present vogue of society. While all the arrivals had expected the calm atmosphere created by old families, clever young hostesses had organized a series of these small affairs in the bar, the popularity of which it proved had by no means been exhausted last winter. The greatest sensation, however, was the night of the first of August. Way back in 1291 the Swiss in this locality had found an excuse to get everybody together to celebrate the origin of the Swiss Federation. The National Fête day in 1932 produced a memorable night when the young set assembled with guides to go to the mountains to light the traditional bonfires. Some went to the Bernina Hospice, some to Corviglia, others to the Rosatch; still other parties encircled the lake. They started out at eight and were instructed to be back at ten, bringing eidleweiss. Then all gathered in the center of the village. René Dumont's orchestra played Romantsch melodies from the belfry of the old tower. Picture the pageantry of all this in the old Swiss village. Red bengal lights were blazing, bonfires were twinkling on the Alpine peaks, pale green lanterns were flickering on the lake, and fireworks rivalled the stars. Swiss girls in native costume were dancing in pairs and fours and through the crowds moved distinguished figures of cosmopolitan society. Princess Carla Boncompagni was there in deep cherry red tulle and vermillion sash; Madame Nicholas Sursoch, sister-in-law of Princess Colonna—the oldest family of Rome—in purest white and priceless pearls; the Maharanee of Baroda in gold embroidered robes from India; Baronne de Fierlant, Mrs. Benno Hart, Mrs. Lulu Platt Hunt, and Mrs. Ada Fuller from Memphis. Back in the bar, the festivities were continued.

The House That Sports Built

(Continued from page 17)

ment of the house proper is the placing of all the windows away from the entrance, thus emphasizing the close relation of the rooms to the outdoor features. The tennis court is easily the most luxuriously fitted of any similar play-ground in Southern California, with its airy loggia for guests and refreshment and its commodious locker rooms. The Gibbons villa is also interesting from the point of view of materials used in its construction, and everywhere a fine sense of restraint and dignity informs the general plan. Here is indeed a modernistic villa that is not only structurally simple and severe but also essentially homelike. Mrs. Gibbons (Dolores del Rio) presides charmingly over this villa. Photographs of this home were used by permission of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

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Broadway to Date

(Continued from page 43)

is bizarre. To play the important role of the Chinese farmer we have the good news that that fine actor, Edward G. Robinson, will be called away from Hollywood. I hope it is true, for who will ever forget his great acting as the semi-idiot in the Guild's production of "The Brothers Karamazov," which, to my way of thinking, was the high-spot in all the Guild's productions. Nazimova will also be in "The Good Earth," playing, no doubt, the discarded old wife. Nazimova reached the peak of her career (staged, in fact, a great come-back) in "Mourning Becomes Electra." Her early mannerisms are gone. She now allows her rôle entirely to dominate her: the secret of great acting.

The second offering of the Guild will be a play by John Howard Lawson, "The Pure in Heart," which has a satiric ring. Mr. Lawson gets beneath the surfaces. There are big things a-brooding in him. I hope he will never strangle them for box office considerations. Osgood Perkins and June Walker will appear in the Lawson play. But the great sensation will come with "Versailles," by Emil Ludwig. In this play we shall see Wilson, Clemenceau and Lloyd George. About "Versailles" I know nothing; but I hope it is a *play*, not a political tract, a soapbox scream or a debating society's oratorical exercise like some of the late plays of the rapidly decaying Mr. Shaw.

The great American play has not yet been written. But maybe Mr. Gilbert Miller thinks he has discovered it in the sole native play on his list for the coming season, a dramatization of Sinclair Lewis' "Dodsworth." I have not read that book, but I hear good reports of it. Certainly, to me, Sinclair Lewis has got nearer to the heart of what we Americans really are than any other American writer. I wish he'd write plays on broad satiric-analytical lines, or a musical comedy in the *genre* of "Of Thee I Sing."

Mr. Miller's other plays will come from England, France and Hungary, with Helen Hayes, Henry Stephenson, Gertrude Lawrence's beautiful back and Gerald Du Maurier as some of his headlines.

Sam H. Harris having received the Grand Accolade last season from both critics and public for his epoch-making "Of Thee I Sing," will turn his attention to the drama exclusively this season. These two inflame my expectation: "Dinner at Eight," a drama by George Kaufman and Edna Ferber. Kaufman has a brain edged with quills. He is what Aldous Huxley calls a "piercing writer." The other is an Arthur Goodrich product, "Mr. Grant," featuring that splendid actor of crashing ways and the earnest voice, Paul Muni.

William A. Brady is also looking to Europe. There is "Mademoiselle," starring Grace George, who in her work achieves the maximum effects with a minimum of effort. To be the father of Alice Brady and the hus-



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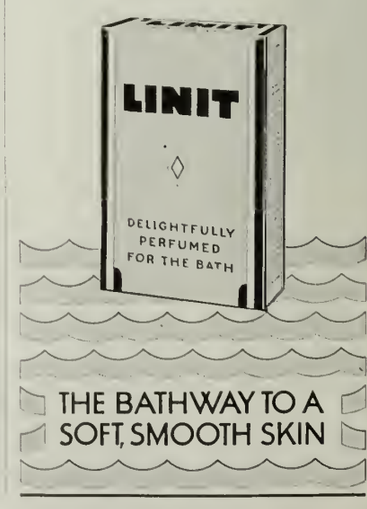
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Broadway Up to Date

band of Grace George is a big enough job for any man. There is also a Paul Geraldy play on his list.

Arthur Hopkins, who has been sayin' low and sayin' nothin', will put forth Ethel Barrymore in "Encore," a tale of a retired opera-singer. He has another play scheduled with the fascinating and pseudo-tough Hope Williams in the leading rôle.

John Golden has Montagu Glass, Rachel Crothers and Vicki Baum on his staff. Some of these plays are now being tried out in the sticks. Max Gordon, who puts over one success after another in the musical comedy field, has Howard Dietz and Noel Coward working hard. The Coward play, "Design for Living," will star Mr. Coward, Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt. It will be *a* night!

There's Katharine Cornell, a woman with a great gift. She may have a repertory theatre, as actress-manager herself, at the Belasco Theatre. There are first "Alien Corn" by Sidney Howard, "The Rape of Lucrece" and a play by Clemence Dane dealing with the Brontë sisters on her list. Some one should do "Wuthering Heights" for the stage. Here is a study in hate-love worthy of the great Dostoievsky himself.

"Domino," a comedy in three acts from the French of Marcel Achard, adapted by Grace George and produced by William A. Brady, opened the season. This piece of domestic bric-à-brac has been amusing Paris for more than a year. From the vestiges of it that remained in the American production I imagine it must be a fine bit of lacquer work in the original. As it is, I found "Domino" amusing and pin-pricking in spots, woefully padded in others.

Hovering around Westport one week-end lately, I was invited by Lawrence Langner's Repertory Company and Theresa Helburn, of the Theatre Guild, to be present at the opening of Rose Albert Porter's new play, "Chrysalis." This play will be seen later in New York, probably in the Repertory Company's repertoire.

"Chrysalis" needs a great deal of fixing up before it lands on Broadway; but it is a powerful, gripping and unusual play even as it is—a mixture of melodrama, social psychology and up-to-date youthful criminality.

Luigi Pirandello's new play, "To-Night We Improvise," will probably be seen here this season if there can be found a producer bold enough to produce it. For I gather from a reading of it that some of it will have to be acted in the lobby between the acts.

This play is the reverse of "Six Characters in Search of an Author." It is the author in pursuit of his characters, who run out of the fiction, become real, and stage in a third act a gripping tragedy.

It is the oddest and, in a sense, the most Pirandellan of products. But for all that I like it least—in the reading—of all Pirandello's plays. Parts of it bore me. There seems to be endless jabberwocky. It lacks that profound metaphysical clarity that is so evident in the other plays of this most original of modern playwrights.

Our two eyes are so hopelessly clogged up with facts that it is a wonder we ever see anything. So nature in order to save us from going blind with seriousness invented a third eye—humor. I believe this third eye curls up its eyelid on the world and begins to laugh, smile or grin just at the moment when our matter-of-fact, everyday eyes begin to get the "staggers."

The Comic View!—if a man hasn't that today he is lost. The comic is the laughter of the reason. The Comic Spirit does not sit in the auditorium of the great drama called Life. Nor is it one of the actors on the stage. It is rather a gay, ironic, human spirit that hovers in the wings—watching the make-up rooms of the "heavies," the scene-shifters and the rant and roar of those who have the big and little parts. It is the Third Eye of the world floating in an ether of laughter.

In a word, what the stage needs today is more brainy nonsense. Unless the serious contains a great big melodramatic thrill we yawn. And rightly. The word Art doesn't mean that which is opposed to horse-laughs. There is a certain Rabelaisian robustiousness which we have not yet attained on our stage.

Here while I demand more comedy, more high nonsense, more Mickey Mousing on our stage comes the extraordinary news as if to trip me on the nose that there is to be a cyclone of tears this season over *three* Camilles.

Added to the Camille which Eva Le Gallienne has made a part of her repertory and the Camille of Lillian Gish which is heading eastward from Pike's Peak comes the news that Jane Cowl has put on a smashing Marguerite Gautier out in Cleveland.

Maybe there is to be a renaissance of the weeps and vapors. Gad, it's a deliciously nutty world! Seriously, though, there is that in "Camille" which is what Edgar Guest calls "never-dying." Sophisticated liars that we all are, we are at heart all Armands and Camilles, weeping and wailing for the one ideal love.

Tush!—the human race is incurably romantic and sentimental. Is it not so? Our "sophistication" is merely the comic mask of our romantic-shamefacedness. Personally, I'd walk a mile for a Camille.





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BY WILLIAM B. POWELL

A travel tip, dear reader: if you're in France this Autumn, and don't dip down into Spain, you're missing one of the continent's most alluring spots. This languorous, glamourous country is as exciting today as it has always been—and, if anything, it is smarter.

Northern Spain in Autumn is most charming, and here's a suggestion for a perfectly grand tour. Come down from Biarritz and cross the Spanish border just above San Sebastian . . . what a lovely little harbour and what well-run hotels await you. Dance, play tennis or golf—and take in a bull fight (even though you detest it, it will prove to be a useful dinner table topic all Winter!). Thence proceed along the coast to Santander, distinguished as ever and still a mecca for polo enthusiasts, thence motor across Spain through the picturesque Pyrences. When you reach the Mediterranean, turn South and in a few hours you'll be in Barcelona, a city gay and booming . . . of course, you'll compare it to Paris—but you'll find it has its own distinctive attractions . . . loads of restaurants in and around the city where you'll order from menus either French or exotically Spanish . . . but though Barcelona is modern as Berlin, it abounds in plenty of ancient bits (don't miss the picturesque dance the people do in groups on the streets, each night in a different part of the city) . . . just a few miles South of Barcelona is a fascinating little seaside resort called Sitges—Americans are rare there, so run down and "discover" it.

Of course, you'll take the night boat over to Majorca —that island which threatens to "out-smart" the Cote d'Azur. In Palma or on the opposite side of the island at the Hotel Formentor (the Antibes of Majorca) you'll live for a song and, though you'll probably run into loads of friends from Mayfair or Park Avenue, you'll find the island far from spoiled. But don't wait too long—this is the year!

* * * * *

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"I Cannot Sing the Old Songs—"

(Continued from page 39)

Spaeth's *Read 'Em and Weep*. That excellent anthology, as well as all the others I have seen, omits one which I remember. Nor have I ever heard it sung except by a friend of mine (John Rae, the artist) although to my mind it is the most typical song of the time of a certain sort.

It is true that most of the popular songs of the day were of the sentimental type, but *She's the Only Pebble on the Beach* struck a note which was echoed by thousands of others—*Oh, Uncle John, Isn't It Nice on Broadway, When Reuben Comes To Town, On the Bowery*, and goodness knows how many others. It contains the choicest collection of mothy, moldy, mildewed slang ever gathered between song covers and strikes the note that all songs of the kind struck, the fleecing of the wouldbe hot sport. If only to add to the song literature of the time, it deserves reprinting:

While wheeling down the avenue the other afternoon
A pretty girl in bloomers I did spy.
Her cheeks were bright and red like the roses in full bloom
And she had a naughty twinkle in her eye.
I followed her a block or two until a friend I met.
I asked him if he knew the little peach.
With a very knowing wink
He answered, "Nit! Well I don't think!*
Why, she's the only pebble on the beach!"

I have tried in vain to pick out the most terrible line of that terrible ditty and have given it up in despair. I lean toward "With a very knowing wink he answered 'Nit! Well I don't think!'" as a perfect example of the retort satiric. But then "And when she mounts a bike she does it handsome!" comes into my mind and I waver.

Then there was *The Queen of the Telephone Girls Is My Estelle* that goes—but here, here, kiddies! How gramps does run on!

But the song that used to make the boys and girls weep into their beer in the Tenderloin joints was by no means the only or even the best musical mirror of the period. Its sublime bathos is to my mind much more accurately set forth in *Sing, Sweet Bird* or *In the Gloaming* than in *A Bicycle Built for Two* or *The Little Lost Child*. The first two and *Last Night, Oh the Swing of the Kerry Dancing, Twickenham Ferry, Winds in the Trees, The Song For Me*, about fifteen or sixteen thousand by F. E. Weatherly and various composers, Tosti's *Goodby* and *Beauty's Eyes* and *The Lighthouse Pier* leap to the mind. They had more difficult accompaniments and the rhymes and meter were always accurate, a feature which the *After the Ball* type of song could not boast, and therefore passed as classical. They were always sung as solos and invariably by young ladies. No, there were some exceptions to that rule. But to one rule there was no exception.

That rule was always to strike the sad sweet note of parting, either in the past or the future. It might be dragged in by the heels out of nowhere and for no reason and not infrequently was.

I was one of those awful youngsters who play the piano pretty well at twelve years of age. I can still hear my father's baritone (and a good one too) roaring mellowly over my shoulder as I played the accompaniment to *The Song for Me*.

On a winter's night when the fire shone bright
And the door was barred on care
I asked the maiden I prized so well
What she would sing to me there.

It is the note of muddy *weltschmerz*, as poignant as the *Liebestod* and as banal as liver sausage, which epitomizes the pseudo-classical song literature and the very soul of the Victorian era.

These songs were not sung in saloons, neither were they favored on hay rides and launching parties. They all required a voice of good range and training and were, as has been pointed out, always sung as solos and many, if not all of them, were on concert programs.

Comparison could be made with present day songs such as—on second thought no. Our purpose here is not to criticise but to expound and it's hard enough for a poor lyricist to make a living without having a lot of self appointed critics jumping all over him.

The accompaniments were fairly simple and played *con amore* with a great deal of hoisting of the right shoulder and body sway to the left of dead center and back again.

I think I can hear some oldster taking me to task for thus summarily damning such old favorites as *In the Gloaming* and *Winds in the Trees* as bathetic rather than pathetic. So, however, they seem to me. But in justice it should be said that admitting their bathos, they still had within them the germ of something real and true.

Old softie that I am, I still get a thrill out of singing and hearing them sung. After all, glamour does exist. Moonbeams may be moonshine, but the moonpath is there—visible and palpable. It's no use saying it's silly to get a lump in the throat when one is young and looking at the moon; one *does* get the lump in the throat. What's more, I'm all for it. Life does have its moments, pooh pooh them how you will. The old songs have a definite and a genuine appeal.

Yes, and you old sophisticates you, you think the same if you weren't afraid to admit it! You with your xylophones and your harmonicas and your hysterical times kidding the old songs. Huh! You can't pull the Woollcott over *my* eyes!

*Time out for hysterics.



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On Going Native in Mexico

(Continued from page 35)

uniquely Mexican versions and elaborations of these ancient and fundamental joys; and still others are rare local products, of sound vintage too, preserved only in the antique psychological cellars of countries which, like Mexico, still treasure the aristocratic subtleties of making the most of the Five Senses, letting Knowledge, the climber, look after itself.

Our hearts bleed for our fellow-travellers. They are going to work awfully hard. No one can rush about in that nervous way at an altitude of nearly ten thousand feet above sea-level without getting extremely fatigued and distressed, and without looking ridiculously like that universal joke, the Typical Tourist. And seeing everything is a drearily hopeless job anyhow. The one alternative is, as has been gently pointed out, to Go Native. It is done intuitively as a rule, but careful attention to the following outline of what is Important, practise by easy stages, and strict adherence to the code of never doing anything that doesn't interest or amuse you—regardless of Oughts will provide you with a working knowledge of the Great Secret.

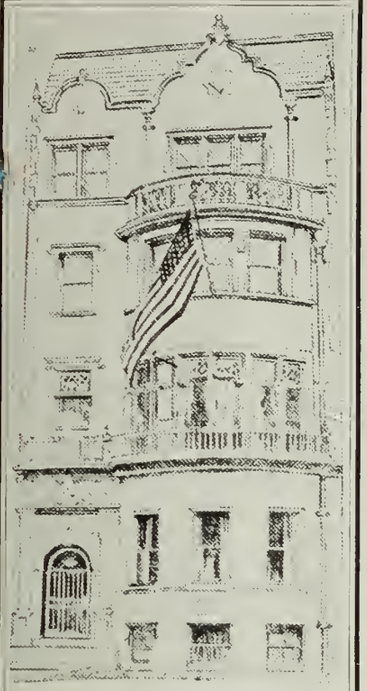
First. *Gazing.* This indulgence is sometimes stultify praised as Observing, and sometimes even more stultify condemned as Gaping. You rapidly develop your technique, on your train from Vera Cruz to the highland plateau and your destiny. Leaving the swaying Gulf and your sea legs behind, you slide through fresh, fat jungle. Banana leaves brush your car-windows, you can almost reach out to pluck orchids (but you don't, because you are too lazy and too wise); the red berries you glimpse among the bananas are coffee, and the rows of what look like dark spiky lettuce are pineapples, but you probably don't know that, and if orthodox in your new creed, you don't care. Next you cross sheer bridges and you hear the shout of waterfalls. You pass *Potrero*, with its sugar-plantations and mills, and you come to *Córdoba*, ancient pre-Spanish town, center of a rich coffee, tobacco, sugar and fruit region. Women of sienna-and-pomegranate skins, their modelled heads wrapped in suave blue shawls, will hold up to your car-windows traysful of enormous pineapples, tiny pink bananas, plump rosy mangoes, and other aromatic fruits strange to you. Here is Mexican Pastime No. 2:

Bartering. This is perhaps your first experience with the delightful Mexican custom of turning railroad stations into market-places for the local specialties. You will eventually find yourself buying even clothing, jewelry, linens, dolls and doll furniture, rocking horses and other slight souvenirs, as well as boxes and baskets of things unknown to you, but worth purchasing because, and only because, of the gay containers and the absurd prices. You have now mastered the essential point of Mexican bartering, and you will henceforth buy all sorts of things which have no use whatsoever other than to be amusing, especially while being bought. The method is classic. You will shock the tradesman or woman greatly if you buy at the stated price. The see-saw lasts as long as the train remains, and may meander conversationally through politics, the Depression, the weather, how you like Mexico, other personal confidences, a touch of wit and one or two profound reflections upon Life. Then the train jerks, the vendor offers you everything, wildly, for anything, you toss, also wildly, everything, catch whatever you happen to get in return—settle back to the universal and also Mexican pleasures of:

Eating, combined with *Drinking*, a verb that outside of the United States is of course never applied to water. Stations ahead of you offer you new wares to sample, and you will probably overdo, which isn't a Mexican custom at all, because, as stated before, it is against the rule to overdo anything. But this particular rule, shhhh, is honored in the breach as well as in the observance. Therefore, having lighted a strong Mexican cigarette, aided by it you sink back into the comatose condition produced by our activities, and proceed to practise Pastime No. 4, which is:

Sleeping Awake. This is a refinement of No. 1, *Gazing*, and is also connected by family ties, as its name indicates, with the much more common practise of Sleeping Asleep. However, whereas Sleeping Asleep requires no special training or effort, Sleeping Awake is an accomplishment that only children, Negroes, Indians and rare, serenely sage white folk master easily. It can be done in any position and almost any place except in the middle of a busy street; but must be done with a mind swept clean of projects, ideas and problems, while the eyes are kept open and the other senses proportionately acute. This soothing occupation is almost indispensable in your present situation; for your train is making startling spins, coils, dives and spirals through tunnels, passes, and jagged sierra: past *Orizaba*, famous for its white-capped volcano and its beer; through *Apizaco*, devoted to the art of intricately carved sticks, two for a nickel or thereabouts; and out upon the sheer, chill table of the highland plateau. Grey, rose and green, wonderfully diaphanous, it undulates into fields and jumps abruptly over squat hills and swift rivers, then rises, slopes, rays into long, dull-green patterns of *pulque*-cactus, from which Mexico brews a milky source of forgetfulness and Sleeping Awake. Then your first acquaintance with Popocatepetl and his perennially blanketed sponse Ixtaccihuatl, unless they are not-at-home behind clouds. Ahead, the Pyramids of the Sun and the Moon, and beyond, the famous shrine of the Dark Madonna of Guadalupe, to both of which you will return in due course. And now you rouse yourself as painlessly as

(Continued on page 64)



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"Do Drop in for Coffee!"

(*Continued from page 15*)

lover of soothing concoctions. Here also are to be found walnuts, preserved ginger and thin caraway biscuits to satisfy the ravenous.

As the evening progresses the butler brings in a marvelous shining red bucket filled with ice and encircled with highball glasses perched in an aluminum ring. This is smart and new and somehow marks a turning point in the festivities signaling a progression of events.

Guests continue to drift in from the theatre or late dinners for one of the happy features of this form of entertaining is the blissfully detached feeling it gives the guests. There is no intense contrition to suffer if it turns out that they are a little later than the hour they were expected—no one is really kept waiting, and no dinner is spoiled.

Happily there is lacking, as a consequence of this delightfully nonchalant atmosphere, the restlessness which so often characterizes more formal parties. You have noticed, probably, the unhealthy tendency which even the best intentioned guests show toward leaving either too early or too late. But during these delightfully informal evenings they come and they go but no horrible moment ever arrives when they make a simultaneous exit like a flock of frightened quail just because one stone starts rolling.

One recent evening someone remarked upon the variety of flavors known to man. Our hostess forthwith miraculously produced a tray of dried herbs she claimed to have grown all herself last summer. Those who believed themselves infallible tasters enthusiastically entered the competition. I fell down on pennyroyal, camomile, rosemary, thyme and sweet marjoram. None of us could distinguish anise from fennel and who could be expected to boast familiarity with hyssop?

Our hostess has assembled hundreds of old heart songs and ballads of the '90s and those early syncopations known by the now almost obsolete word "ragtime".

By the time mulled wine has appeared in Danish silver pitchers and little squat glasses with handles there is inevitably impromptu music. For those intimates who remain until after midnight cold partridge is served with piping hot buttered chestnuts and finally the evening winds up with a rousing chorale.



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On Going Native in Mexico

(Continued from page 62)

possible, and put on your hat, for you are in Mexico City and about to engage in Pastime No. 5,

Promenading. This, as practised in Mexico, is a combination of 1 (Gazing) and 4 (Sleeping Awake) with 2 (Bartering) and Eating and Drinking almost necessarily included. To achieve good amateur standing, and some style, an initial attitude of sincere and utter aimlessness is indispensable. You perambulate in what looks like a daze from your starting-point somewhere on the main artery of the capital, the fashionable *Avenida Francisco I. Madero;* travelling in vague circles through odd and charming corners of the city the Conquistadors built; inevitably out upon the magnificent open plaza to which all streets lead, the *Zócalo;* and automatically into and out of the National Palace and the great elaborate Cathedral, both of which face out upon it. Then half a block beyond into the National Museum, where you will loiter bemused until ordered out, and then through shops, pawnshops and markets, whence you will return—having by now become a zealous addict of Bartering—loaded with richly colored and bubbled glass, hammered silver, antique baubles, peasant blankets, baskets, and sumptuously designed bowls, and most of whatever else you have seen, including perhaps a small but choice collection of costumed fleas.

When you emerge from what may become an orgy you will be ready for Sunday, and Sunday, in Mexico City, means a bullfight, and if it is your first bullfight it means that you ought to sit high, and that you will spontaneously practise Pastime and Pursuit No. 6, a great favorite in Mexico, and a great necessity too. It consists in making vague, soothing generalizations using many abstract words such as Life, Luck, Death, Art, Beauty, Soul, etc., etc., and for want of a franker word is hereby called *Philosophizing.*

Playing with Luck. Done at your first, or *nth*, jai-alai game, called in Spanish *Frontón.* The position is a crouch, with your eyes glued on two lusty Basques who are speedily and mightily sending balls skittering and whamming out of long, racquet-like basquets fastened to their wrists; while you clutch your bet-counters and do rapid mathematics as the odds likewise skitter and the runners bark all sorts of mad, tempting offers. If your calculations are correct and your hunches lively, you will have betted often on both sides, and when the game is over you will think you have won great amounts but as a matter of fact you will probably just about break even.

(8) *Singing,* and (9) *Making Love.* The scene should be a slow-moving gondola poled by a bronze statue, through the labyrinthine canals of Xochimilco, Mexico's glamorous floating gardens, and the inevitably perfect setting for at least one day of a honeymoon. Pastime 9 will of course come natural to you.

You are now pretty far gone native. Sundry expeditions are therefore in order. Villages—the shrine of Guadalupe, especially fiesta day, December 12; the Sacred Mount at Amecameca; the idyllic Tepoztlan. Ruins: the Pyramids of Teotihuacan, the biggest of the Oughts; and, or, farther afield to the treasure-tombs of Monte Alban and the Sacred City of Chichen-Itza in Yucatan. But if you want to go completely native you will be tempted by the idea of a canoe-trip down the tropical Balsas, or a climb up Popocatepetl, or a hunting trip to jungle after jaguar, or a try at alligator or giant ray fishing on either coast. Some of which can be sampled in a cross-continent ride to the west coast, through semi-tropical, drowsy and fashionable Cuernavaca, to Taxco, an artist-stronghold in the Sierra Madre immensities; thence to Acapulco, on the tropical Pacific, resort *par excellence;* for there, if you don't loaf you get sunstruck.

No. 10. So Mexican that it cannot even be given a name in English, but must be called by its slang verb in Spanish: *vacilar*, which means to think, behave, feel, and talk in a recklessly irrational manner, at the same time keeping your face and appearance dignified, your tone serious and even solemn, and your poise unbetrayed. This complex art requires the mastery of all the nine previously mentioned, and can best be practised in articles on Going Native and on the fair-grounds of Mexico City —or in almost any cemetery—on November 1st, which is Mexico's unique fiesta, the Day of the Dead. On this day the world of sober reality and hard fact turns somersaults and becomes farce. You eat, drink, gaze, barter, sleep-awake, promenade, philosophize, sing, play with luck, make love and *vacilar* with the Dead. And you have to see a three-year old joyously gnawing on a life-size sugar skull before you grasp the implications of this gayest of holidays; when the living invite the dead to partake for a day, of the pleasures they have left behind . . . and the dead laugh again.

When your friends and family meet you at your boat, homeward bound, they will know at once that you have Gone Native, though they may not be able to call the occurrence by its name. For you will be marching sedately down the gangplank with ponchos and sarapes over your shoulder, a large vivid basket full of breakables and brokens on your arm, a festoon of sweet limes around your neck and a cage with a parrot in it hanging from your little finger, all in full view of Lady Liberty and the United States customs inspectors. Your friends and family will obviously be aware that you have changed. They may whisper that you aren't—quite—the same; may, indeed, fear that you will never again will be. And you won't.

Announcing the autumn display of a new and extensive collection of fine custom furniture by America's foremost designing staff

NOTWITHSTANDING the widespread economic instability that has been prevalent during the past two years we have never lost confidence in the ultimate revival and sound future of American business.

As evidence of this confidence our organization for some time has been devoting its best efforts to the production of a series of new models. Much thought and research and the ability of our entire designing staff have been spent upon the creating of these new pieces. But only single models were completed pending the time when conditions might warrant their display.

Ernest R. Cooper and J. Stuart Clingman, internationally recognized designers, heading our designing staff, have collaborated most effectively in producing this interesting collection, which includes a variety of cabinets, desks, tables, commodes, various occasional pieces and a number of unusual seating pieces.

Prices on these new custom pieces you will find are surprisingly low. Excellence of workmanship and meticulous regard for fine detail are evident, but today's manufacturing costs make possible new price levels throughout, in harmony with 1932 demands.

With the favorable indications of recent weeks pointing strongly to an upturn in general business, we now feel warranted in making a display of these new models and putting them immediately into production, and we are now showing in our consolidated showrooms in six cities this interesting collection of new reproductions and fine custom pieces.

Those interested in fine furniture are invited to visit these displays, and while no direct sales are made from the showrooms, any desired purchases may be arranged through recognized retail outlets.

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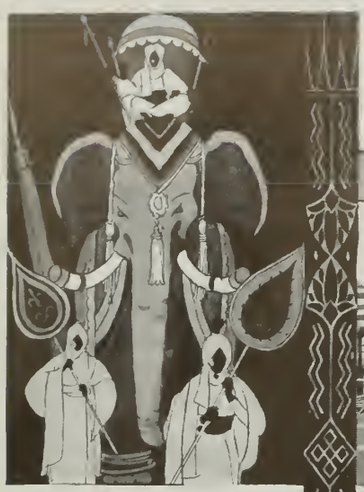
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Black glass vase, silver lustre base; black china toilet set, decorated with gold motifs. Courtesy An Bain, 751 Madison Avenue

BATHROOM accessories and the decoration of the bathroom itself, with all that it requires to make it enjoyable, are supplied by "An Bain." In this shop, among the smaller articles, are toilet bottles and towels that are different, and dressing table lamps converted from old milk glass mugs. Another charming adaptation is the use of old sugar bowls as powder bowls.

In the shower curtains, those trimmed with knotted cotton fringe are a new note, as are the fringe trimmed green fish net curtains for windows. Rugs of modern design are shown in hooked felt, most desirable for bathroom use, and mirror glass boxes for the many toilet requisites.

CONTEMPORARY appointments for the house, in modern pieces of furniture that supply the essentials, are displayed to advantage in the spacious new showrooms of Berri, on 48th Street.

Many of these are of original design, such as the telephone stand, illustrated, into which the stool fits. When the sliding top is replaced this becomes a compact and generally useful table. There is also a poudreuse, built on similar lines and equally convenient. Lamps, decorative screens and batik wall hangings are other features. This firm is also equipped to execute period reproduction work.

SECTIONAL metal cabinets for the kitchen and pantry include, as a notable example, the "hospitality highboy," illustrated, designed by Janes & Kirtland. This combines a complete service that is inviting and convenient and is not necessarily restricted to the above uses, for it may be finished to harmonize with the general decorative scheme of a playroom, billiard and card room, as well, or any convenient location that may be preferred, in a town or country house.

In this there is a sink, counter, an electric icer with bottle rack storage for a generous stock of drinkables. Above are compartments for glass and china; trays for linen and silver, and a useful, metal fruit basket.

Another outstanding example in the combination of sectional cabinets made by this company is the flower cabinet. This is an undeniable convenience where flower bowls and vases are filled daily, for it

Telephone stand with revolving top and stool, silver leaf finish. Ribbed glass lamp, green parchment shade. Courtesy Berri, 108 E. 48th Street





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The Smart Shops and Galleries

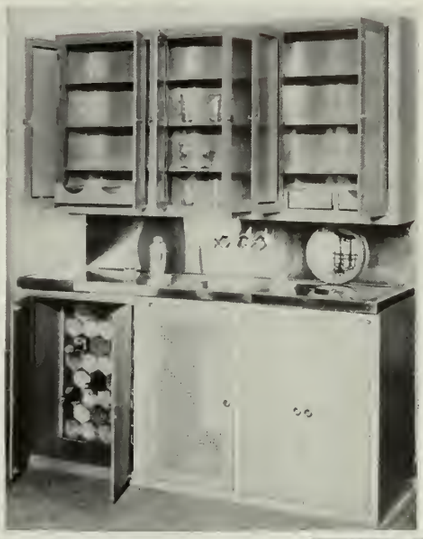
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Metal hospitality highboy, providing ample storage space. Chinese red finish. Other colors. Janes & Kirtland, 101 Park Ave.



New toilet bottles, powder box and atomizers. Ash-tray nest in red lacquer holder with crystal bird. Courtesy Saks-Fith Ave.

Tip top maple card table; reproduction Hitchcock chair and black screen with colored flower prints. Baphé, 15 E. 48th Street

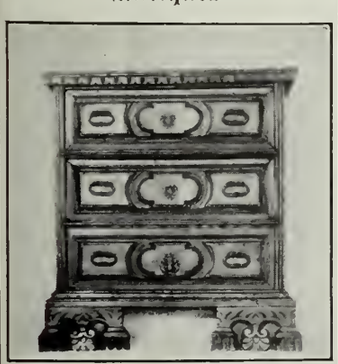


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recent importations of Saks-Fifth Avenue. These are sold individually or in sets, as preferred. Among the latter, the three-piece combination of atomizer with a heavy silk tassel, powder box and tall steeple shaped bottle, in pale amethyst, shows an etched design embodying cupids and flowers.

Then there are the smaller ruby, topaze or blue glass atomizers with a gold feather decoration. The perfume bottles, throughout, aspire to tall cut stoppers. An all-over flowered bathroom set of bottles, cotton container and bowl, gay in coloring, is especially charming for a bath-room with walls that are covered in flowered and bright patterned paper.

combines the necessary cabinets for storing the flower holders, with a sink and an especially designed hose faucet, for filling them with water. A great convenience for flower lovers.

DECORATED perfume bottles, powder jars and atomizers provide an alluring assortment in the



OCCASIONAL upholstered pieces that include sofas and love seats, with dressing tables and Provincial bedroom chairs, offer a diversified selection at Baphé's. With these are distinctive mirrors—one, in white and gold, supported by swan brackets, being particularly well placed in a Directoire powder or dressing room. Floor lamps have also been selected, here, with a view to their suitability.

As an innovation among the tables, the folding top card table, illustrated, offers many advantages in being easily opened and closed and in taking but little space, when not in use. This may be had in maple or mahogany. There is also an interesting collection of new flower vases in this shop in Swedish glass as well as early examples of milk glass.

INTERIOR decoration covering work of all types including yacht interiors, private offices, children's rooms and nurseries is stressed at budget prices by Taylor & Low. For example, in a recently completed

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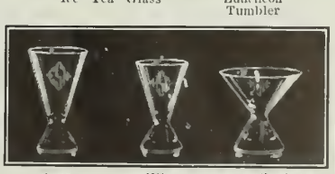
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Biedermeier fruitwood desk, ebony gallery. Red seated chair. Empire green porcelain lamp and marbleized papier-mâché desk set. Courtesy Taylor & Low, Ltd., 760 Madison Avenue

lamp bases are shades of tailored silk, showing the most careful workmanship, as well as the many accessories of feminine appeal for the boudoir with which this firm has been identified, such as chaise-longue covers, bedspreads, as well as table runners, piano scarfs and cushions, beautifully embroidered.

A large selection of smoking articles, bookends, flower vases and occasional tables are also available.

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nursery where many of the original furnishings were reclaimed by paint, a charming setting was obtained at little expense. Here, the walls were toned yellow with blue trim and over the twin beds, made with play boxes below, was painted a beach tent border. The carved wood chair moulding showed fish disporting in blue toned waves, and the picture moulding, the effect of rope in yellow and blue. A blue carpet and blue and yellow chintz curtains with red tiebacks further sustained the color scheme.

In their living room and bedroom interiors, many intriguing interpretations of the German Baroque have been ingenuously carried out.

RUGS and carpets, "that tell a story" and rival the finest Oriental weaves, are being introduced by L. C. Chase, as the latest idea in homecraft. Through newly developed methods, designs may be selected that depict scenes from interesting old legends, fairy tales or historical Colonial times.

The appearance of these rugs gives the impression that they have been woven as a unit, when, as a matter of fact, they consist of assembled separate pieces of carpet, nicely cut and fitted together, by the Seamloc method, producing a durable floor covering.

LAMPS with crystal and bronze bases, originally designed by the Beaux Arts Shade Company, are now being shown by this same firm, reorganized as the Beaux Arts Gallery, Inc., with distribution through the large department stores. With the

WALLPAPERS expressing the prevailing mode are featured by the A. H. Jacobs Company in patterns suitable for every application, from the living room to the nursery.

Notable among these is a reproduction of an old document in crewel embroidery design and coloring, copied from a paper taken from an old house in Cherry Valley, New York. Another has a white ground with stamped gold pear motifs. Then there is a bedroom paper simulating the dotted Swiss curtains with bowknots that are used at Mount Vernon. For a nursery there is an amusing pattern with Scotties, washable, as is a modern black and white foliage bathroom paper when it is glazed.



Seamloc rug, 9′ x 12′, in 12 colors, depicting Colonial scenes, which has been assembled from separate pieces of carpet. Courtesy L. C. Chase, 295 Fifth Avenue

The Smart Shops and Galleries

DIRECTOIRE and Empire pieces of impressive size and importance, yet essentially practical, are assembled at Van Nes & Stacey's with interesting accessories of these periods.

Typical of its time, for example, is a Directoire marbleized tôle fountain, desirable for a terrace or patio. This has a yellow base and basin with a brown urn in which are six spouts. There are equally rare antique mirrors, mantel decorations, columns and urns, adaptable as lamp bases. Among the smaller ornaments is a pair of Directoire bisque portrait busts on red marble bases, of notable interest.



Green bronze Empire lamp, marble base. White silk shade with hand shirred border. Courtesy Beaux Arts Gallery, Inc., 485 Mad. Ave.



Calla lily wallpaper, yellow ground with white and green flowers. Other color combinations. Courtesy A. H. Jacobs Co., 117 W. 33rd St. N. Y. C.

In this showing of stylistic furniture one is impressed with its adaptability to present day interiors, which is evidenced in its selection, as well as authenticity.

With the reviving faith in conditions, generally, the field of decoration is showing encouraging response in the variety of selection, in the shops, and in the presentation of things that are unusual. Lovely new fabrics are appearing as an accompaniment to the better types of furniture with a marked increase in the smart accessories that, heretofore, made their appearance with each succeeding season. There has been ample time for the development of new ideas resulting in an infusion of virility in the stocks that have remained practically dormant for the past two years.

Although importations are beginning to reappear with the opening of the season, the work of American designers is by far in the lead. In fact, existing conditions have given added impetus to American creations and have supplied a rare opportunity for home talent to show its possibilities.

Especially is this noticeable in the smaller decorative articles such as the smart new beverage sets and glasses; trays and smoker's articles. The bar has provided an added setting for new conceptions.



Empire clock of light wood with ormolu motifs. Bronze candelabra. Courtesy Van Nes & Stacey, 136 E. 57th St.



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(Continued from page 5)



Combination plant and ivy stand in brass and copper for window sill or table. Courtesy Chase Brass & Copper Co., Inc., 200 Fifth Avenue

METAL accessories of a decorative nature, for the table and general use, are shown in variety in the latest productions of the Chase Brass & Copper Company, available through the department stores and gift shops.

These metal vases of distinctive types made of chromium, copper, brass and nickel, are characterized by their graceful, simple outlines. One, of triangle metal, is banded with blue at the base. Another is of black nickel, unornamented.

The new bowls and plant holders are also individual in form. Among the trays, the small, oblong chromium tray with etched spiral decoration is an appropriate size for four glasses or may be used to hold three bathroom bottles, compactly. This tray, outlined in jade or black, also serves to hold smoking accessories.

The low compotes with a black glass lining are also new, as are the chromium and copper service plates. These are particularly effective used with blue glass. An attractive bowl in copper, lined with silver, is desirable for fruit.

The double even and uneven candlesticks further accent the modern note in them, handling, also, the tiny glow lamp with a cone shaped shade.

Amusing bookends are seen in the modernistic elephants, cats and horses. A smoking stand known as "Lazy Boy," with a swinging top shelf and removable ash tube, is another innovation, in black and satin finish nickel or English bronze.

The urge to replenish will no doubt make Christmas gifts especially acceptable, this year that, even though disguised in attractive new forms, are practical. The shops have planned to this end, evidently, for never before have more alluring things been offered at such reasonable prices. It is a temptation to buy.

With such opportunities, why not solve the problem of Christmas as early as possible, while the new things are still available? If something to be marked is to be selected, this is most necessary.

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The Sheraton sideboard in this group has carved legs that resemble the work of McIntire pieces displayed in the Boston Museum. The knife urn is a faithful reproduction of a genuine antique owned by the Robert W. Irwin Co., while the late eighteenth century English mirror is a reproduction of an antique from England, circa 1760. The glass is decorated; the frame the color of gold.

•

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Arts AND Decoration

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHILLIPS

The fireplace is a study in gold—gilt Chippendale mirror, gold lustre ware, brass fire implements, and panels of old yellow pine



The gracefully curved stairway in the duplex apartment of the author of "Manslaughter" and "Are Parents People?"

AUTHORS *are* PEOPLE

BY ELINOR HILLYER

WHAT the future is going to do for literary shrines I don't know. A fine old family of garrets, cottages and birthplaces is dying out with this generation. Literary geniuses are getting themselves born quite impersonally in hospitals, and if anybody is composing a masterpiece in an attic, you can be sure that the attic won't be there year after next.

So even if I wanted to, I could not write of Alice Duer Miller's charming apartment as a future literary landmark. Progress, that polite name for the wreckers, will undoubtedly swallow it up before our children's children are old enough to read the guide books. As a matter of fact there is practically nothing to show that Mrs. Miller is a maker of many books—nothing except a typewriter on a desk by the window—but anybody might have that. The walls are lined with volumes, but so are the walls of a great many who have never written a line. Little as we like to admit it, authors, even very successful authors, are people. As Mrs. Miller, who discovered that fact about women and parents, would be the first to assure us.

Even very successful ones—and the home of Alice Duer Miller shows it

"I have to have quiet, and lots of quiet when I work," she once said, and declared that there was no place like New York for achieving it.

And when you enter her home you can well believe that the quiet hours it has seen, if laid end to end, might stretch out into weeks and years. Outside the windows, the East River swings its gleaming curve to the south—you can hear the whistle of boats, and even the faint rumble of returning holiday traffic over Queensboro Bridge on Sunday nights—but the presiding genius of it all is tranquillity.

The library is particularly unagitated. It is here that Mrs. Miller does her writing. The faithful Corona is a fairly permanent fixture on the small 18th Century kneehole desk between two of the three arched French windows in the eastern end of the room, and you can imagine the clack-clack of the keys only emphasizing the silence while the sunshine creeps across the floor from left to right. This feeling of tranquillity

is partly expressed in the mellow. old pine panels, which Mrs. Miller's husband found at one time in a wrecking yard, and reinstated. They are seventy or more years old. And then, the thousands of books, in their time-softened reds and greens and blues are restful and friendly. The floor is covered with one very large Oriental rug in deep blues and wines; the sofas and chairs are in neutral taupes or browns, with the exception of two chairs by the fireplace in gold brocade.

Most of the furniture is antique—Eighteenth Century mahogany. There is a console table on either side of the southern group of windows, and each table has its associative interest. The one on the fireplace end of the room once belonged to Edward Everett, New England statesman and orator, and the other near Mrs. Miller's desk and the balcony belonged to her grandfather. The library *(Continued on page 57)*



The sturdy brass-bound secretary used as a dresser is something out of the usual, with the large Victorian mirror over it—but then, Mrs. Miller's entire bedroom is out of the ordinary in its subtle blending of blues, and accents of rose. The pictures on the walls are well-known Italian and Greek scenes painted on glass



How novels get written here, when just outside the library windows a fascinating balcony practically overhangs the East River, is just another mystery. Perhaps it is because the desk is placed not only so the light falls over the left shoulder, but so the writer can get no glimpse of water, bridges, the broad white docks of the River Club next door, or any of those diverting things



Another side of the large room which is both living room and library. Mellow old pine and mellow old books form a restful background for a sofa in russet glazed chintz slip cover, and for a pair of 18th Century mahogany end tables. The lamps are pale green, with green and gold parchment shades



The whole dining room is done in strong contrasts, and the dark mahogany of this beautiful Chippendale side table stands out against the white walls, black but comely. The hanging mahogany wall shelves above hold a colorful old English tea-set with deep saucers. On the table are Sheffield candlesticks, an oval tray and two low compotes

Cocking their pert red chenille heads and stiff papier-mâché tails—these small birds are amusing favors on the Thanksgiving board. Schall and Company

On this table: old pewter plates, from M. F. Cooper; pewter mugs, Frans Middelkoop; flat silver, Black, Starr and Frost-Gorham; napkins from James McCutcheon

And if it is that sort of a dinner, a tiny black blown glass turkey will hold the place card. From M. A. Buchwalter. Table was arranged by Eleanor Lay



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITING-SALZMAN

A Fiesta

The President proclaims Thanksgiving Day for u



A brass hunting horn takes up the cornucopia idea and overflows with white and green fruits and vegetables. From Carl Fischer. At either end of the oak refectory table, from Hampton Shops, is a white cast iron urn (J. W. Fiske Iron Works), filled with tritoma. The reddish tone in the flowers is repeated in the quaint lacquered Mexican soup bowls, made from gourds, as are the small butter plates. From La Fiesta Indian Trading Post

And now the turkey also functions as a side dish. This contented looking bird is of white Italian pottery, with the head, back and wings forming the cover. From Charles Hall, Inc.



FLOWERS FROM GOLDFARB'S

Proclamation

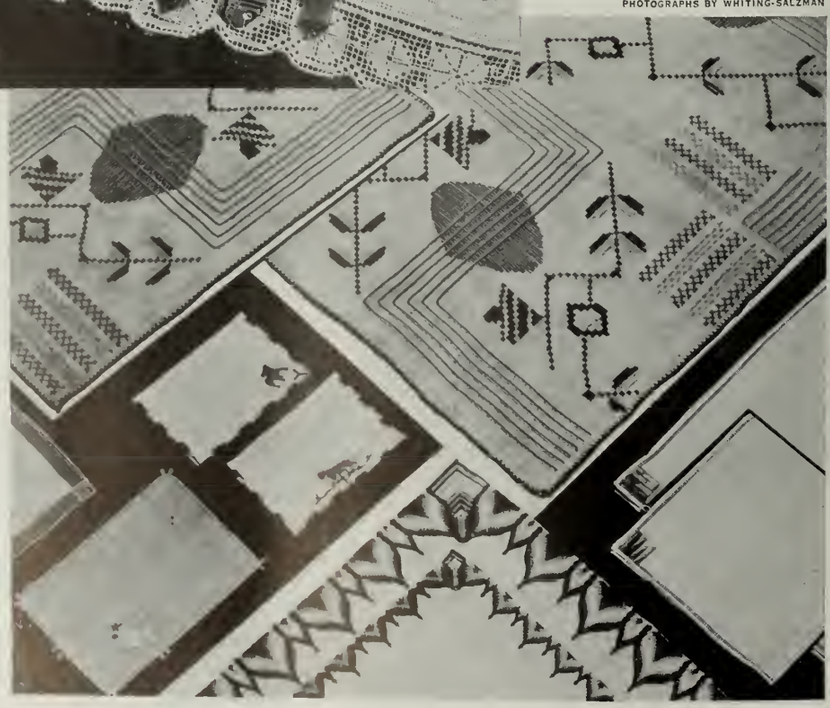
he table proclaims the mood of the fiesta



Refectory sets are much favored. This one is of Bisso linen and has 17 pieces—from B. Altman & Co. It is shown on an old walnut refectory table from George W. Funk. Silver lustre plates and Austrian glass from The Little Gallery; silver, Georg Jensen Handmade Silver. Table appointments on these pages from selections made by Elizabeth Lounsbery

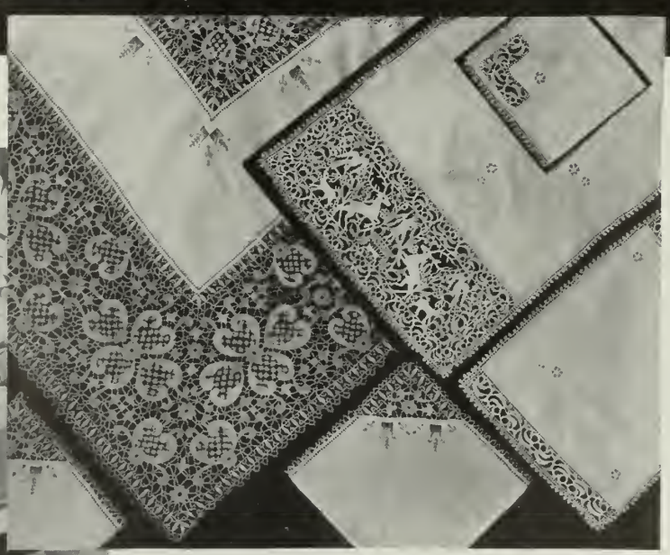
The Deruta linen runner set, below, is embroidered in brown and orange. Crash set has green and yellow tapestry stitch border. Both from James McCutcheon & Co. Bisso linen breakfast cloth, green motifs, and cocktail napkins with bulldog, tiger, cock and Appenzelle border, courtesy of McGibbon & Company

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITING-SALZMAN



Linen and Lace to Suit the Place







The Venetian lace dinner cloth with napkins is from Grande Maison de Blanc. Venetian bordered 25-piece runner set, with stags—B. Altman & Co.

On the tea table, at the top, is a cloth of cream linen, appliqué embroidery and Bianche lace—Grande Maison de Blanc. The tea service shown here by Jean Luce—Courtesy of Alice H. Marks

Ivory satin rayon dinner cloth, Renaissance border; crêpe de Chine breakfast tray sets in peach and taupe, and coral and white organdie with black, Lèron



"Fair-Acres"—Elizabethan tradition at its best

COUNTRY HOME THA

Wilson Eyre wrought his masterpiece in the Huntington Valley at Jenkintown, Pennsylvania

The knowledge that all its priceless contents will, at the death of its chatelaine, Mrs. John W. Pepper, pass into the possession of the Museum of the City of Philadelphia, leads one to expect a perhaps too formal interior at "Fair-Acres", and one is surprised at the immediate sense of family life lived every day among objects of rare beauty. It has a definite friendliness about it that leaves one unoppressed by its magnificence. Things seem to have been assembled bit by bit as they took the fancy of one with an unusual appreciation of beauty



To the left of the entrance the great hall runs through two stories, with a balcony that leads to the bedrooms. Here, as elsewhere, the roughly adzed English oak was carved by the Belgian, Edward Meane. Lowestoft plates on the mantel, fine needlepoint chairs, Saraban rugs of blue, carved chests and family portraits, mingled informally keep "Fair-Acres" from being in any sense a show place



VILL BECOME A MUSEUM

Presented by HENRIETTA SANDS MERRICK

One of the finest specimens of an Adam room in America is the little reception room entered from the main hall. Furniture by the Adam brothers, decorated by Angelica Kauffmann, blue Wedgwood vases on the mantel, and motifs of the same, deep-set in ceiling and walls, lend consistent charm. Under an arch is a small Chinese cabinet full of Wedgwood, Crown Derby and Spode



One could wait and not be tired by waiting in this formal little Adam room, the beauty of which is further enhanced by hand-painted panels and an Aubusson carpet of oyster white, with border in pastel shades, that was specially woven to fit it. The console holds green porcelain egg-nog vases decorated by Feuillet of Paris

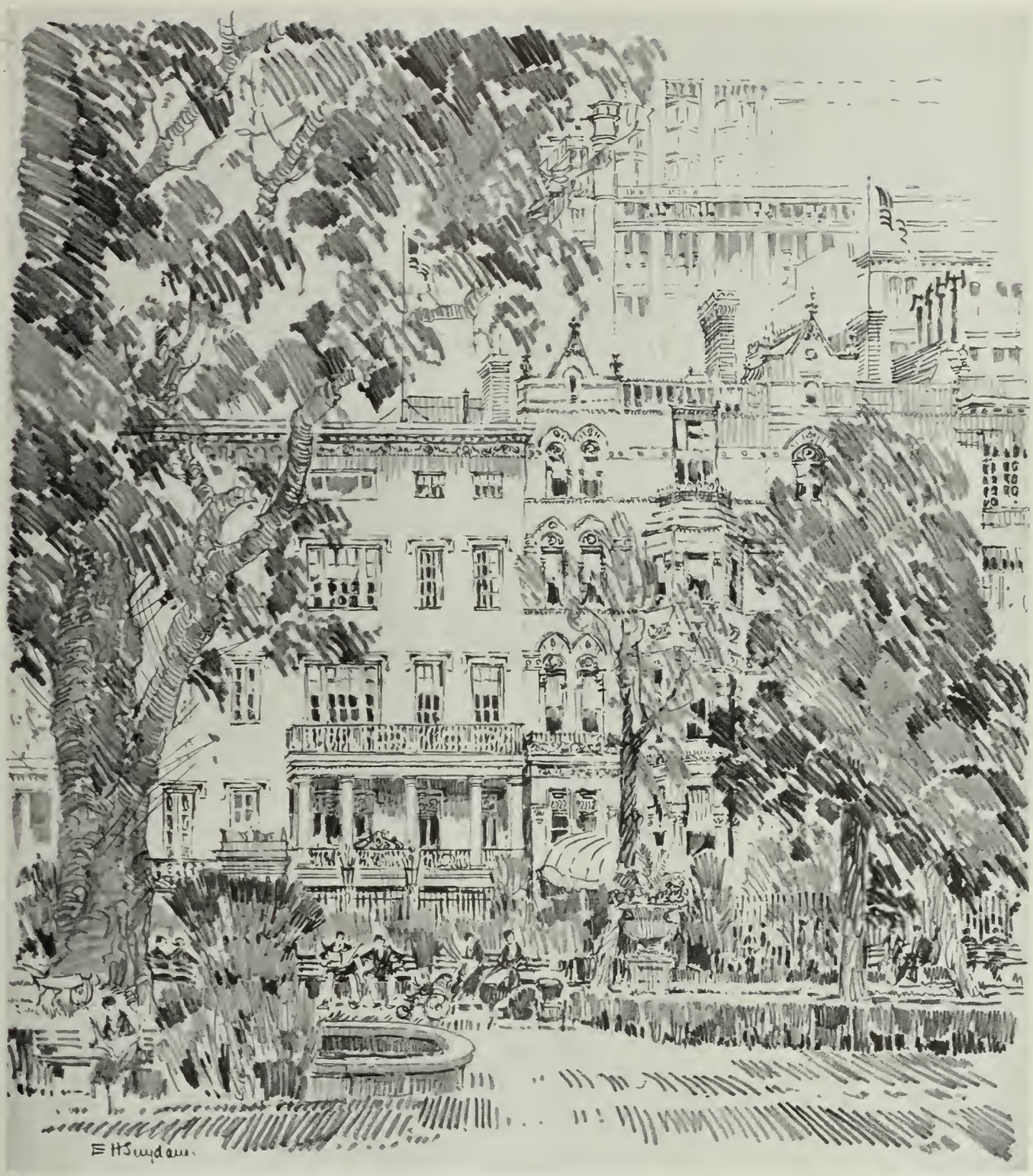


The bedrooms at "Fair-Acres" are old-fashioned in their solid comfort and make one wonder whether this note is not, after all, better for intimate rooms than the more formal effect found in ultra modern art

At "Fair-Acres" the charming upstairs rooms are all informal

Sheraton chairs, Queen Anne mirrors, cabinets of marquetry and tables by Duncan Phyfe make the morning room at "Fair-Acres" an unusual one. The Chinese rug is oyster white with motifs of red





Famous Players' Club, overlooking Gramercy Park; both of which preserve a perennial charm—equally well known as the pieturesque home of Edwin Booth, in whose honor the Club was founded

OASES IN MODERN NEW YORK

You find them here and there among the elevateds and the skyscrapers—brave spots of verdure, serene and picturesque old buildings, that keep the flavor of the city's past

by EDWARD H. SUYDAM



The old Moses Rogers house in State Street (above) harks back to when fashion clustered in the narrow streets below City Hall

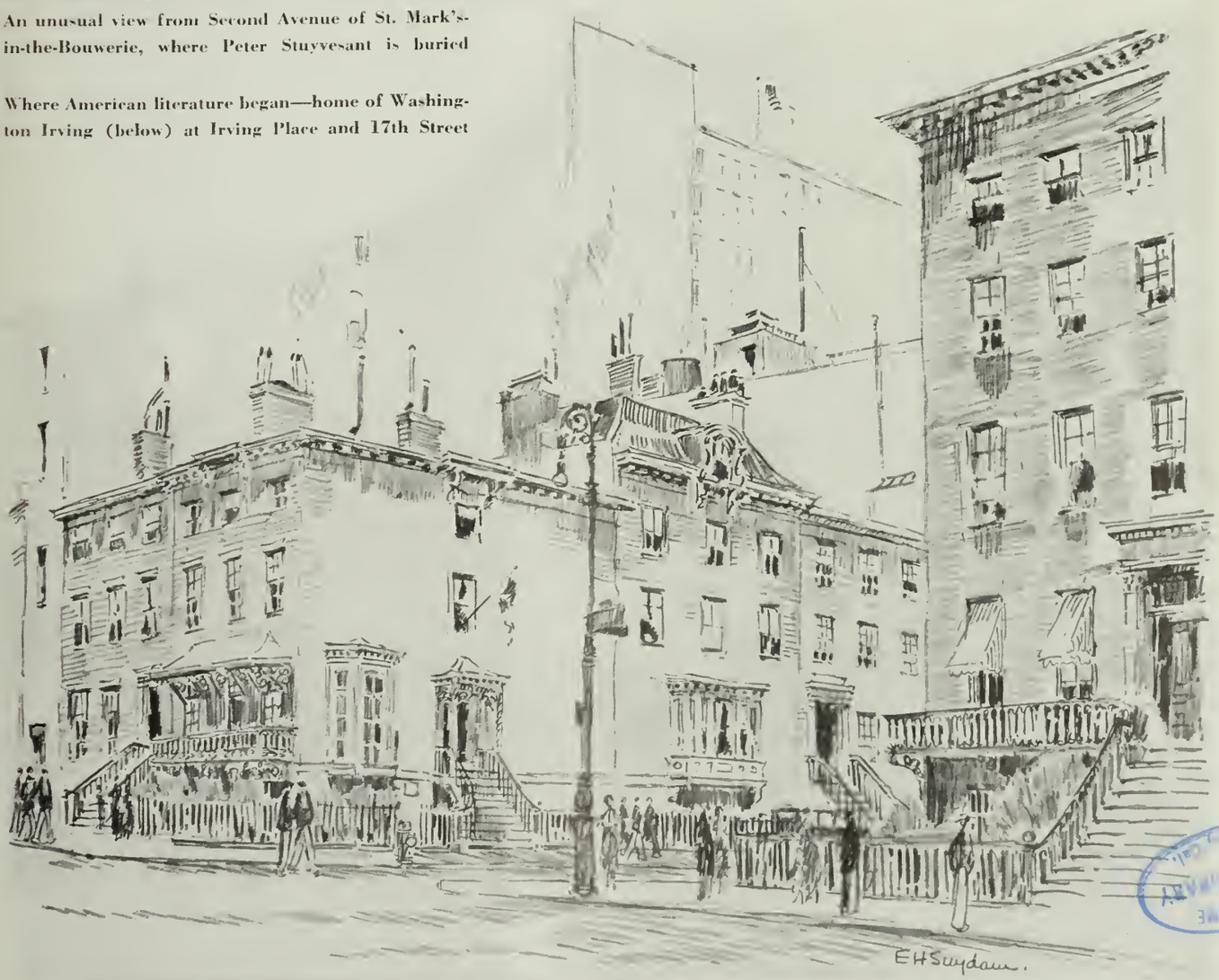
Washington Square, with its arch and mansions, whose classic feeling persists even against a background of structural steel





An unusual view from Second Avenue of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, where Peter Stuyvesant is buried

Where American literature began—home of Washington Irving (below) at Irving Place and 17th Street





Above: Old Quaker Meeting House and the square towers of St. George's, Rutherford Place, Stuyvesant Square

Right: Turtle Bay Garden, with its deliberate old-world atmosphere, lies in the East Forties "beyond the L"

Below: Commanding the top of Murray Hill, the J. P. Morgan home and library, and behind, the Democratic Club





Soignée Beauty of Old French Furniture



The Popularity of French Home Interiors in America Has Attracted Attention of Modern Cabinet Makers to Styles Influenced by Mistresses of Famous Monarchs

BY EDWARD WENHAM

This delicately charming paneled French room has a series of carefully grouped pieces of furniture. The corner shown here is extremely well brought together, with the Louis XV elbow chair covered in flowered brocade, a Louis XV walnut desk and a Directoire chair painted grey. From Jacques Bodart

WHEN driving through any of the more rural communities now being built near our larger cities, one is impressed by the variation of architecture. No longer are we satisfied with stereotyped houses; each home has that distinction of individuality which adds so much to the charm of any district. It also expresses a personal interest, a self-assertiveness if you will, rather than a weak acquiescence to the demands of a prevailing fashion. It shows that if we are willing to accept advice we. at least, claim and exercise the right to impress our home with something of our own tastes through the environment we select. In this we have the keynote for the improvement in the styles of interior decoration and for the attention given by owners to the types of furniture in the several rooms. Possibly we do not all recognize it as such, but it is one of the strongest forces tending to broaden our viewpoint in the matter of furnishing our homes. The increase in European travel has, of course, been to a large extent instrumental, because as we saw more and more of the old-world homes, we came to realize the possibilities of constructing similar rooms in some of the richer American homes.



A particularly luxurious and graceful Louis XV sofa with carved woodwork. It can be interestingly placed in front of a fireplace at the side. Palmer & Embury



An excellent combination of Louis XV and XVI furniture is shown in this dressing room. The walls are paneled and the moldings picked out in warm grey. Pieces throughout are copies of precious originals. Brunovan

Nor was it long before the effect of this travel was seen here. Houses began to appear of an architecture similar to those seen along the French countryside, while in large homes, interiors were treated in the modified form of the famous salons of Paris, and boudoirs and smaller rooms assumed the delicate manner of those which were the intimate surroundings of great ladies in the gay days of the French kings. Our antique dealers were soon receiving enquiries for furniture of the styles popular in France during the 18th Century and as these importations increased, so in time the modern cabinet-maker recognised another source from which he could obtain models for pieces in demand.

These reproductions of earlier furniture designs, whether of France, England, Italy, or Spain, have by this time become a significant factor in present-day homes. Admittedly the original pieces are to be desired for their historical associations, for no few of those brought from France have enviable and often exciting records. Could some of them narrate all they have known and all the vicissitudes they have endured in a long life spent midst the glamour of the old aristocratic homes, many a now accepted fact would be contradicted and many an unknown tale added to



A type of table suited to a reception room, boudoir, or bedroom, in the delicate Louis XVI style, showing a walnut patine. The bronze file finish circles the rim and apron, and edges the top line. Jacques Bodart



An armchair of the Regency period, covered in hand-painted satin. The frame is cream enamel. Orsenigo Company

those of the stirring French Revolution.

From a practical point of view, however, the modern copies probably have a greater interest to the greater number. For one thing, when it is decided to furnish a room in the style of the Regency, of Louis XV or of Louis XVI, it is obviously less difficult to obtain the reproductions; at least one is able to select the desired pieces from original models from which they will be made. But to lovers of antiques, patience is given; a patience permitting them to wait until a suitable object for a particular room is forthcoming. And there is a great deal to be said in favor of this persistence, for it fosters that pleasurable expectancy and a certain lure of the chase when seeking for the early pieces.

In suggesting rooms in the styles of the Regency, Louis XV and Louis XVI we do so as these periods have undoubtedly more to recommend them; the proof of this is evident in the preference shown toward one or more of them in modern American homes. For while the furniture of the Louis XIV reign is historically noteworthy, its general massiveness prevents its being used in the average home of today. There are however an appreciable number of smaller objects of this style which do find place in our rooms, particularly in halls and libraries, though so far the modern cabinet-makers are directing their attention particularly to later Louis styles.



A copy of a rare antique cabinet in Louis XV style. The base is antique gold finish and the cabinet above is black lacquer with rich Chinese decoration in gold. A piece that would furnish a decorative note in any of the three famous Louis periods. From Jacques Bodart



A commode showing definite Louis XV influence, though reproduced from an English model. Especially noticeable is the metal trimming, and the curved base. Courtesy Cooper-Williams



One of those commodious Louis XV armchairs with the rich velvet upholstery on seat and back panel. Courtesy Orsenigo Company

One interesting point might be observed with the French furniture of the reigns of Louis XIV and Louis XV. That is the influence exercised by the Royal mistresses upon the interior decoration and furniture arts. The first direct evidence of this is traceable to Mademoiselle de la Vallière, possibly the most ardent of all in her patronage of the crafts. When Louis XIV tired of this favorite, there are the influences of her successors, Madame de Montespan and later Madame *(Continued on page 57)*

PUBLIC LIBRARY BOULINGAME

"The Stag at



From one débutante to another

"POLLY, dear—You must know about it first! I had the most wonderful, *marvelous* time last night. It was my own party, and everyone said it was the best yet. We decided to have it here at the shore, in the garden and along the beach, instead of later in the winter, after all. I know there won't be a more beautiful one later, and I'm pretty sure there won't be one as big! Anyway how can the Ritz compare with the ocean and the moon and everything out-of-doors? You would have loved it because it was out-of-doors. Now I'm *out* (not out-of-doors, ha, ha)—whatever that means, and I needn't be treated like a baby any more and be nagged about getting my sleep. I don't expect to sleep for the rest of the season. I know I've been going to parties for a year or more now, but it does give you a sort of do-or-die feeling to be a full-fledged deb. Am I thrilled? I am. The great blow-out is over, and if you want to hear about it, here goes, only I warn you, you'll be sorry you went to that ranch in the wilds.

Ma and Pa just busted themselves. Well, in a way, I'm all they've got to spend their money on, and Pa said we helped to give employment during the depression, and so we'd have our fling. And did we?

Two thousand handsome brutes there were wandering these lawns, Polly. At least we asked that many, and I think no one crashed the gate. A committee at the gate was checking lists until long after midnight. Of course, the committee knew who was supposed to come even if we didn't. One boy told me he was an hour getting from our lodge house to the door, because their card-index was like a library. But that may give you an idea of the mob.

We had to build a pavilion for the dancing. Our house is no cabin but it won't hold three thousand for dancing, not with the stag line we had, too. At least three men to every girl. Two bands playing all the



"Eve Hath Drunk His Fill"

time to give the stags a break. As for me! I'm not boasting because I was the deb and in a way I suppose a lot of the boys thought they had to give me a rush. I advanced about a yard with each boy, and I'd give my new fur coat—practically my life—to know that that would keep up all winter! Naturally, I don't remember half their names. Most of them were invited through Miss Cameron's regular list—whole classes out of prep schools and colleges, it seemed to me. We'll know most of them by sight anyway before the winter is far gone. They were good eggs. I fell for one. Of course, I didn't have time to sit out any dances. I'll be freer at Jane's dance.

Toward morning there wasn't a single sober stag on the horizon. You know that poem that begins "The stag at eve hath drunk his fill". That's why they're called stags. Honestly. We gave them all they wanted. Champagne, beer in the beer garden (*that* was a comfortable spot; Pa put all his loving care on that) and whiskey at the bar. You can't blame them for getting tight; all the boys expect to. It's sort of taken for granted. They can't be dancing all the time; there aren't enough girls, and there's nothing much else to do. Imagine a party without anything to drink! But they did leave the whole house and grounds in the most awful mess. Cigarettes and cigar stubs ground into our snappy Oriental rugs. You know what it can be like. A wreck at sea. The men have been working around the place since nine this morning; the last guest left about eight, Ma tells me. She just came in to see if I was up. I wasn't. But I must hurry through this letter because I've got to get up and dress for Caroline's dinner. It makes me a little sick to look out of my window, though,—the sunset is sweet, but the gardens are all trampled and the summer house will have to be rebuilt and the sun-dial is knocked over. But that's not my worry. They started a fire at Marge's house the other night, did you hear? Well, anyway, you can't go around telling the boys to take it easy; it spoils the fun. Pa says we ought to have had some bouncers.

But I must give you the details. I'll begin at the beginning if I can keep my mind on it. I still feel fuzzy in the head—dreamy and delicious. Excitement, probably. I didn't have to drink much champagne to keep going. But some of the girls did. Edith was sort of lit!



Imagine, Edith, that baby! The poor kid looked terribly scared around supper time; no one had dated her up. But I saw her being dragged into a party later so I guess it came out all right. I doubt if she has much of a time. She's coming out later in the winter, but it's going to be one of those simple affairs (her mother's friends, you know what I mean) so the boys are certainly not going to hang around to get an invitation to *that*. She'll have to make good on her own. She's too shy to give them a line; they can tell by looking at the back of her neck, she's a dead one. Don't tell her I said so. Her maid came with her. Sat in the dressing room all night, knitting. There weren't many chaperones. Most of the girls were at house parties or came from a dinner and went back with the gang. Gen came with her brother. Ma says *(Continued on page 58)*



GIFTS FOR COLD COUNTRIES

A pumphandle operates the well on this amusing whiskey keg from Lambert Brothers. Cocktail glasses with penguins and black silver-topped pinch bottle. Bonwit Teller. Aluminum flashlight which requires no battery, and cocktail case with four flasks. Abercrombie & Fitch. Pocket hand warmer, leather or silk cover, and three-in-one case. Elizabeth H. Pusey. Spanish rush hearth brush made by hand. Mitteldorfer Straus

Nothing could be more luxurious or acceptable to withstand cold motor trips than this mink robe lined with tan broadcloth, from C. G. Gunther's Sons. Of somewhat lighter weight, yet extremely warm, is the tan broadcloth robe lined with rayon plush, with a foot warmer and cushion to match. Other colors. From B. Altman & Co.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DANA B. MERRILL

Among the Gifts to Purchase Early

Here are many intriguing presents that cannot be made last-minute purchases if they are to be received in time for Christmas



GIFTS FOR THE TROPICS



Brilliantly embroidered linen tea cloth. James McCutcheon & Co. Panama doilies bound with colored permatex. Mrs. Ehrich Co. Linen kerchief with "King" motifs; brown and yellow crocheted scarf, double crêpe and cashmere silk lined scarfs. Peck & Peck. Argentine plate covers, different sizes. Lewis & Conger. Pitcher with ice container and banded glasses. Alice H. Marks. Waterproof beach cushion and striped rug. Elizabeth H. Pusey

Aluminum beverage set, designed by Russel Wright, with twelve tumblers, tongs and ice container, finished in red. Lambert Brothers



Bath set, tan with black. Léron. Bathroom set matching wallpaper. Elsie de Wolfe. Russian birch compact and cigarette boxes with portraits of owner's pets. Abercrombie & Fitch. Crystal ash bowl; red Morocco frame and memo pad with pen and pencil. Bonwit Teller. Monogrammed scissors and moire lingerie case with *trapunto* monogram. Elizabeth H. Pusey. Glass coaster. Alice H. Marks. Red suède card table cover, cards and glasses. Altman





GIFTS TO BE MONOGRAMMED

The ivory painted bed tray with a gold monogram has folding feet. Pitt Petri. The black moire traveling set, lined with white satin, offers among conveniences for a man: a zipper closing shirt case, rubber lined toilet case, handkerchief and collar cases. Lewis & Conger. The interlined, yet delightfully light chaise-longue cover and pillow to match are peach crêpe satin. The shoe bags are green linen with appliqué monograms. Eleanor Beard

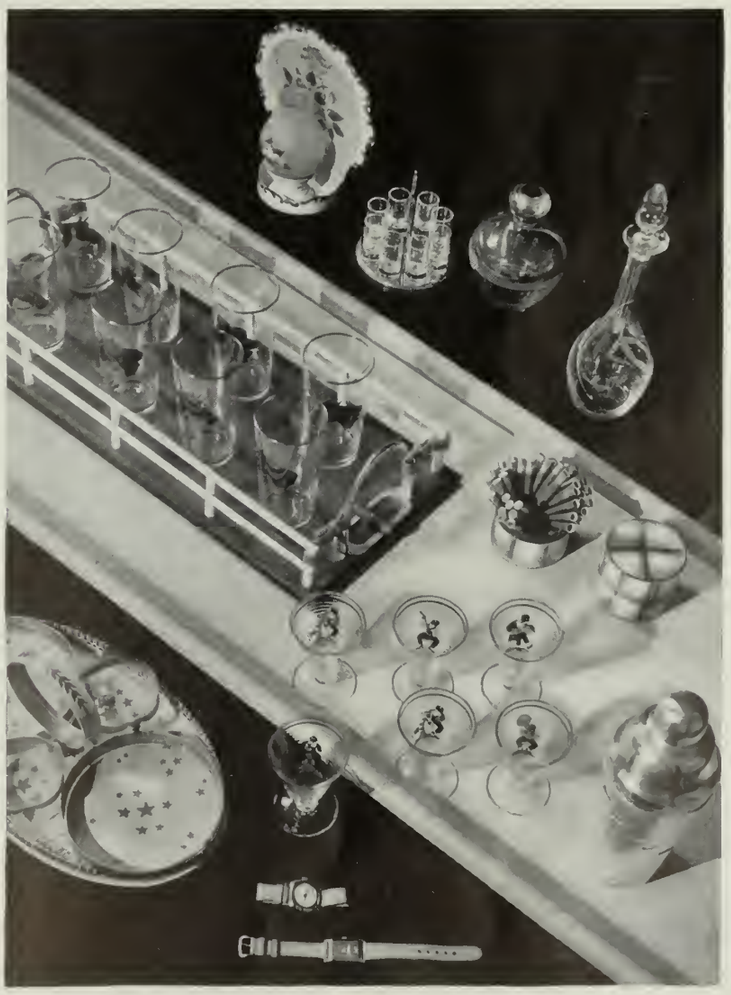
GIFTS FOR DISTANT LANDS



The child's brown or blue silk umbrella, packed in a wooden box, has a duck handle. The wooden peasant dolls are intended as hat stands. The "Soapy Circus" contains three wild but usable soap animals. Painted desk set and horse hanger. In the ship box is appropriately packed the fish-handle skipping rope. Childhood, Inc.



For the woman who enjoys working in her garden this set of washable gauntlet gloves with unbleached half sleeves and appliquéd smock is most practical. Lewis & Conger. The tray showing the paddock fence and stirrup handles is decorated on the top with an entertaining hunting scene. There are new watches—water-, dust-, and shock-proof and a metal faced "jump hour" watch for sportsmen. Abercrombie & Fitch. Ribbed cocktail glasses with Negro jazz players. Au Bain. Silver plated cocktail shaker with recipes along its sides, gold and white tôle relish dish, and vari-colored paper cigarette holders. Bonwit Teller. Candle night lamp, chromium liqueur set, striped and etched decanters. Pitt Petri







THE TUDOR ROSE *blooms on* LAKE ERIE

Symbolically, that is. Because the quaint, familiar rosette was never anything but a symbol anyway—first of the end of a war and now of the entire English Renaissance. And "Elfynhurst," home of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Kulas, of Gates Mills, near Cleveland, Ohio, although its tall white chimneys and gabled roofs are within a long stone's throw of Lake Erie, reaches back for inspiration to when Holbein was doing his thumbnail sketches of Henry's wives. Charles R. Greco is the architect, with Edward G. Reed, associated





Decorated by Rorimer-Brooks Studios

On the opposite page: The living room, with its heavy beams of butternut wood and carved paneling, is Tudor in feeling, but was also designed with an eye to providing an harmonious background for the many fine old paintings and antiques of various periods which Mr. and Mrs. Kulas collected abroad. The mantelpiece suggests the Italian

RAPHS BY ERNEST GRAHAM



On this page: Three photographs giving an idea of the surrounding country. Top: slender cedars, towering chimneys and trees emphasize the pointed yet low-lying effect. Above: The solarium, with a great plate glass "picture window," through which can be seen the broad concrete terrace, and (left) the sloping formal gardens





Above: Essentially a masculine room, with its heavy and beautifully hand-carved butternut doors and bed, its deep restful chairs, plain plaster walls, and Mr. Kulas' favorite pictures. The bed is covered with a counterpane suggesting the old crewel embroidery of the 18th Century; a design repeated on one chair



Above: The library is also paneled in butternut, but in the lighter and more delicately carved 17th Century manner of Grinling Gibbons, blending well with the 18th Century furniture and the modern comfortable chairs. The dining room (right) is dominated by a painting of a particularly colorful and appealing Bacchus. The figured rug repeats the colors in the painting, and its pattern contrasts with the glazed white pine paneled walls

Some Wild and Lovely Meals

BY LOUIS GOLDING

WHERE THE POETRY IS IN THE UNEXPECTEDNESS, LIKE A SUNSET AFTER A GREY DAY

MAN is a retrospective animal. We keep our love-letters, we sometimes keep our theatre programmes. But we don't often keep the menus of the wild and lovely meals that come our way from stage to stage of our lives.

But that's as it's bound to be, I suppose. The fact is that there are usually no menus knocking about for the sort of wild and lovely meals I'm talking of. Part of the poetry of these is that they are unexpected, like a sunset after a grey day, or a country girl singing to herself among her dishes. I don't want to decry the other sort of noble eating—at the Cova in Milan, the Tour d'Argent in Paris, Voisin's in New York; or at the table of some hostess who is as illustrious for her cuisine as for her beauty.

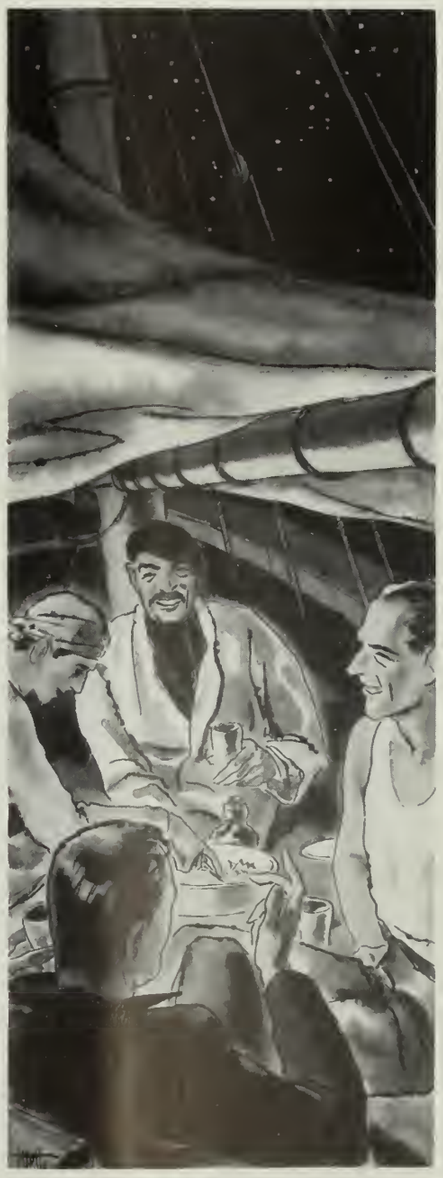
But in a sense those meals are tame and lovely. You expect them. You get them. Dish follows dish in exact exquisite sequence. You go home. You hardly think about them. And a fortnight later a dish of kippers in a studio, a plate of bread and butter in a farm-house, a pie of peacocks' tongues in an apartment on Park Avenue, adds itself wildly and lovelily to the supreme gastronomic experiences of your lifetime.

It is precisely those I wish to recall here—those meals which stand out among the high lights of my gastronomic travelling. I don't think I can start better than with the extraordinary adventure that Jones and I had a few miles out at sea from Rimini, on the Adriatic shore. We were riding one of those fiendish bicycle-rafts and we went out too far, and we were drunk with sunlight and Chianti. and a sudden squall rose. Jones and I foundered, and would have been drowned if not for Piero and Piero junior, who were out fishing. (Jones might have swum back to Rimini, but I wouldn't. For whereas I am capable of the most extraordinary aquatic maneuvers in a swimming-bath, my nerve leaves me completely when there are no pipes to get hold of within six feet.) So the two Pieros took us aboard, and of course they weren't going to turn back to Rimini for our convenience. The sunlight dried us very quickly. There was a large flagon of wine on board, dressed up in a straw petticoat. Sunset came, like one vast "Adoration of the Magi," their goblets shining, and their platters laden with gems. The shore was hemmed with looped necklaces of diamonds. Piero dived into the cabin and reappeared with a single frail candle. He surrounded it with tissue-paper and placed it at the bow, and it looked like a luminous flower blossoming there.

The first stars came, and the second stars. It was dark now. We were hungry. So Piero and Piero junior stabbed the floating phosphorescences with a sort of trident. I can remember no dish so succulent as those little fried octopods were, washed down with great gulps of wine, with the Adriatic stars flaring above and the rose-pink flowers blossoming at the bow.

You see what I mean now? I have eaten in the Ritz of many capital cities. There is even a Ritz in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and I have eaten there. But never has Sole Marguéry in Paris or grilled sturgeon in the Grand Hotel Hungaria in Budapest, approached the glory of the little fried squids. And there wasn't any menu. And there weren't any napkins. . . .

So now for a party in Morocco. The company this time is more exalted than it was in the fishing-boat off Rimini. We were the guests of a distinguished sheikh. We sat on exquisite rugs woven in the villages on the foothills of the Atlas. A *(Continued on page 60)*



Drawing by
WALTER KLETT

I can remember no dish so succulent as those little fried octopods washed down with great gulps of wine, with Adriatic stars flaring above, and pink flowers at the bow

Beauty Tables Fit Period Rooms

BY ISOBEL SMITH

The golden brocade of the William and Mary dressing table, lower left, accents keenly the soft lacquer red of the Spanish candlesticks, a shade also found in the antique box and repeated in the lacquer mirror frame. Old perfume bottles of black glass and a gilded Spanish mirror complete the fittings. Courtesy Rose Cummings and Signorina Eugenia

Below, right—Primitive in form and decorated with conventional patterns depicting equestrians, the hammered silver toilet set is unusually pleasing on this formica dressing table. The black crystal perfume bottles are decorated with modern figures—etched in gold. Courtesy Rena Rosenthal and Saks-Fifth Avenue

THROUGH the centuries artists and craftsmen have adorned milady's toilet accessories in a manner displaying their utmost skill. Elaborately carved combs and receptacles for toilet materials were much cherished by the queens of ancient Egypt, and later even more lovely mirrors and pomade jars graced the beauty tables of Sybaris and Pompeii. Goldsmiths and enamelers gave to the women of the Renaissance extravagantly beautiful jars and bottles in which to keep their exotic perfumes and mysterious beauty potions.

Perhaps at no time were dressing table appointments so interesting and varied as during the eighteenth century. Lacquer, ivory and jade from the East and exquisite European porcelain all found their way in some form or other to the luxurious boudoirs of the ladies of fashion. Modern artists and craftsmen are taking materials used for centuries, as well as new woods and metals, and are giving the dressing table appointments a significance consistent with the sophistication which characterizes modern life.

A table recalling Baroque



Arehaie motif in modern silver





Emphasizing a classical note



With a provincial accent

Queen Anne grace and modern chic

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITING-SALZMAN



Three countries have contributed to the loveliness of this Empire group at the top left; Pompeian perfume bottles from France, English Regency mirror, and slave flower urns from Italy. Modern in manufacture, the silver toilet articles are Empire in design. McMillen Inc. and Black, Starr and Frost-Gorham, Inc.

A Louis Seize screen makes a colorful background, at the top, right, for this poudreuse, with its rare Louis-Philippe provincial candlesticks, Louis Seize opaline and gold bottles and miniature-decorated boudoir set. The Pillow Shop, Cartier, Inc. and C. Vandevere Howard

Modern accessories (left) bring a note of gayety to the Queen Anne beauty table, including an amusing von Veith enamel flower holder, modern enamel appointments with Chinese decoration, a blanc de chine lamp and jade and teak box. Henry F. Bultitude, Bonwit Teller, Inc., Chintz Shop and Rena Rosenthal



The old Spanish monks first discovered this small blue lake in the California hills, and they gave it the mouth-filling name of *El Triunfo del Ducísimo Nombre de Jesús.* Here George Reynolds, artist, has set his charming and fortress-like week-end retreat—alone and solitary, yet welcoming—the perfect spot for the man who loves to paint and to associate with hills and water. Photographs were obtained through Sherwood Hall

And because it all seemed so much like a bit of Italian scenery, he carried the idea right into the house, and through all four of its rooms. Below is the guest room, which opens on the balcony. The walls have been left rough with unfinished beams and native stone, but the harsh, fortress effect is softened by draperies and counterpane of antique red brocade and the colorful triptych over the chest

A MOUNTAIN LODGE *for the* CALIFORNIA GUEST





This is a room of at least twenty moods, we're sure—some sociable, some solitary. This great, high-ceilinged living room and studio with its antique Italian furnishings, overlooks the lake. For convivial moments Mr. Reynolds designed and had made an unusually hospitable refectory table, 18 feet long, which is not seen in the picture. Beside the fireplace, behind a Savonarola chair, is a richly carved, 15th century chest to hold fire wood



The armoire, at one end of the living room, once held the vestments of some ancient Spanish sacristy. On the right is an inlaid walnut desk, over which hangs an old mirror. The desk chair is from Tuscany, and on the stone floors are warm Hammedan rugs. For the more picturesque moods when electricity seems incompatible with the stillness, the room is fantastically lighted with dozens of candelabra



Two different views of a famous snuff box, the miniatures of Napoleon by Isabey dated 1810. From the Cleveland Museum of Art

Little Boxes of Great Fame

BY HARRIET JOHNSON

FAMOUS artists originally created these small objects of beauty which were the rich possession of enchanting ladies and proud cavaliers. From the 17th Century to the first quarter of the 19th, the most conspicuous object in the personal use of man was a snuff box. The ritual of its use we now see only on the stage in romantic plays, or in the revival of classical comedies reflecting the spirit of the times. When snuff-taking was first introduced in Europe various materials were employed to create boxes; soon the intimate character of this personal accessory brought to the courts of France the finest work of the goldsmith, enameler and jeweler. They rivalled one another in creating objects of surpassing beauty. France was leading the way in producing works of art that spoke eloquently of the fine taste of the donor. At this same time bonbonnières of precious metals inlaid with jewels came into existence as gifts for women. These were known as sweet-meat boxes, and bore a close resemblance to snuff boxes.

During the reign of Louis XIV both snuff boxes and bonbonnières showed rounded corners, while under Louis XV the oval shape tended to supersede the circular. Under Louis XVI the rectangular shape again found favor. Few names of the painters who lavished their skill on these exquisite little boxes are recorded. Petitot, the son of a sculptor and architect, decorated many of the most beautiful boxes of these three kings. It was he who first perfected painting in enamel. Among the enamelers of the 18th Century three stand out as supreme: Julian Alaterre, Jean Jacques Prevost and Henri Clavel.

In the Metropolitan Museum of New York is one of the finest collections of boxes in existence. A



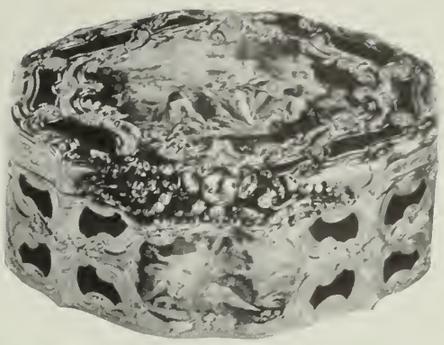




One of the most famous miniatures of Napoleon, above, on a box dated 1810, is a gift of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wade to the Cleveland Museum. At the left is a French 18th Century snuff box, gold, with a portrait of Catherine II in grisaille. Right, French 18th Century box of gold, decorated with rose diamonds on enamel. These two boxes are in the Metropolitan Museum of Art



Dark blue enamel and wrought gold box, with Venus and Cupid enameled after the manner of Boucher. The Wallace Collection



Upon the lip of this chased gold box is a lavish bouquet of diamonds. Romantic episodes in pale enamels — Wallace Collection

lover of these small objects which contain so much beauty and history, will do well to spend an afternoon in the room where they are kept.

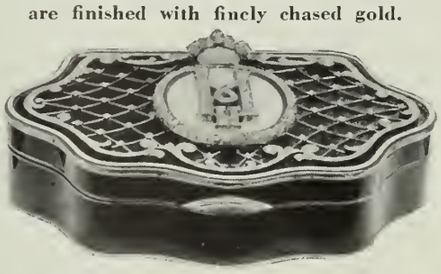
Among the snuff boxes in the possession of the Cleveland Museum of Art are two rare souvenirs of the great monarch, Napoleon. One, as you will see by the photograph, has a portrait of Napoleon placed on an altar or shrine, with a figure of a god placing a wreath upon his head. By pushing a little button, the head disappears behind the altar. This arrangement suggests interesting conjectures as to the necessity of the owner protecting himself from possible political persecution by causing the Emperor's likeness to disappear when in the presence of political foes.

The other one has an inset in the cover, a portrait of Napoleon by Isabey. This is surrounded by diamonds, and the rest of the surface is beautifully enriched with engraved ornaments. The gold is in three colors—yellow, red and green, the red and green being relieved against the yellow background. Inside the cover is the following inscription: "Precieux Souvenir de Reconnaissance Donné Par l'Empr Napoleon 1er A L'Abbé Bonavita, Son Aumonier".

During the reign of the last Tzar of Russia, Faberge was famous as a craftsman working in precious metals, enamels and jewels, in creating snuff boxes and other objects of beauty. Collectors regard his work as comparing favorably with that of the renowned artists of earlier periods and *(Continued on page 56)*



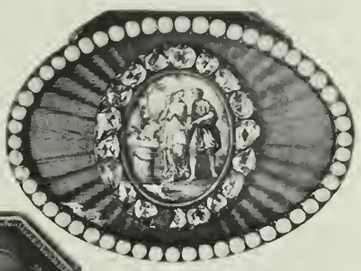
An ivory miniature of Louis XV decorates the lid of this agate box. Edges are finished with finely chased gold.



Diapered with jewels and gold wire is the gem-encrusted monogram on this Russian box, red enamel over gold. The Metropolitan Museum of Art



Rock crystal snuff box in the style of Louis XIV with a miniature inscribed, "Image de son Altesse Louise Henriette de Bourbon-Conti, Régente de France," and framed in repoussé gold

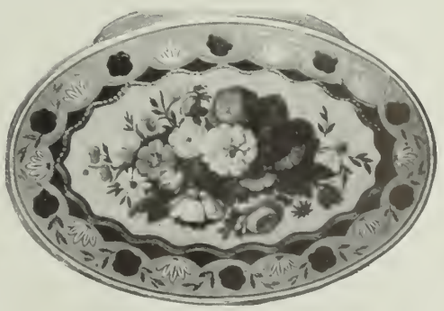




Cupid in blue and white draperies covers the entire top of the box above. This box is further ornamented with dark blue enamel bands. At the left, Venus, carved in lapis lazuli, offers her sacrifice to Love. A gem of the enamelers' art is the oval box, right, with its multi-colored bouquet. Unless otherwise noted, boxes on this page are in the Carnegie Museum, Pittsburgh

Pearl-edged box enameled *bleu de Roi*. The center medallion, framed in large brilliants set in platinum, shows a man and woman at love's altar. The rim of the lid is pale enamel





Broadway to-Date

The passing show—so passing, so showy!—flattered, flayed and fumbled—with a remark on the organic and inorganic

BY BENJAMIN DeCASSERES

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD

THERE are two kinds of brains, the organic and the inorganic.

There are thus two kinds of art-products—the organic and the inorganic.

By the organic I mean the play, the music, the painting, the dancing, the literary production that glows, moves, stimulates, is alive from within, is Dionysian.

By the inorganic I mean those plays, etc., that are static, mechanically constructed, academic, fossiliferous, that have instead of the breath of life the breath of box-office.

Now, "the trouble with the stage" in New York at the present time is just this: most of the plays are inorganic.

There have been, to my way of seeing, just three organic plays produced at this writing—"Counsellor-at-Law", "Clear All Wires!" and "That's Gratitude." And there are just three organic musical comedies, "Of Thee I Sing," "The Cat and the Fiddle" and "Show-Boat."

CLEAR ALL WIRES!

Something new, fresh, brainy and comic—without being side-splitting—blew into town with "Clear All Wires!," a play by Bella and Samuel Spewack, who evidently know what they are writing about, and have done it with great gusto and considerable penetration.

Both Spewacks are salted foreign correspondents. So when they set out to spoof the will-to-grandeur and the all-depends-on-me airs of American correspondents in the key-capitals of Europe they finished the job by giving us as delightful a bit of entertainment as has been seen hereabouts for some months. All the more so as "Grand Hotel" Shumlin produced it with an impeccable cast of 28 and Thomas Mitchell played the bombastic, lying, bull-throwing Moscow correspondent of the Chicago *Press* with a whirl and a twirl that smashes many records—for he is on the stage all the time, doing most of the talking. There is a caricatural depth to "Clear All Wires!" that puts it outside of the mere hokum

PHOTO BY WHITE



PHOTO BY FRANCIS BRUGUIERE



Angna Enters in "The Dance of Death," one of her brilliant compositions which she will present later in New York. Tamara Geva and Clifton Webb in a dance, "Alone Together," in "Flying Colors" which is playing at the Imperial Theatre

Katharine Cornell and Guthrie McClintic in their home in Beekman Place, New York City. Miss Cornell will appear in New York this winter in Thornton Wilder's translation of André Obey's "The Rape of Lucrece" and Sidney Howard's "Alien Corn." Mr. McClintic directs all the productions of his wife. The white jade figure shown below is Kwanyin, a priceless Chinese jade figure, which Mr. McClintic presented to his wife, Katharine Cornell, at the close of her engagement in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Kwanyin is a dispenser of mercy, a protector of mothers, the "White Robed" who gives souls to little children. The figure bears the imperial seal of the Emperor Chien Lung (1736-1795), and is reputed to have been one of the treasures of Tzu Hsi, the great Dowager Empress





PHOTOGRAPHS BY VANDAMM

field. Its dialogue is deft and most delightfully fresh.

The story is something like this: Buckley Joyce Thomas has been sent by the publisher of the powerful Chicago *Press* to Moscow because Thomas pinched his "Follies" girl. The girl, Dolly Winslow (Dorothy Matthews), follows Thomas. In Moscow the bombastic and all-American Thomas has got to get a sensation to make him solid again with the boss. So he finds "the last of the Romanoffs" (played superbly by Eugene Sigaloff), a fantastic character, whose wife has been Thomas' mistress. Thomas is going to have him shot in the leg in the latter's office. The Commissar for Foreign Affairs, however, calls on Thomas as the shot is about to be fired. Thomas throws himself before the Commissar, is shot in the arm, and becomes the hero of Russia.

Meantime Thomas' boss is after his girl, and Thomas ships her to Siberia (she thinks she is going to Paris to meet the Big Squeeze from Chicago). All sorts of rapid-fire complications follow in the third act, which ends by Thomas being ordered out of Russia and finally hired by Hearst to go to China.

Do such things happen? Well, the Spewacks ought to know.

There are many fine bits in this satiric melodrama, and every person in it is a clear-cut personality. Many of them are Russian.

"Clear All Wires!" really opens the season with a great laugh-bang, and Thomas Mitchell is now a Broadway institution.

FLYING COLORS.

The latest revue by Howard Dietz, with some passable music by Arthur Schwartz, is always eye-fetching, due to the beautiful, and sometimes ultra-gaudy, settings of Norman Bel Geddes; but in the manner of real substance I cannot vote it up to "Three's a Crowd" or "The Band Wagon."

It starts out well paced and side-splitting enough; but after the first act it goes to pot, sort of gets tired and soggy, especially when the chocolate maidens from Harlem do over and over again what we have seen them do for years.

The big props of the revue are Charles Butterworth and Clifton Webb, with Tamara Geva and Patsy Kelly as runners-up. And as for the chorus, there are some beautiful girls in it—enough to revive my hope that even feminine beauty hasn't *(Continued on page 62)*

LIBRARY



Again the Well Dress

THE COOL AUSTERE WHITE OF FINE LINEN:

THE WARM IVORY WHITE OF SATIN AND PLUSH:

Arranged by DOROTHY WHITNEY

Bowknot blanket ensemble, St. Mary's Woolen Company. White mesh blanket, Esmond. Moonstone satin quilt and pillow, Nancy Lincoln. Linen sheet with appliquéd border. Léron. Linen with Appenzell lace in Lovebird pattern, Munyer

The Frivolous White Bed, in the grand manner. Blanket and pillow covers are in white satin, and an ivory taffeta canopy adds a certain importance. Carlin Comforts. This photograph was made in the apartment of Miss Rose Cumming



Bed Wears White

THE FRESH SNOWY WHITE OF FLUFFY WOOL;

THE DELICATE CREAMY WHITE OF OLD LACE



For the very special benefit of the man who demands masculinity in décor, Cyril Gorainoff designs a gay linen affair on which the Master and his hounds follow the scent in diverse directions. Nancy Lincoln. And of course, the tailored spread with a really man-size monogram. MeGibbon

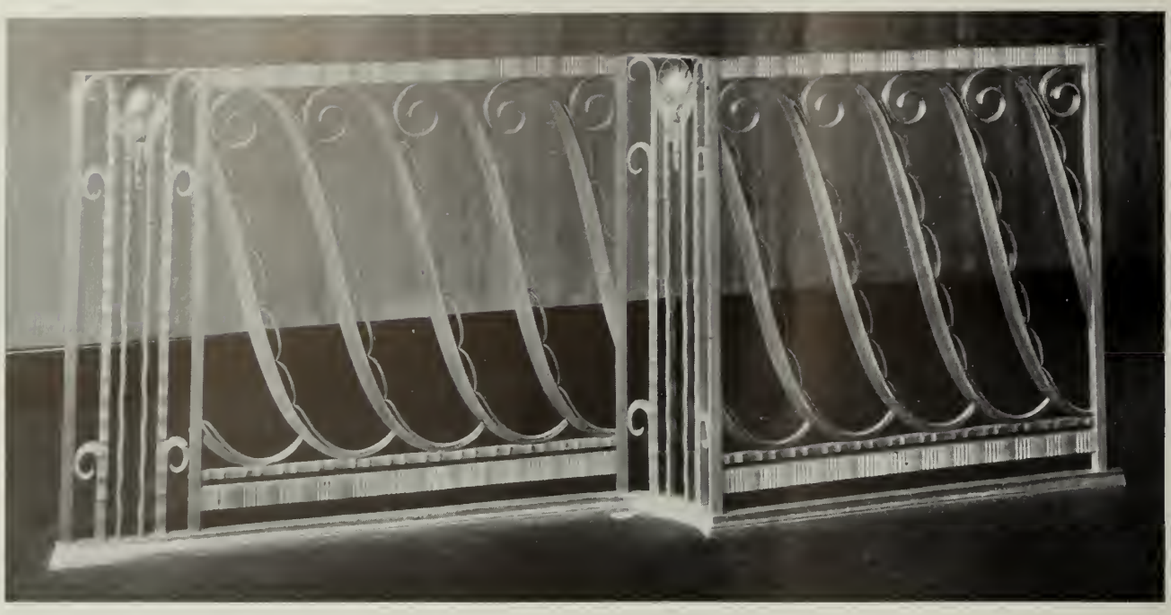


The Modern White Bed, with a keen sense of the dramatic. White plush bed throw, spattered with black ermine tails. Grande Maison de Blanc. Crêpe satin cover, appliquéd in reverse. Léron. Majestic Tower apartment, decorated by Mrs. Tuckerman Draper. Bed by Frankl

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITING-SALZMAN



The Quaint White Bed—for the young girl. Gay pastel triangles on the white crêpe cover to keep it from being too snowily "jeune fille"—and the white comforter is decoratively disguised by a hand painted background in blue. Léron, and Nancy Lincoln. Junior League bedroom. Waldorf-Astoria



A railing that makes the most of fluid curves, arrested at intervals with static panels

METAL MASTERPIECES—

Studies in Useful Beauty

Objets d'art with a job to do, and a very decorative way of doing it



Wild geese flying fancifully across a background of flowers form the aluminum grille over the dining room portholes in A. V. Davis' yacht "Elda". Geese stand out in relief



A balustrade which adds importance to a simple staircase by sweeping upward in a series of harmonious aluminum curves suggesting the rhythm of waves. This is another detail of Mr. Davis' yacht. Metalwork on this page by Kantack

It's no longer a Luxury



● *The new Saint Tropez design has all the verve of the gay continental watering place whose name it so appropriately bears. Its cool* frosted *decoration cannot be achieved in mere machine-made glass. The goblets are now only $48 the dozen . . . the champagne glasses are $48 . . . the plates are $54.*

use exquisite hand-blown crystal three times a day— you can afford Steuben at the new low prices

● There is a joy that only hand-wrought things can give.

Each piece of this hand-blown crystal has that beauty of an individual masterpiece—for in this new world it is made by a craftsman who learned his artistry in a far-off country where glass blowing is a tradition passed on from one generation to the next.

His art gives to Steuben that diamond-like clarity that no machine-made glass can imitate. Flick a lovely piece of Steuben with your finger and it gives that precious bell-like ring that tells you it was made by hand.

Now you can make your table lovely every day with Steuben at the new prices. Every Steuben design is an open pattern so that you can readily supplement the cherished pieces you already own.

And the new Steuben designs for fall are inspirations! Such style, such elegance and sophistication—you won't be able to resist them. Not at these new prices!



(Left) The new Riviera design's cool elegance is accented by the decoration that is engraved in the crystal as delicately as an intaglio is cut in a gem. This quality of decoration is impossible in ordinary machine-made glass. You'll find it only in hand-blown crystal. Goblets are $48 the dozen, sherbet glasses $42.

●

(Right) A new Steuben vase with its smart cut pattern of straight, interlacing lines and gay polka dots lends a modern note to your room. Its graceful, balanced shape and diamond-like clarity give the merest handful of flowers distinctive loveliness. Only $17.



Steuben crystal

A product of the Corning Glass Works, Corning, New York

(Cont'd from page 48)





A lighting fixture in the modern French mood manages to make three cut-marble light shields a logical part of its gayly floral pattern. Designed by Kantaek

PHOTO BY BONNEY



A bit of the jungle for our chill northern walls—tropic flora and fauna in metal over dark green glass. A mirror makes the center panel. Designed by S. de Kosenke. Sterling Bronze Company



The characteristic simplicity of forged ironwork is well adapted to modern décor. This sweeping balustrade by Scalo is a convincing case in point

Aluminum gulls, flying above an aluminum sea—another grille with a feeling of wind and light sweeping refreshingly through the pattern



Quiet



Beauty



Wear



Enduring Through the Years

That soft luxury, silencing all footsteps, that rich fullness of color and unblemished texture—will they endure in your floor coverings? When your carpetings come from the Looms of Mohawk, restful quiet and lasting beauty are assured for your floors. You are investing in quality, without extravagance. ¶ Mohawk offers you a *complete* range of weaves, widths, designs and colors. One of our carpet specialists awaits your invitation to consult with your decorator or dealer.

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Common or Garden Talk

Observations of an Amateur Gardener

BY GAY YOUNG



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAC-MEE

A copper pail full of fall color—fifty varieties of flowers were massed in two bouquets at the entrance of the garden club division of the Dahlia Show. These were arranged by Mrs. Wm. A. Starrett, flowers grown by club members of Madison, N. J.

Below are two prize winners at the Dahlia Show. The erect bloom is the Bædad, fiery red, raised by Mrs. W. J. Neal, of Flushing, L. I. Beside it is a cactus dahlia, deep purplish red shading off to white. Raised by Stanley D. Pearson, of Pleasantville, N. Y.

DAHLIA enthusiasts hovered around the crowded ballrooms of the Pennsylvania Hotel for the two days of the national show, proud of what they had been able to do in spite of the drouth. Presidents and would-be-presidents shared honors with novelists and an aviatrix when it came to having dahlias named for them. The Herbert Hoover is a cactus dahlia of orange-red—Franklin D. Roosevelt is huge and rose-tinted. I cast my eye about for the other candidates, and finally saw a likely-looking specimen for Norman Thomas. A blazing red beauty, it was collecting compliments right and left, but when I looked at the label I found that it hadn't any particular political affiliation after all. Its name was simply "Satan".

Amelia Earhart, a huge orange-tinted coral bloom shown by Major James B. Eastman, of Maryland, took the silver medal for the best undisseminated seedling, after two days of spirited judging being spent on this particular class. A runner-up in this group was a sturdy white bloom, touched with lavender.

Kathleen Norris, a pink flower, got the award for the largest and most perfect bloom in the show—grown and displayed by the Ruschmor Dahlia Gardens, Rockville Center, L. I.

MISS Virginia Stout, of Short Hills, won a special prize for the most outstanding vase of dahlias. Mrs. Charles V. Smith of Far Hills was given six first prizes, and Dr. Philip G. Cole, Tarrytown, and Robert L. Sell, Long Branch, L. I., each won four firsts. Robert F. Cutler, of Suffern, N. Y. and Judge Abram I. Elkus, of Red Bank, N. J., won two firsts each. A. Swoboda, of Ridgefield Park, N. J., won seven first and four second prizes in special amateur classes. The gold medal for commercial growers went to Fisher and Masson, of Trenton, and the Darnell cup for the best-keeping dahlia went to Veile and Mendham, of Easton, Pa., for 12 blooms of the rose-shaded Jerome Kern.



The Garden Club show, which admitted only amateurs, had a fine exhibit of all kinds of flowers, and was a popular feature of the show. Mrs. Jules E. Rosenthal, of Great Neck, won three firsts in this section. Other winners of first prizes in the classes of garden flowers were Mrs. J. J. Maier, of Great Neck, Mrs. C. A. Lindow, of Roselle, N. J., and Mrs. Charles V. Smith, of Far Hills, N. J.

The officers who will head the American Dahlia Society for the coming year are: Warren W. Maytrott, of Vineland, N. J., president; George L. Stillman, Westerly, R. I.; John Vincent, White Marsh, Md.; W. Atlee Burpee, Philadelphia, Pa.; George W. Frazer, Willamantic, Conn.; J. A. Kemp, Little Silver, N. J.; George L. Farnum, Media, Pa.; Mrs. Charles H. Stout, Short Hills, N. J.; Mrs. George Holland, Williamsport, Pa.; Mrs. Frieda Fisher, Trenton, N. J., and Derrill W. Hart, New York, vice-presidents. C. Louis Alling of West Haven, Conn., was elected secre-

A plain statement of facts concerning

ANTI-FREEZE

Important Information for the Protection of Car Owners

IN AN EFFORT TO CLEAR UP the confusion regarding anti-freeze, which appears to exist in the minds of many consumers, we give below the outstanding facts. The following statements are guaranteed to be correct and accurate in every particular. They are supported by the highest scientific authorities.

THE problem of preventing freezing in the cooling-systems of automobiles during the cold weather months was one that taxed the ingenuity of car owners for many years. Salt, honey, alcohol, kerosene, glycerine and many other products and by-products were used with varying success. Within the past few years, however, there has been developed a new product, a product specially designed for this one use and purpose.

That product is Eveready Prestone. It is not a general commodity used principally for other purposes: it is an anti-freeze, and nothing else. It is a scientific development, thoroughly approved by all car manufacturers; a product which embodies all the advantages of all materials previously used, with none of their inherent weaknesses.

In developing Eveready Prestone, the laboratories of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation, keeping in mind the requirements of the U. S. Bureau of Standards for an ideal anti-freeze, worked toward a product which would satisfy the following specifications:

1. It must not boil away. A boil-away anti-freeze is both an inconvenience and a poor protector against sudden changes in the weather. Such anti-freeze requires frequent renewals, and leaves the car unprotected when a cold snap follows warm weather.

2. It must be harmless to the cooling-system. An anti-freeze which corrodes the cooling-system is a poor product to put in a car.

3. It must be effective in preventing freezing. The effectiveness of the materials commonly used before the advent of Eveready Prestone varied over a wide range. Some were effective in preventing freezing; others were not.

4. It must not affect the car finish. The fumes of boil-away products were a source of danger to the finish of fine cars. This was a weakness which those who developed Eveready Prestone were anxious to avoid.

5. It must circulate freely at the lowest operating temperatures. A heavy, viscous material, which is not free-flowing, is obviously a poor cooling agent.

6. It must be non-inflammable and odorless. Winter driving was often made unpleasant by smelly fumes, while inflammable mixtures held the possibility of causing accidents.

7. It must not "creep." Certain materials in common use had a strong tendency to leak out of systems which were tight enough to hold water but not tight enough to hold these materials. The new product, it was felt, must have *less tendency to leak than water.* Consequently, if a car could hold water it would hold the anti-freeze.

8. It must be packaged as a concentrated product. Many of the products which the public was using, because of their thick, heavy nature in the concentrated form, were sold as water-diluted solutions. The cost of canning and shipping plain water was thus borne by the public. Obviously, if a concentrated product could be packaged and sold the user could be saved that expense. Furthermore, the public had no way of telling how much of these diluted solutions was anti-freeze material and how much was ordinary water. Some brands contained as much as 55% plain water: others contained less. It was decided, therefore, that the new product must be concentrated. Thus the public could be sure of buying a standard product, always the same and always of known value.

9. It must be economical. The laboratories which developed the new product were not interested in low first-cost per gallon. They *were* interested in low cost per season. It was felt that car owners who had been buying boil-away anti-freeze on the installment plan, a few quarts at a time, would not object to a relatively high first-cost if the *all-season* cost were low. The new product, therefore, was priced to cost, for an average winter season, no more than the cost of boil-away anti-freeze.

Thus was developed Eveready Prestone, the only anti-freeze which meets *all* these requirements. But laboratory effort did not stop with that.

A NEW AND IMPROVED PRODUCT AT A LOWER PRICE

Further research developed the product to a point where it gave protection, not only against freezing but also against rust and corrosion in the cooling-system. And such is the *new* Eveready Prestone. Its use reduces the corrosive action of water on the metals of the cooling-system as follows: brass, copper, solder, aluminum and zinc, 75%; cast iron, 95%. No other "treated" anti-freeze compares with Eveready Prestone for the prevention of rust and corrosion.

The new Eveready Prestone has been reduced in price. It now offers by far the safest and most economical protection against both freezing and corrosion. The car owner who uses Eveready Prestone is assured of complete protection through all weather changes, freedom from worry and the trouble of replacements, and a clean, rust-free radiator. He insures his car, not only against a freeze-up, but also against the costly repairs that follow a rust-clogged and corroded cooling-system. He prolongs the life of his car.

National Carbon Company, Inc., Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation, New York, N. Y.



The bird-of-paradise flower, strelitzia, arranged in a blue Mexican glass bowl, with its own foliage. These blooms are brilliant orange, with a bird-like crest of blue, and the foliage with bluish tinge

tary. Mrs. Mabel C. Rathgeber of New Haven, treasurer for the past year, was re-elected.

ORCHIDS, proud cattleyas, sprays of odontoglossum, and infant seedlings with 7 years of hard growing ahead before they can go to débutante parties, are on display at "Orchidwood" in New Rochelle the middle of each month. I went out a few weeks ago, and found Robert Jewell and his father both in a mood to be expansive on the subject of orchid culture. Mr. Jewell's father raises orchids on his sunporch, using a humidifier to provide the extra moisture orchids have to have to keep them content. Odontoglossums are his pets; they can be kept around the house fresh and practically as good as new for two or three weeks. The daydreams of the orchid grower are in the direction of some day running on to a way of coaxing the orchid plant into bloom in less than six or seven years. That, everyone thinks, would just about revolutionize the industry. A good many people with greenhouses have in recent years taken up orchid growing as a hobby. Control of temperature and humidity is necessary, of course, but otherwise many of the varieties flourish under rather simple conditions. Prof. Edward A. White, of Cornell, has written a book outlining the habits and idiosyncrasies of orchids grown in the United States.

PAPER collars to keep the leaves of Christmas roses off the ground are recommended by Julia A. Latimer in "New York Gardens", the new magazine edited by Louise Beebe Wilder. Helleborus niger plants have a tendency to produce blooms before the stems are long and the buds fully mature, when leaves lie so low that the heart of the plant is exposed to the light.

WHITE gayfeather and the new marigold Guinea Gold were included in Stumpp and Walter's fall show at the Waldorf-Astoria. The gayfeather, which is similar to the familiar purple variety but more branching, is particularly good in large woodsy arrangements. The new marigold is already popular. Its plant grows three feet high and crops out into masses of brilliant orange wavy-petaled flowers, much larger than ordinary marigolds. This idea of a one-man flower show is a unique one, and the Stumpp and Walter people did it up to the pink of perfection, with shrubs growing in natural environment, rock gardens, and that sort of thing. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt served tea on the opening afternoon of this show.

A TOY balloon filled with water was attached to the stem of each of the hundreds of dahlias which Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Ivey shipped up to the Atlantic City Flower Show from their Lake Junaluska home, near Asheville, N. C. The flowers came out fresh from the 650-mile ride, so that the stems did not need the hot-water treatment commonly used to revive flower travellers.

AT the Dahlia Show I cornered George L. Farnum, who has just come back from a turn around all the important dahlia gardens of England and the Continent. Mr. Farnum says that he sees a great deal of promise for the future of the English bedding dahlias—a novelty to American growers. These dwarf bedders grow only about two feet high, and are a mass of bloom, for after the tips have flowered blossoms come on down the stem. Mr. Farnum said these make lovely borders—they have been developed mostly in rich red and salmon tones.

In Holland and England they're directing much more attention to miniatures than to the huge blooms that characterize American shows. But even here the miniature is coming into its own in recent years.

Mr. Farnum was exhibiting an English variety, Dutchess, which he raised in his own garden. It was a huge bloom of lemon-yellow shading to white and flesh pink at the ends of the petals. This variety is one of several developments of American decorative dahlias taken over to England. Frequently, in adapting themselves to the climate and soil there, dahlias will be changed in character and coloring. Sometimes these types preserve their new characteristics when they are brought back—the Dutchess did.

A DISCUSSION of greenhouse roses conducted by George H. Gillies, head gardener of the Marshall Field estates, will be the program of the November 16th meeting of the New York Horticultural Society. Two groups of exhibits will be shown at this meeting: vases of outdoor flowers arranged by amateurs and vases of roses by professionals.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER A. JULEY



Foliage of the passion flower, arranged in a tall crystal bottle. This and the bowl of flowers above were arranged by Mrs. Walter Hine, who has written a book on flower arrangement. It is to be published soon by Scribner's. This was exhibited at the New York Horticultural Society

GARDENERS of large estates have an opportunity this winter to take a course in botany and soils similar to the courses given at Yew and Edinburgh. This series of evening lectures is offered by the New York Botanical Gardens, at the headquarters of the New York Horticultural Society. So much interest has been shown that a less technical class may be started.

Let us show you the town

WHAT torrents of words, spoken and written, are loosed when there arises that inexhaustible theme called New York!

Words of love or hate, or envy or blind adoration, never can encompass the whole of New York—all that the city means to those in and about its magic boundaries.

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New York the business center? It is the industrial, the commercial, and the banking pace-maker of the continent, with millions of workers creating such wealth as has never before been accumulated in all history.

The shops? Where else such a heaping-up of the good things of life in such luxurious profusion as in Manhattan's stores?

Sport and recreation? From the rooftops of New York's skyscrapers, you may look down if you will upon a sportsman's Utopia; with its polo fields, its hunt clubs, its stadia, its golf and tennis clubs—the whole panorama of sport spread out within a few short miles of Manhattan.

Is it politics? Mention, then, a more exciting political drama than that which is being enacted on New York's boards to-day.

Theme inexhaustible. What wonder that The New Yorker, with a theme as magnificent as all this, should become the handbook and guide for the alert thousands at the heart of New York's most glamorous activities!

The New Yorker needs only remain temperate in this turmoil, and garnish its performance with a soupçon of wit and humor. Doing so, it is enabled in a very charming way to take you the rounds of the town.

Incidentally, this is the season in New York. And the current issue merits your very considered attention.

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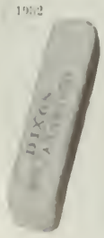
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Little Boxes of Great Fame

(Continued from page 43)

are constantly seeking specimens of his work bearing his signature.

The last order given by the Tzar as gifts to his wife and children was executed by Faberge at the time of their death. The royal family never saw these gifts but it was the writer's privilege to see them at leisure and be lost in admiration at their originality of design and ravishing color. Instead of a thumb press, one touched a leaf of a flower made of diamonds and the top of the box raised slowly, revealing a treasure within. On each box, concealed in the decoration of jeweled flowers was a spring for raising the lid.

Faberge also made, by order of the Tzar, a birthday gift for the Tzar's mother, the Empress Dowager, a reproduction of the footman who stood on the back of her sleigh when she drove in winter, using lapis lazuli for the coat, grey jade for breeches, coral for trimming, and a brilliant black stone for the high hat. This figure was a box in disguise, one of the few mementos that escaped with her from Russia to England.

The Carnegie Museum, at Pittsburgh, has an excellent collection of valuable snuffboxes, some of which are illustrated here. They are from the Herbert Du Puy collection, a gift to the Museum.

There are many interesting snuffboxes in the Wallace Collection in London; one is decorated with raised designs of fruit and flowers in colored stones foiled underneath. While the marks on this box are indistinct it is pronounced style of Louis Quinze, and attributed to the second half of the 18th Century. Another is of wrought and chased gold, with dark blue enamel; panels framed in festoons of laurel leaves show enameled decoration in the manner of Boucher, with Venus and Cupid on the lid. This box is believed to have belonged to Stanislaus Leczinski, King of Poland, and father of Marie-Leczinska, Queen-consort of Louis Quinze. This box has the maker's stamp: LP over D; Paris Hall Mark for 1764-5 and fermier's mark of J. J. Prevost (1762-68); Bethnal Green 1879. Scratched on the lid inside is D67. 84. O. O. French. It is in the style of Louis Quinze and was made about the middle of the 18th Century. A third box is of gold, wrought, chased and colored in three tints; decorated with translucent green enamel on a diapered ground. At the lip is placed a bouquet of diamonds. Set into the lid, sides, and bottom are enameled panels in delicate colors, inspired by Le Moyne and the decorative painters of the earlier Louis-Quinze Period. It bears indistinctly the discharge mark of J. J. Prevost (1762-8).

The visitor to London has long enjoyed this group of boxes in the Wallace Collection. Today there are fast growing, splendid collections in our own museums, and in the many private collections being assembled in America.

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Authors Are People

(Continued from page 12)

s at the far end of a large entrance allway, which, with Mrs. Miller's wn bedroom, dressing room and ath, comprises the first floor of the uplex. Up a curving flight of stairs re the dining room, kitchen, pantry, nd several small bedrooms. The hall nd steps are carpeted in dull mulberry, harmonizing with the deep ose satin draperies, which reach he floor. The wallpaper is glazed in pattern suggesting Italian marble, while the color scheme is further ccented by a pair of 18th Century idechairs upholstered in rose damask, and by an Adam mirror decoated with touches of antique red.

The curve of the staircase makes convenient angle for the piano, and n a corner near the front door is a heraton corner cabinet containing ome crested English china which beonged to Rufus King, Mrs. Miller's randfather, when he was Minister o England in 1844.

Color is the most important item n Mrs. Miller's own bedroom, which elies for its effect on a particularly ophisticated treatment of a series f blues. The carpet is the darkest hade; the walls are lighter, but inenser, and the ceiling is almost a owder blue. The furniture is all of ight woods—the bed a charming rench piece with carved and gilded wans on either side of the curving eadboard. It is piled high with velet pillows of an old French shade of lue and quilted, as is the coverlet. chiffon flounce of old rose falls to he floor. There are touches of rose ere and there in the accessories, nd on the opposite side of the room tands a delightful little pink figured hintz-covered settee. The windows re shaded by blue Venetian blinds and very full blue taffeta draperies.

Perhaps the most original room in the apartment is the dining room, although the effect has been brought about with traditional material in a very simple manner. The trick is the silhouette principle. The walls are dead white, the floor has been stained very dark and the rug is as black as a fabric gets without being quite jet black. The Chippendale and early 19th Century mahogany furniture looks even darker than it really is against the light walls. So that the first impression one gets is that of a black and white room—which according to all the seers is the last cry in modernity.

At any rate, the modern touch does not stop there. For the built-in wall cabinets have that chunky, structural appearance, as if the sides were part of the steel girders of the building, thinly disguised—as indeed they are. Inside, the niches are very deep and painted a bright sea green, a striking background for gold lustre ware, and the rich colors of ancestral Royal Worcester plates, and a primly sprigged old-fashioned dinner service. The dining room chairs contribute their own modern bit, for although the frames are Chippendale, they are upholstered in green fabrikoid. The green note is continued in two ferns beneath the undraped windows, which are screened by white Venetian blinds.

But the most arresting group in the room is the distinguished Chippendale side table, with a mahogany wall rack hanging over it, between two of the niches. Its delicately carved outline is silhouetted darkly against the white wall—without losing one bit of its splendor of detail.

Soignée Beauty of Old French Furniture

(Continued from page 27)

le Maintenon. Extravagant by nature these ladies expressed their esire for display in the lavish ornamentation carved on the furniture nd applied to other decorative objects, many of which were inspired y one or the other of these favorites f the king.

It is this greater refinement combined with the undulating curves which distinguishes the furniture of he Louis XV period and results in s having so dignified a charm when art of a suitable setting. For as any xperienced cabinet-maker who is ngaged in copying the original odels will admit, it represents the ost decorative style of woodwork ver evolved and is one that demands he closest attention to the minor etails to insure a perfect result.

The furniture arts of this time in rance belong to what is known as he Rococo, a style largely inspired y the Chinese forms. It is still possible to see very distinct domination xercised by the king's favorites, of hom Mesdames de Pompadour and du Barry were the most prominent.

In referring to the other, now popular, French 18th Century furniture, that of the Louis XVI period, we used the term formal. Many of the original pieces could be so designated, but there are more that while retaining the straighter lines lack any suspicion of stiffness.

It is mostly the Louis XVI style that has been accepted by modern cabinet-makers as a model. When comparison is made between the furniture of Louis XV and that of Louis XVI, a complete change of shapes occurs with the latter, a change that had begun to make itself felt before the end of the Rococo period. Chair backs are mostly rectangular though some were medallion-shaped while caryatides and pilasters with Ionic and Corinthian capitals were frequently applied to the fronts of larger pieces.

Like the Louis XV, the grace of the Louis XVI style lends itself especially well to the more elaborately fitted boudoirs and bedrooms.

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"The Stag at Eve Hath Drunk His Fill"

(Continued from page 29)

Rose (her maid) has got to go around with me this winter, but I'm going to spike that if I can make better arrangements. I'll tell you about the boy I liked later. He's a soph at Yale. Comes from Montclair, he says, but I don't believe him.

Pa did one of the nicest things for our guests that's ever been done. He hired fifty or seventy-five chauffeurs and if the boys came out in no condition to drive the girls home, one of our men took the wheel. So all the girls' mothers could feel much safer.

My dress was pale green, smooth, tight fitting—nothing girlie-girlie. Ma thought all débutantes should wear white, but I said maybe they did when they lived in the nursery until the bitter end but that they didn't any more. So that was all right. But I can show it to you when you come back. I'll be wearing it again. My allowance has been cut this winter, just when I'll be needing it the most. Pa says he's got to pay for the party, and he's stuck with some second mortgages or something whatever they are. He's worried, poor lamb. But we must have a little left. I guess this affair set him back about $25,000 and it won't be over until the house and garden are in shape again. He won't tell me what it cost. But—the new pavilion, two orchestras from New York, all that fire-water (he told the waiters to serve some cut stuff toward the end—but even so), spot lights on the trees, the caterer and his regiment of haut-boys, a fancy lovers' lane arbor effect down that path that leads to the beach, the beer garden, besides the chauffeurs at the door and all the rest of it. The flowers came from the garden; we saved a little money there. It's lucky we had the party before the garden was stamped on this way.

I know I run a risk having my party so early in the season. I told Ma none of the boys would want to dance with me so much after they had used up their invitations to my party. They would be mean that way. But Ma wanted it in the summer, while we were still at the beach, so I said I'd take a chance. But I've made up a few don'ts for myself. See if you don't agree. First, never look at the stags in the line; look up at your partner and laugh like anything as if you were having the time of your life. That gives the stags the idea you're full of pep and not over-anxious. Another thing. Don't get stuck with a bunch of girls. Stand out alone from the group so that a guy can pick you up. Can you imagine anything more horrible happening than what happened to Louise? Remember when that boy waved a five-dollar bill to the stag line to buy a cut-in? A thing like that would ruin you forever. And don't preach to the boys. I've learned *that*. They have a right to get drunk if they want to. They'd be poor sports if they didn't. I hate the good sissies. Jack was terribly funny last night; he was tight as a tick. He brushed a whole tray full of champagne glasses off on the terrace. And then, feeling great, he said: "Let's make this a wrecking party!" And he kicked right through one of the French windows. He cut his ankle so badly Pa had to see that he was sent to a hospital. He's a swell guy, though. I guess he won't play football at Princeton this year.



I had another funny experience I want to tell you about. I danced about seven steps with a boy, forget his name, oldish, around twenty-eight or so, quite stewed. He started in ragging me right away, instead of saying what a lovely party it was. He said I had to keep my head, be natural. He said all of us girls were posing, trying to be tough like a bunch of chorus girls. And he said all the chorus girls were trying to be so refined. The results were sickening he said. I wanted to ask him if his name was Mr. Lord, but P. G. cut in and I couldn't hand him a laugh even, I was so surprised. I hope I won't meet many like *that*.

It's getting late and I must dress for that dinner. Be sure to get here in time for the Meredith's and don't forget you're coming here for dinner. When will you be back? Have you seen any cowboys? Forgive this long screed and *don't show it to anyone*. O I do hope the boys will like me, don't you? You know, Polly dear, I get a little frightened sometimes. Suppose I should *ever* have to sit out at a dance; or suppose no one should ask me for supper. I sometimes punish myself trying to imagine it. I think I'd go right home, wouldn't you? I don't know why I care so much but I do. I'm crazy to see you and talk things over.

Yours for a Clark Gable before Christmas—

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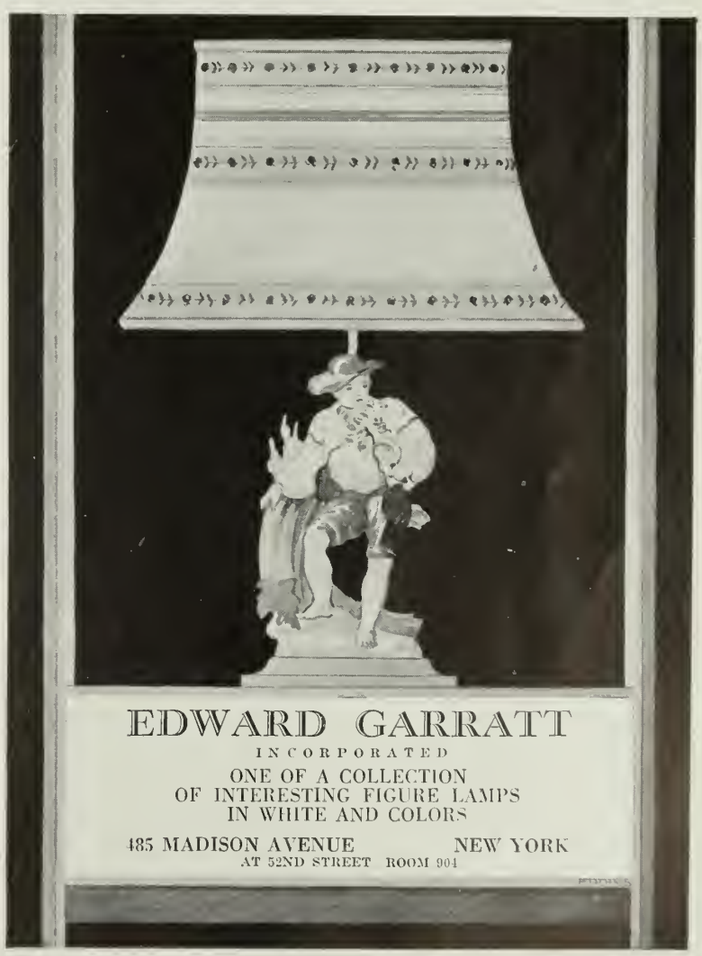
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"Some Wild and Lovely Meals"

(Continued from page 37)

sort of janissary stood behind the sheikh during the whole meal. He was quite human, but he did not twitch an eyelash. He could give the Royal Horse Guards a lesson in immobility. We were attended by three coal-black negresses, consumate creatures. So silent were these, too, that you might have thought them marionettes, excepting that they did not creak. At the beginning of the meal and between courses, one negress held out a brass basin, for us to hold our arms out over it. The second poured scented warm water on our hands from a brass ewer. The third featly wiped our hands. Dish succeeded dish in bewildering opulence, set down between us in great straw containers usually. There were no forks. We thrust with our hands into odorous hills of *couscous* or with our fingers stripped delicate ribbons of fish from the bones. But the *chef-d'oeuvre* was a dish of mutton and whole onions, stewed in honey. I repeat, stewed in honey. It was celestial. If you are sceptical, go to Morocco for yourself; try it, and you will believe. But remember to be very gracious when your host, the sheikh, explores the hot depths of the stew with his fingers and hands over to you some particularly succulent morsel. And remember there are roast quail to follow, stuffed with raisins and red peppers. Your host in his courtesy and against his principles will offer you beer. But it were pleasanter to join him in a tumbler of sweet tea, one third filled with mint-leaves.

And then one year it was a high point of the Pyrenees that rewarded me with a high point of gastronomic bliss. What a heroic hour it was at which we rose! What a heroic day it was that followed! Exalted somewhere higher than our imaginations, lay the Porte de Gavarnie, hidden somewhere beyond and above those hanging forests and the enormous shoulders of the hills. As we climbed from Torla, along the gorge of the Rio Ara, the torrent hundreds of feet below us boiled more and more fiercely, the precipices being more and more abrupt. Then the mountains flung off their forests. Then our thews strained above the level of eternal snow, where the glaciers crawled from their lairs. Here was a last confusion of aboriginal boulders to climb. The top came now, surely. No, not for a fierce hour yet. And then it came suddenly—in a tiny dip between the high peaks on either side. And this was France one foot away, and this was Spain one foot away, and ourselves perched on the top of the world. And so we fed. Sardines on husky bread and warm water out of aluminum flasks and half a slab of damp and clayey chocolate! But if Petronius ever enjoyed one of his banquets half as much as we did ours . . . Petronius was lucky. But he did not. And Brillat-Savarin never composed a sauce so cunning as that wind, that sun, that crystal Pyrenean air.

I am tempted to recall a dinner-party that took place in the steerage-hold of a Greek tramp steamer that fares among the Ionian Islands. The manners of my fellow-guests (and hosts) were not choice, but our hearts were hospitable as we took swigs from each other's wine and pooled our sausages and eggs and risotto and beans, all warmed up for us by the cook in his galley. But I think it was the company rather than the food that thrilled me, so that it cannot count as a gastronomic experience *per se*. It would be more appropriate to end with an experience depending entirely on the food and drink provided—an experience which can be repeated any day of the week within a few hours. I mean dinner at the *Casse-Croûte*, in Paris.

I will even confess that the Casse-Croûte is in the vicinity of the *Halle aux Vins*. More explicit than that I will not be. That *coq au vin* is worth a little finding. That *coq au vin* is an ample solace for most human woes. I once saw a rugged timber-broker from Canada weigh in upon that *coq au vin*, and slow tears started in his eyes, of incredulity first, and then of rapture. And what is the secret of that *riz de veau?* Out of what kabbala of the gastronomes has *madame la patronne* extracted it? And on what terms would she hand over the secret of her *gateau framboise?* And that Beaujolais! It is seven francs the bottle; and there are experts in that shy and difficult wine who declare *madame's* Beaujolais the best in all France.

You eat on oil-cloth. You use the same cutlery for the different courses. Your company often removes its coat and rolls up its sleeves to the elbow. But nobody in the world knows more about food and drink than this company, the wine-merchants from the great plains of Burgundy and the Loire for whom *madame* composes, like a musician, like a poet, her *coq au vin* in the Casse-Croûte, over by the wine market. Soon be the day, *madame*, when I salute you again in a glass of your own Beaujolais!





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**at rate of exchange prevailing September 1, 1932*

Native vegetable seller at Jaipur.



Broadway to Date

(Continued from page 45)

gone all-proletariat.

Butterworth is, as I have declared many times in this department, the best straight comedian on the American stage. He looks like a seasick Disraeli. He never smiles. His humor comes straight from the seat of the intelligence. This man was born to that form of droll and pathetic humor—like Charlie Chaplin—which is the highest. In "Flying Colors", whether as a stump-speaker, a puzzled pedestrian, a salesman or a man about to be operated on he is comic in the classic meaning of that word.

Clifton Webb dances and acts with that neatness, grace and *insouciance* that are at all times eye-enticing. The finest terpsichorean bit in "Flying Colors" is his dance with Geva, "Alone Together," with singing by Jean Sargent. It is done in shadow, slowly, almost solemnly. It is unlike anything, for sheer beauty, done lately on our stage.

Patsy Kelly was smart and pert in her New Yorkish way. The Albertina Rasch girls did some vivid work. Some of the sketches are terribly labored. But wherever Butterworth and Webb appear the sketches float. Particularly taking is "Mein Kleiner Akrobat" by Clifton Webb and the girls.

Buddy and Vilma Ebsen sparkle in their dance numbers, especially Vilma, a newcomer, one of the gayest and most vital of the new beauties. It is to be regretted that the inspiration of the first part of "Flying Colors" goes asthmatic as the evening wears on.

HERE TODAY.

Let us say our say about that queer little mousy actress, Ruth Gordon. Ever since she appeared in Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen" she has arrested the attention of theatregoers. How could it be otherwise? Here are intelligence, bravado, mock-modesty, arch innocence, volatility and petite snappishness. She can make the poorest play interesting so long as she is on the stage. She is stage-born to her finger-tips. Ruth Gordon, in a word, is here to stay, if not in "Here Today" then in some other (and many) plays that will be here tomorrow.

BEST YEARS.

As I indicated in the last instalment of this department, Mamma is being booted, or, as the classic-minded in the Coffee House say, getting it in the slats. In grandma's day it used to be Papa who got the slatting for coming home with a jag. Mamma was an *ange de luxe* with great wing-flounces. But everything has gone into the melting-pot of late years, even the sacredness of mother. Love is a Vamp. It probably destroys more than it creates. And so another beloved platitude goes into its asthmatic decline.

"Best Years", by Raymond Van Sickle, is a very simple play, so simple and weak that it is long over before the last curtain.

A great theme that has not yet been daringly enough treated. In "Best Years" it is a fluke and a flop. Katherine Alexander as the daughter was adequate; but it was somehow not that actress' part.

BALLYHOO OF 1932.

It took four persons to concoct (or crochet) "Ballyhoo of 1932," which proves that four heads may be better than three but are not certainly better than one.

That one is Willie Howard's. If it were not for the clownings of this "low" comedian, "Ballyhoo" couldn't shuffle along for long, for its satire is heavy and creaky. It breathes heavily at times as though about to expire. Then a flash of life. Then again an asthmatic wheeze. And so on to the finale.

But Willie Howard, although not at his top-notch in this revue, based mainly on the contents of a well-known family monthly magazine, bangs out enough laughs—whether as a Hebraic Scotchman or just nosily Hebraic—to keep the groundling in us spurting chuckles.

What I remember best of this revue, however, is the fine dancing of the Albertina Rasch girls. There were some arrangements that were original and brought spontaneous applause from responsive palms.

Jeanne Aubert did not intrigue me.

The finale to the first act—a truck loaded with barrels of beer going at full tilt, drawn by two real white horses, while the chorus howls "Repeal!"—well, I'll forgive "Ballyhoo of 1932" many yawns for *that!*

THE MAN WHO RECLAIMED HIS HEAD.

This play with the sesquipedalian title, by Jean Bart, is one of those bizarre and grotesque melodramas that come into New York every Olympiad or so.

This particular specimen of it brings up memories of Victor Hugo and his "Hunchback of Notre Dame," his "Man Who Laughs" and also of Lon Chaney. It has a touch of the horrible mixed with palpitant sensationalism of a rather naïve type. It is in sixteen scenes, but the whole story of "The Fool's Revenge" is obvious from the beginning. What redeems it from utter boredom is the work of Claude Rains, that virile, vigorous and brainy member of the Theatre Guild.

ONLY THE YOUNG.

The East River bank has gone bohemian. Or should I say Bohemian-aesthetic? The swell settlements around Sutton place and Beekman place are enticing the Muses from Broadway and Park Avenue, where they've had a terrible time during the Depression.

The Sutton Show Shop opened its season in East Fifty-sixth Street between First and Second Avenues (where the unaesthetic River Gang, with Skinny Schultz, used to hang out) with a rather sophisticated and scabrous genteel sort of thing by Cecil Lewis called "Only the Young."



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That amateurism is something of the heart and spirit—not a matter of exact technical qualifications;

That the good manners of sport are fundamentally important;

That the code must be strictly upheld;

That the whole structure of sport is not only preserved from the absurdity of undue importance, but is justified by a kind of romance which animates it, and by the positive virtues of courage, patience, good temper, and unselfishness which are demanded by the code;

That the exploitation of sport for profit kills the spirit and retains only the husk and semblance of the thing;

That the qualities of frankness, courage, and sincerity which mark the good sportsman in private life shall mark all discussions of his interests in this publication.

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Good playwriting, good play producing, good acting —all are themes of which the editors of THE STAGE never tire.

And it must be that our enthusiasms are contagious. For a rapidly growing host of alert men and women are turning to THE STAGE these days to find in its luxurious pages comment and interpretation which complements their deep interest in things of the theatre.

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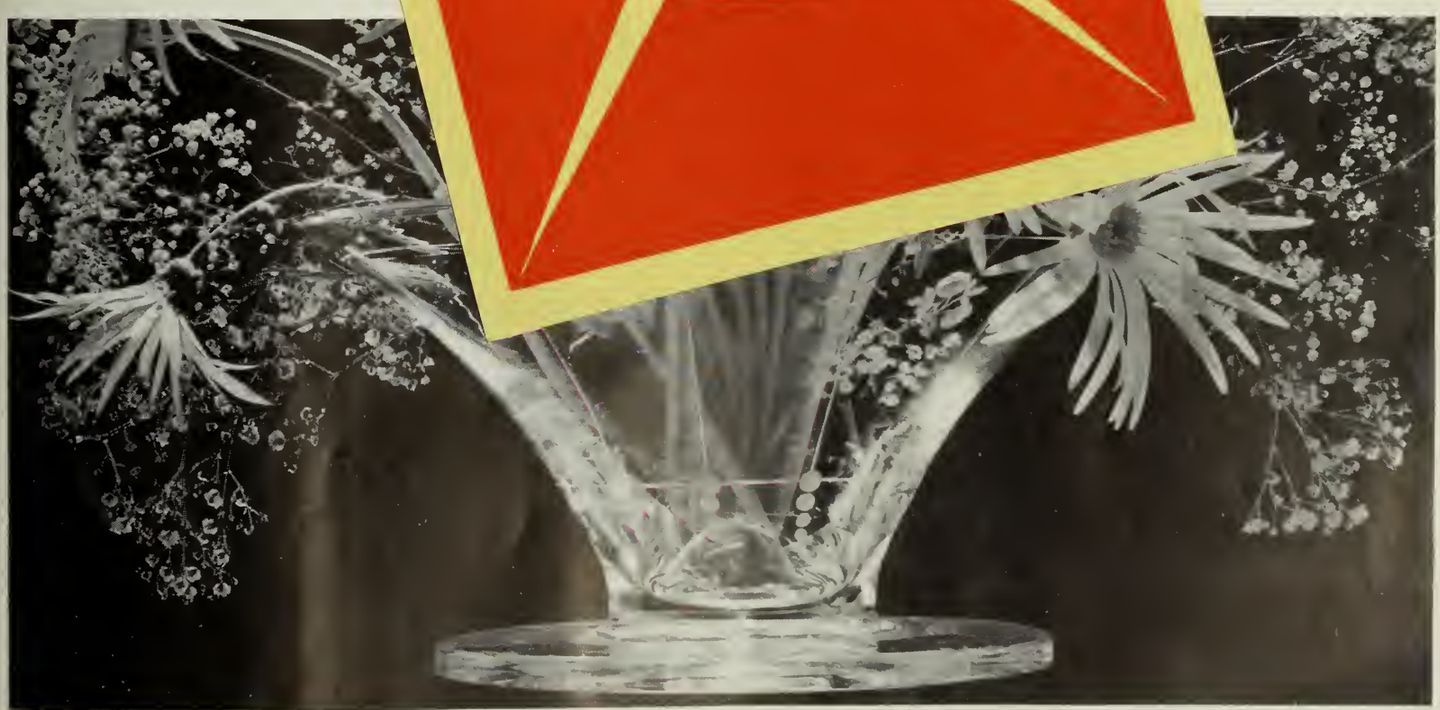
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BY ELIZABETH LOUNSBERY



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CHILDREN'S toys and furniture in an unusually diversified selection are available at Childhood, Inc., at this season. Of outstanding appeal, among the newest toys for the younger child, is the amusing giraffe carried out in blue and white linen. Then there are the chubby little terriers done in brilliant plaid and red and white checks. Even the pull-toys take on new expressions, such as the crow, chicken and peacock. The Noah's Ark, illustrated, is packed to overflowing with a crew of hand-carved animals. The lamp shows a pottery donkey base.

For the older child there is modern doll's furniture copied after pieces for the little girl's own use. There are single beds for life-sized dolls, chairs, and a box-shaped table with two chairs that slide within it.

Maison de Linge, 844 Lexington Ave.



LINENS for the table and the house, representing the latest importations, combine to indicate the mode at the Maison de Linge.

Colorful runner sets with triangular Beauvais embroidery are lovely, as are the sets in fine Swiss net with linen appliqué motifs, showing deer. This same type of work is seen in the cocktail napkins, illustrated. Another runner set in white organdy has a modern flower appliqué on its seventeen pieces. An embroidered guest towel and two finger tip towels, to match, are in pastel colorings with Milan lace and embroidery. The breakfast tray set has a colored fruit appliqué on green or peach linen.

Other attractive gifts are the crêpe de Chine blanket covers with satin bands and monograms, and a

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sharply contrasting new black and white bath set which is reversible.

ORIENTAL art with its subtle appeal is stressed in beautiful flower holders at Yamanaka's, and with them the accessories required to make an artistic Japanese flower arrangement. An unusual display is also made of semi-precious stone lamps with satin and batik shades.

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The Closet Shop, 780 Madison Ave.

FRENCH China and faience, as shown by the group from The Closet Shop, charm not only with their color but in the application of their design. For example, the strutting pair of rooster candlesticks; then the after-dinner "tête-à-tête" coffee tray in green and white, with a duck-shaped coffee pot, cream pitcher and sugar bowl. Next is an egg holder in yellow, red and green, showing a strictly modern setting-hen and openings to hold six eggs; also, the rabbit pepper and salt on a tiny tray for breakfast.

The flower and bulb bowls of French faience accent colorful flower decorations.

Among the smaller furniture is a nest of four pink Italian tile top tables, of Chinoise design, mounted in wrought iron and most useful as individual smoking stands. In closet accessories there is everything you could imagine, and painted wood mouldings for shelves to replace those of silk and chintz.

MODERN accessories in their smartest interpretations are displayed at L'Élan's new shop in a stock that has been greatly increased for the holidays. The bridge chair, illustrated, of satin finish Monel metal, is a representative piece of their furniture. This is covered in an



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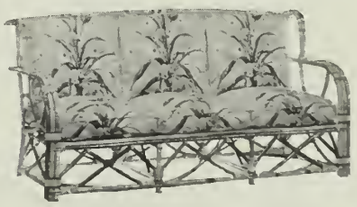
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effective green striped fabric. The table is of the same metal with a black glass top and on it is a tray of mirror glass, mounted in chromium. On this is a beverage set in crystal and black glass and a crystal cocktail shaker.

Lalique vases, tall, graceful highball glasses and a crystal cigarette box with an ashtray lid, engraved on the under side, with glass of special design by André Hunebell, augment a large choice in glassware. Steuben table stemware of new design supplements these, and many interesting new shapes in alabaster glass with black that have been made into lamps.



Edward Garratt, 485 Madison Ave.

As a recent departure, imported linen runner sets have been introduced with colorful Beauvais embroidery motifs and an adorable child's bib, that folds up into an embroidered case, of yellow linen, with flowers or a cupid design. Pastels and etchings by recognized contemporary artists make other charming gifts. With a shop devoted to accessories, this firm also continues their complete furnishing of interiors, baths and penthouses.

GIFTS that range from the practical and inexpensive to those of luxurious indulgence are obtainable at Altman's, to please the most fastidious taste.

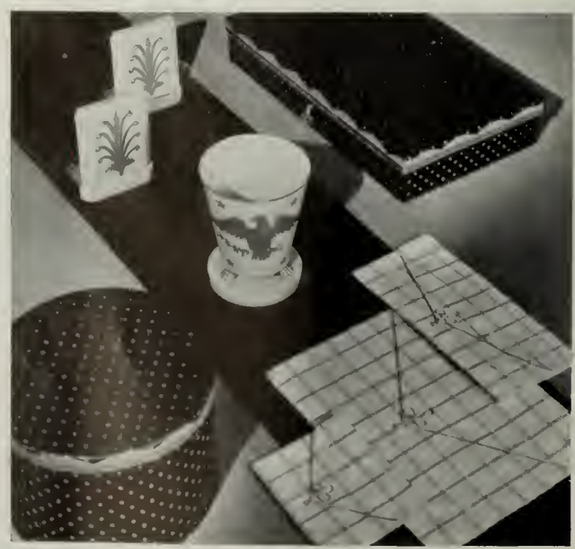
In the accompanying group are hat and blouse boxes, covered in black with gold dots and edged with scalloped red bandings, undeniably smart. Then there is the red plaid linen set for lingerie, handkerchiefs and small trifles, most convenient for the week-end visit. Tôle is also exploited in this department, as is seen in the ivory colored flower pot container, decorated with a gold eagle. The white and gold enameled wood book-ends likewise have distinction.

In glassware, the new, hand-blown Steuben is shown in crystal cocktail mugs, very small, and a vase depicting a parachute jumper.

The newest table linens include a gay, natural linen cloth with a blue, red and green band border. This is effectively used with Mexican or Italian pottery and is exceedingly colorful and smart.

LAMPS of distinction with shades of the most exquisite delicacy and workmanship are featured by Edward Garratt for both retail and wholesale customers. With the popular trend of the Directoire influence, the lamps this season stress white and gold. The one shown here is of white porcelain with gold and a white taffeta shade trimmed with interlaced gold metallic loops. The white porcelain figures are Louis XV reproductions.

Boxes in French porcelain, alluring in their beauty of color, are available in varying sizes, as most acceptable gifts. There are, likewise, "cache pôts" and a collection of furniture of great rarity.



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The desk set, illustrated, is typical of the work executed here. This is of black calf inlaid with green.

As a fund of gift suggestions the list of these articles is almost endless, but among the most useful may be included magazine racks, waste baskets and bookends.

FIREPLACE accessories with individuality have been carefully studied by Edwin Jackson, as is notably expressed in the hand-wrought steel fire set in a stand denoting a distinctly modern handling, and the steel and copper andirons.

A timely gift comes next in a "hot dog" roaster of hand-wrought steel. In the foreground is a harpoon log roller with a natural wood handle with the bark, described as "Moby Dick"—an exact copy of an old New England harpoon used on a whaler. One of the newest andirons is an exact copy of a favorite tree, in silhouette, made for a country-house fireplace. This design was also applied to a spark screen. One's horse or dog may also be perpetuated in a similar manner.

Franklin stoves, both old and copies, and period mantels are featured, as well, in moderately priced examples of the Victorian, Empire, Biedermeier and Directoire types.

ANTIQUES provide most acceptable gifts for the person who "has everything." The bookends shown here, from George W. Funk, are made of old Spanish tiles mounted in wrought iron. These are also adaptable as door stops and small table tops. The Italian green bronze inkwell, copied from an original, is of a type especially suitable for a man's desk. The 17″ lamp



Edwin Jackson, 175 East 60th St.

made from a green eighteenth-century Spanish pottery vase, on a wrought-iron stand, with a mica shade, is likewise suggestively masculine. Others include alabaster bases mounted with genuine parchment shades.

Coffee stands and other small tables in antique walnut are available, together with Italian mirrors and old Spanish perfume bottles.

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...neory of reincarnation with respectful ...laughter, you begin to feel as if you had stepped back into the Renaissance as soon as you cross the threshold of the house of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Thomas in New York. The paneled walls, the great fireplace, the tapestries, the mullioned windows are not incongruous with your assuming the personality of almost any Italian of that magnificent period—even that of the great Lorenzo himself.

The Thomases gave reincarnation a try once, at what is still voted one of the most amusing parties ever given in New York—the Lorenzo party, at which everybody dressed as some famous Renaissance character, and Charles Hanson Towne came as the Borgia Pope—but that is another story.

East Nineteenth Street, between Irving Place and the "L", is a quaint mixture of the past and present, and this house in the middle of the block follows the general pattern. Only it skips right over the part of the past which is Little Old New York and Gramercy Park: in fact, it steps from the Italy of the New Birth

Mrs. Thomas's own artistic hand is felt in the richness of the color treatment of the dining room. The red goblets and bottles which stand with antique blue ones in a row in front of the Gothic windows with stained glass medallions, were made up to her own design by Murano in Venice. The ceiling panels, which Mrs. Thomas did herself, are old French hunting scenes in brilliant colors. All the furniture is antique Italian and Spanish. The portrait is Mrs. Thomas in Mediaeval costume



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In the Spirit of the Medici

THE JOSEPH B. THOMASES HAVE CAPTURED THE MOOD OF THE MAGNIFICENT DAYS OF OLD ITALY IN THEIR NEW YORK HOME



BY ELINOR HILLYER

WHETHER you greet the theory of reincarnation with respectful consideration or raucous laughter, you begin to feel as if you had stepped back into the Renaissance as soon as you cross the threshold of the house of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Thomas in New York. The paneled walls, the great fireplace, the tapestries, the mullioned windows are not incongruous with your assuming the personality of almost any Italian of that magnificent period—even that of the great Lorenzo himself.

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into today as if it had worn a pair of seven league boots. The last five hundred years do not exist as soon as you are inside the foyer with its carved oak linenfold panels. Outside a Gothic front in the Elizabethan manner, with wrought iron and a carved door, tell you a little of what to expect.

But nothing tells you to expect such a living room. It, too, is paneled in the same dark oak, and lighted by one tremendous window at the far end, which is really a cluster of smaller Gothic windows, leaded-paned and decorated with heraldic designs in stained glass. Nothing tells you to expect a ceiling so high that smoke, rising against its molded plaster vaulting, is buffeted about like small clouds.

This room, designed by Mr. Thomas, himself, and Fred Sterner, architect, takes in both the ground floor and what is generally known as the "parlour"



PHOTOGRAPHS BY EUGENE HUTCHINSON

The splendid Renaissance bed and carved armoire in Mrs. Thomas's bedroom is in the spirit of the linenfold panels. The chair is draped in gold brocade in the same manner as the two red velvet chairs in the living room. Above: The stairway as seen from the dining room door, showing old French carved woodwork which the Thomases discovered in a Paris second hand shop

THE ACCESSORIES FOR A RICH AND COLORFUL MODERN

CARVINGS OF MRS. THOMAS' BEDROOM, AND IN THE



LIFE FIND A HAPPY BACKGROUND AGAINST THE OLD GREAT SPACIOUSNESS OF HER COLORFUL LIVING ROOM



Beyond the great window at the back one can glimpse a brick garden wall and fountain. On the right, a corner of Mrs. Thomas' room with her easel set. She is known for her murals under the name of Clara Fargo Thomas



Candlelight is caught and reflected in the waxed surface of the old Italian refectory table, and highlights play hide and seek with their own images, in the two Venetian glass bottles and goblets of vermilion. The small goblets are antique blue Bristol glass, and the service plates are old Spanish pottery

floor, and is fully two-thirds the length of the house. It gives a sense of vast space in a city house which cannot be more than the classic twenty-five or so feet wide. This feeling is partly accomplished by the treatment of the surrounding rooms. The foyer from which one enters the living room has a low overhanging ceiling, and the stairway is picturesquely narrow and winding. The dining room is on a balcony overlooking the great room below, and although by actual measurement a fair sized room, its lowness overhead, heavily beamed, has a shrinkening effect.

And into this setting comes color—color on the one hand so glorious—so subtle and retiring on the other—that I despair when I try to talk of it. There seem, however, to be two focal points, the fountainhead and source of all that is brilliant, and from these springs all the softer colors appear to flow. The focal spot in the living room is the two chairs draped in flame velvet before the fireplace. They catch the firelight, and augmented, *(Continued on page 62)*

In Silver and Gold



Louis Sherry sets a Christmas table for ARTS & DECORATION

PHOTO BY WHITING-SALZMAN

THE SMALL DINNER PARTY WILL BE MUCH IN FASHION THIS HOLIDAY SEASON. THE TABLE ABOVE CARRIES OUT THE IDEA FOR A PARTIE CARRÉE

This intimate and exquisite little table is one of dazzling brilliancy. The cover is cloth of silver with a texture like chiffon. On this are set gold service plates from E. Schmidt & Company, half hidden under heavy lace napkins, and the flat "silver" is a priceless antique set from Freeman of London. The Christmas spirit centers about two Venetian glass Christmas trees in deep, transparent emerald green, with crystal reindeers walking about and nibbling the branches. From Rose Cumming. The glasses, water, champagne and cocktail, are a lighter shade of emerald green, and the one touch of holly color is in the brilliant candles set in silver candelabra. A striking feature of this Christmas table is the combination cigarette and place-card holders. These are in silver, resting on a mat of silver holly leaves, designed by Louis Sherry

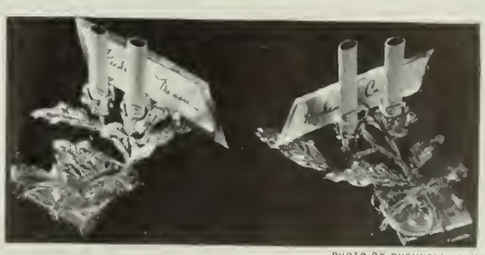
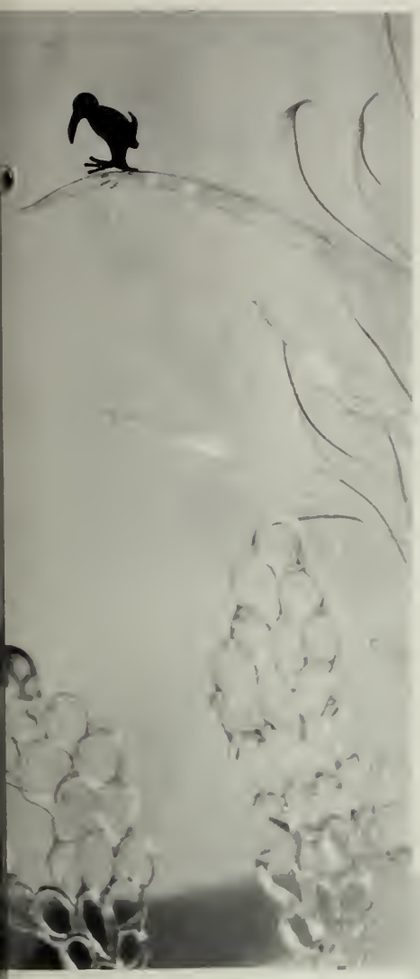


PHOTO BY BUSHNELL-LINN



PHOTOGRAPHS BY STELLA F. SIMO





Photomurals from Glass

IN BITS OF BLOWN GLASS, THE CAMERA FINDS HALF-DREAMED-OF ENCHANTMENTS FOR MODERN WALLS

WE have never had any experience with hashish, and we have never been down to the sea in Mr. Beebe's bathysphere. But Stella F. Simon's photomurals remind us of both. They have that eerie strangeness that literature attributes to all the best opium dreams—and her marine pictures are enough to convince Mr. Beebe that he is wasting his time in the bathysphere after all. For the entire magic of these new wall decorations is accomplished with glass, small blown glass figures a few inches high, which are designed by Marianna von Allesch. Photographed and magnified scores of times, they move in another world—opaque elephants, translucent plants, grotesque seahorses, startled-looking swordfish, amid shadow castles and crystal seaweed.



Wild and magic pachyderms in the mural above, left, charge, trumpets raised, out of an insubstantial jungle, towards an even more insubstantial castle of little shadowy turrets

And opposite is a glistening desert, across which rides a milk white princess on a milk white elephant, with slaves bearing treasure. A blown glass palm tree near them shades two equally vitreous lovers

The mural on the right reminds us of those fascinating exhibits in the Museum of Natural History, showing how the submerged element lives. Only we think our glass swordfish here has more personality

Wassail in Two Four Time

MRS. ALEXANDER BIDDLE ESTABLISHES A NEW TRADITION IN HER CHRISTMAS PARTIES

BY SOPHIA YARNALL

CHRISTMAS PARTIES are difficult to keep under control. They almost inevitably fall into one of two moods. They may get completely out of hand in a sentimental oh-so-hearty Charles Dickens manner . . . holly wreaths in the window, plum puddings in the oven, and all sorts of very distant relatives swarming about the house. Or else, they're the much-too-modern variety, with no nonsense about them, and a round of bridge to fill up the long afternoon.

So there you are, between the devil and the deep blue sea. The Dickensonian type of thing automatically reduces you to the red-cheeked "God bless everyone" sort of rôle which is so out of character for most moderns. And, on the other hand, the "just another Sunday" type of Christmas leaves us all a bit wistful, a bit reminiscent, a bit disposed to think that, after all, perhaps a little tradition would mellow this much-too-brave new world.

And so it is with really grateful enthusiasm that we salute Mrs. Alexander Biddle's annual Eggnog Party. We feel that our generation definitely owes her a vote of thanks . . . for discovering that Good King Wenceslas and Noel Coward mix delightfully well . . . that Bermuda lilies bloom just as well in the Christmas décor as holly and mistletoe . . . and for creating a new tradition in Christmas parties.

It really starts in the kitchen, several days before Christmas. The host, the hostess, and a few intimate friends gather together for the Mixing of the Eggnog. It's quite as much of an event as the old "bringing in of the Yule Log," and requires considerably more finesse. Only old and accomplished eggnoggers are permitted to stir and mix—eggnogs being quite temperamental and inclined to resent being experimented on by amateurs. Here's the receipt—(just in case your interest in this little article is more culinary than literary) to one egg add one tablespoon of cream, one of sugar, and a sherry glass of rum and brandy mixed. Follow with much beating, stirring, pouring and sampling. The result reminds us that our forefathers knew a thing or two about living well—and what is progress after all?

On Christmas morning the stage is set in the drawing room. It's a long gracious room with a fireplace at each end, and four windows reaching the ceiling. Not a room that can be squeezed into any one century, although most of its furniture is from the Eighteenth Century—pieces which members of the family have collected from time to time. There is some Directoire furniture but Mrs. Biddle says that she rarely sees a piece and likes it that she does not discover it to be from the Eighteenth Century. Nevertheless many tastes and many lands have left their mark on this room. Here a tiny Chinese laughing Buddha enjoys his private little joke. There you will find a bit of fine French china, the cartoon for an old tapestry.



PHOTO BY RITTASE

Mrs. Alexander Biddle

For the Christmas note—not the familiar traffic signal red and green color scheme, with a dash of tinsel. Instead, Bermuda lilies in every available corner, big white splashes of them—a delightful Christmas decoration started years ago when a friend sent white lilies as a gift from Bermuda, and now an accepted tradition in this house. A few metal Christmas tree balls in silver bowls on the piano. And as the major motif, the Eggnog itself—important in a French china punch bowl, placed on its own very special little table.

Incidentally, that small table has its own history, and illustrates quite picturesquely the fine feeling for perfection in details which is so characteristic of Mrs. Biddle, her home, and her parties. She had searched patiently for just this sort of table, and finally found it one August day in a little Paris shop-window. In she marched and requested to see the table. Madame, la Propriétaire, regretted, but the shop was closed. "May I look at it, and won't you tell me the price?" asked *(Continued on page 53)*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITING-SALZMAN



The eggnog bowl itself sets the stage on Christmas morning, with white Bermnda lilies in every available corner, and silver Christmas tree balls in silver luster bowls on the piano





MRS. ALEXANDER BIDDLE'S DRAWING ROOM

Mrs. Biddle's drawing room, which is also a music room, is a long gracious gallery with a fireplace at either end. Old furniture, old needlework, old Chinese gods—on Christmas they make a background for jovial guests who come and go easually all day long





. . . that eighteen karat Yuletide glint in Tony's eye

LOST: One Santa Claus

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

IF THE same beneficent old soul is still given to filling stockings in the cool of the evening, then he must be functioning elsewhere. At any rate he's certainly not doing his stuff the way he used to. Gone is the steadying influence he once exerted on adolescent morals in early December. Gone the warm, sweet, peace-on-earth, good-will-to-men glow that inundated the hearts of adults and babes alike on Christmas eve. Gone the benevolent tightening of family ties as mama and papa and the little ones gathered together to hang their stockings for the Yuletide harvest. Now the set-up is entirely different and not nearly so good. Instead of mantelpieces and chimneys, they're draping their stockings on bars and brass rails and screaming for old-fashions. Old-fashioned drinks, not old-fashioned Christmases. Which is a crying shame.

Sometimes we stand-patters think it's Mrs. Ella A. Boole who's brought us to such a pass, and sometimes we blame the Weather Bureau that the Santa Claus we used to know is missing. One or the other *must* be responsible for what's happened to the old gentleman these last five or six years, and it burns us up. So much so that we're forced to suggest a heads or tails toss-up, the blame to be pinned on the one who lands with the dullest* thud. Now mind you, we're not saying definitely that there isn't any Santa Claus or that all Christmas conviviality is a thing of the past. What we maintain is it's a different kettle of fish since the Weather Bureau abolished snow in connection with December, and Mrs. Boole put speakeasies on the map by way of Prohibition, thereby taking Christmas out of the home.

Before this régime got so firmly intrenched, and while we were still completely at sea as to just what *could* have happened to Mr. Claus, we used to have our chimneys carefully inspected several times a winter to make sure there was no stoppage on our own premises which was responsible for the plump saint's delinquencies. Then for a while we even thought he might have got wedged in a chimney somewhere else in the neighborhood. As a matter of fact, we gave up our intensive and neurotic search only after obtaining the advice of several famous bloodhounds, including Mr. Noel Scaffa, who was called in on the case not only because a fine old jewel of a legend was missing but also because of his appropriate first name. These gentlemen at length sold us on the idea that Santa Claus might be somewhere else altogether—lost, kidnapped, or frightened away by wolves. Or that possibly he'd grown sick and tired of trying to make the grade in a sleigh when there was such a deplorable dearth of white Christmases, and had stopped in somewhere for a drink. (The old escape mechanism at work again.) Or, they suggested, he might have heard what rowdy, vociferous fun people were having celebrating Christmas on the run, so to speak,—in night clubs and cocktail parties,—and had decided to give the new indoor sports a trial himself. So we started looking around for him in the East Fifties and occasionally found what we thought were traces of him, though we never could get quite near enough to put salt on his tail.

Now and again we'd think we'd caught up with our quarry. There'd be an eighteen karat Yuletide glint in Tony's eye and a wreath in the little peephole of the speakeasy door *(Continued on page 53)*



. . . Christmas Day in the morning—huh!

*Editor's Note: Should be "duller" not "dullest." See Woolley's Handbook of Composition.

Author's Note: Duller isn't dull enough. You keep out of this.



Looking out towards the Pacific Ocean and the Wiman home, from a nearby hilltop. The typically California house was designed by Edwards and Plunkett, architects, of Santa Barbara

YACHTSMAN'S HAVEN

IT HAPPENS to be just that, this low-lying Spanish farm house, between a hilltop and the deep blue sea. Here, for as much of the year as he can filch from business, lives the skipper of the sloop "Patolita", Champion of the West Coast. Charles Deere Wiman is a yachtsman of note, and if your mind runs to such things, you will know he is a familiar figure in racing events in Long Island Sound and the Great Lakes as well as in the Pacific. But if your mind doesn't run to things nautical, you'll probably click when we say that he is the brother of Dwight Deere Wiman, who produced the first, second and third "Little Shows", of fragrant memory. The house stands on the edge of a seventy-acre estate at Montecito, and is surrounded by hills and orchards and sunshine. And for a man whose major passion is sailing there is the calm Pacific and the lovely Santa Barbara Bay practically at the front door. The home of the Wimans, itself, is one of the most delightful of the smaller houses built at Montecito recently. With its white stucco walls, red tile roof, and Andalusian blue shutters, it is typical of that style of architecture, part old world, part Mexican, part Mission, which has come to be known as "Santa Barbara". The style adapted itself beautifully to the rare Spanish and Italian antiques which Mr. and Mrs. Wiman collected abroad long before the house was planned as a setting for them.



California furnished the sunshine, and fate the inspiring view, and the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Deere Wiman, with its many terraces and outdoor living rooms, takes advantage of both

Because we are convinced every hour in the sun is accounted to righteousness, the terrace above has its own particular appeal. For with the dining table, divan and lazy chairs all one's waking hours might be passed there. Photographs from Sherwood Hall



And here at the right is a corner where a friendly game of bridge may be played. All of the outdoor furniture was designed by Earl Graham of Pasadena, and is admirably appropriate. At the left is an outdoor fireplace covered with a heavy wrought iron grille







The guest rooms are on the second story and are reached in the traditional Mediterranean manner by an outside stairway and balcony, as is shown in the photograph above, on the left. At the foot of the steps is a *lavabo* of gay tiles, which is used as a place to arrange flowers brought from the nearby garden

Left: The dining room looks out through large windows over the hillsides. The unusual hexagonal table is Venetian, as are the chairs. Most of the decoration of the house was done by Mrs. Wiman herself, with the assistance of Mrs. Seth Low, of the firm of Taylor and Low, New York



WHITE AS BACKGROUND FOR BRILLIANT COLOR

In the living room, above, white rough plaster walls are a foil for a dull red tile floor, covered with beautiful Oriental rugs. The room is rather formal with its Seventeenth Century Italian furniture, upholstered in blues and yellows. A Venetian chandelier belonged to Mrs. Wiman's grandmother

The colors in the owner's bedroom again take their cues from a particularly fine Oriental rug, which has the most conspicuous spot on the floor between the bed and a large chest of drawers, both splendid examples of intarsia. The bedspread repeats the soft rose in the rug, the curtains the sea-green



Poverty Row

A SAGA OF OUR TIMES, WHICH HAS TO DO WITH A CURRENT DILEMMA MET BRAVELY AND VANQUISHED WITH GREAT GUSTO AND APLOMB—AS RELATED BY ELEANOR BARRY



Miss Wyckoff's living room

POVERTY ROW is not its official name, of course.

Its address actually is in the late hundreds of East End Avenue, but it was nicknamed that during a conversation among several impoverished people who were discussing the difficulties of finding really inexpensive apartments in New York that were not too dreary. We were all in search of the same sort of thing—a place where the upkeep would be practically nil, so that one's fixed expenses could be cut to the bone, thus enabling our deflated budgets to look less unhappy. "Perhaps Bermuda is the answer," someone suggested. "We could go and



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILT N[illegible]ELZMAN

In beige and green with smart plaid paper—Miss Barry's dining room was one time a dingy kitchen





Miss Barry's living room

Miss Wyckoff's living room carries out the traditional style suggested by her own old pieces of fine mahogany, which is beautifully set off against the shades of blue chosen for the walls, floor and curtains

Miss Barry's living room, with its carpet, walls and hangings in dead white and pale beige, has the sharp, smart contrast of dark blue in the painted valance, the folding shutters, the plaid of the sofa. The chair is covered in white leather and the Franklin stove houses an open coal fire



Prince Obolensky's living room

This bleak and unattractive room shows the original state of the three living rooms before taste took a hand in their redecoration

Prince Obolensky's living room, at the right, is in brown, burnt orange and yellow. The curtains are of heavy linen, one yellow and one brown, an arrangement worth noting. The grass matting is in beige and brown and the modern sofa is covered to a man's taste in well-tailored linen of dark brown.

The decoration of the rooms shown here was directed by Anne Tiffany, Eleanor Barry and Prince Serge Obolensky







take a house there and live comfortably for almost nothing."

It was Vincent Astor who suggested, not very seriously, I think, that he had some houses of dubious vintage over on the East River with apartments that rented for thirty-five dollars a month.

Instantly thoughts of Bermuda vanished and our attention was riveted by this exciting bit of information.

But there wasn't any steam heat or hot water, he explained, although something might be done about that; and there were clothes lines in the back yard, and the middle rooms were on a well (more of that later), and there weren't any automatic dryers or dining nooks.

And never will be—said we. Serge Obolensky took me over the next morning.

There was a cobble-stone street in front with grass in the crannies and Carl Schurz Park with trees and over the trees Hell Gate Bridge and the river. There were garbage cans huddled around the brownstone front steps and bedding bulging from the windows, too. "But that's just atmosphere," said I.

But the atmosphere inside was of a different vintage. Cabbage and old cigar ends and wet linoleum—a thick and penetrating smell, it greeted you like a too-effusive friend in the dark, narrow halls and followed you up the steep stairs into the flats.

Thirty years ago it was the custom to build what are known as railroad flats: that is, apartments running from the front of the building to the rear in a succession of box-like rooms, the inside ones being ventilated by the before-mentioned wells between the buildings. And that is how these were arranged. My first glimpse of my future home would have made the original Pollyanna tongue-tied. The late tenants, after a quarter-century of occupancy, had moved out leaving piled in the middle of the floor the most extraordinary collection of bird cages, bustles, false hair, broken furniture and crockery that I have ever viewed. From the ceilings writhed chandeliers of tarnished brass; from the walls dropped strips of bilious flowered paper. There were bits of stained glass over the doors and the bath room was of the period of early McKinley.

"But it's a lovely view," we told each other weakly. Then we went to work. We scuttled about mentally ripping out partitions—the two front rooms would make one sizable living room, and the kitchen at the back was perfect for a bedroom, tiny kitchen and dining room in the middle. "I shall do my living room in dead white and blue," I announced. "And there are fireplaces. We can have open fires." But the agent shook his head. "The chimneys won't draw," he said, "unless you want to use (*Continued on page 60*)

Across the ivy of the front window boxes is Carl Schurz Park, the East River and Hell Gate Bridge—one of New York's best views; and at the back is a collection of New York's best—and most colorful—clothes lines. Inhabitants of Poverty Row will tell you that even Venice has nothing better to offer

Cheer for Christmas

COMES IN MANY GUISES AND DISGUISES—THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE A PORTFOLIO OF NOT-TOO-USUAL GIFTS FOR EVERY FESTIVE MOOD

THE question before the house, ladies and gentlemen, is not whether it is more blessed to swap cocktail shakers at Christmas than fancy coat hangers, silk stockings and ties, but whether it is blessed to "swap" at all. At any rate it is unnecessary. The world is too full of exciting and delightful things. So if you are the sort of person we are, and find that mind and imagination take holiday the minute you have to think of gifts for this one and that one —thumb through the next few pages. If you have friends who entertain, friends who get a fillip from the modern or a thrill from the antique—here are just a few suggestions which may be the basis for your inspiration.



Tall tapers to gleam beside crystal and silver; fat red candles; toy-like candles to transform your table into a veritable grove of Christmas trees—when you assemble holiday cheer consider these. The three tapers decorated with holly and pine are from A. Ajello. A red candle is redder in a milk-glass candlestick; another sparkles in an etched hurricane globe. Olivette Falls. The round U candlesticks are chromium or copper. Madolin M. Maplesden. The U-shaped angular stick, the silvered Italian pottery one just above it, and the low silver lustre holder to the extreme left, are Bonwit Teller's; metal poinsettia and bayberry candles, Lord and Taylor's. Long candles, richly red, from Can-Dle-Luxe. Tree-shaped candles and wooden tree, Rena Rosenthal

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STELLA SIMON



"....JOLLITY



TIMES have changed, however, since our venerable and merry old friend's day. The "pipe" has elaborated itself into an array of variations which take the eye as well as cheer the soul. The "bowl" has come all the way from a utensil to a fine art. But fundamentally they are the same—all part of the tradition of sociability and conviviality, which has contributed its share to holiday good will.

Now we are strong for old traditions, particularly at Christmas, but that is no reason why we should take them straight. Even our traditions we like in modern dress. That is why some of the latest aids to inhaling and imbibing have caught our fancy. We like the idea of a cigaret box all done with mirrors, and we would feel very kindly towards the person who filled our stocking with beverage glasses numbered so nobody's glass could get mixed up with anybody else's, even under conditions most favorable for communism.



Above: Gifts any woman would appreciate. A mirror cigaret box, may be monogrammed, Madolin Maplesden; metal animal ashtray, and an extremely neat small one of gunmetal and brass, both from Rena Rosenthal; bedside smoking set, of delicate green glass, from Ehrich Galleries; and a clever bottle-shaped lighter, Abercrombie & Fitch

At the right: the sturdy walnut smoking stand can serve as a bench or tea-table, and has an ashtray and a foolproof lighter embedded in the top. The stand and white metal bridge smoking set are from Abercrombie & Fitch. Ship's lantern humidor, Lewis & Conger. Turquoise horse-shaped pottery cigaret box, from Bonwit Teller. Modern crystal monogrammed ashtray, from Chelten, Incorporated

N PIPE AND BOWL"

If you are very brave or very knowing, you may give him a pipe, but, if neither, you can't stray far with a trim mahogany tobacco box and pipe holder, Abercrombie & Fitch, or a capacious crystal ash-tray, Ovington's. Below: We take you backstage at once to show off the galvanized non-leak ice drawer of a very smart black and chromium folding bar. The bottle rack pours only one drink at a time. The glasses beneath are numbered in sterling. All from Saks-Fifth Avenue. The red and chromium striped glasses in the bottom tray, and the "Bar Open" sign are from Lewis & Conger. Tall German beer glasses and pitcher, from Abercrombie & Fitch. Double shaker that keeps the ice from melting in the drinks; Hammacher, Schlemmer. Frosted monogrammed cocktail glasses, plaid cocktail napkins; Chelten. Old-fashioned bar towel and holder, Saks

Christmas, like Old King Cole, seems to call for the clink of glasses and the friendly curl of smoke



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITING-SALZMAN





English pieces for a man's desk



Betraying the Victorian touch

Immediately above is a group of gifts in the English tradition, for a gentleman who works at a desk. The old letterpress in polished wood holds a row of books in a new manner—by compression from above. The file for answered and unanswered letters is of matching wood, as is also a pencil rack shown to the left. A converted sand-shaker holds quills, and in the center foreground stands a rare Sheffield desk piece with a revolving globe cover, which contains an inkwell, sand-shaker and seal. The entire group of accessories is from Mrs. Ehrich Company

Good Queen Victoria gave her name to the decorative style represented at the right, above. Every member of this assemblage, with the sole exception of the supercilious china pug dog, works for its keep. The curtain is held by a hand-and-wreath tieback in gilt wood, from Jones and Erwin. The crystal cornucopia vase holds flowers gracefully; English Antique Shop. Flowers from Olivette Falls. The amiable blackamoor is a bottle for what you will, with his head for a stopper; the china box, its lid gently constrained by the ubiquitous Victorian hand, conceals an inkwell; the pug is satisfied to be purely decorative as well he may. These last three are from Mrs. Helen Bruce

The fragile and naïve lady pirouetting on the black glass base in the picture at the right, above, is of Barovier, a new Italian solid glass. The bowl which she dominates is of mottled glass and will hold flowers either with or without the lady. The modern triple chromium candlestick makes a happy accompaniment for the chromium cigar and cigarette holder. The boxes of appropriate size are lined with suède and are combined with a match box on the same base. Modern pieces are from Rena Rosenthal



PHOTO BY DANA B. MERRILL

Right—Assorted bibelots in the modern manner. The goose-neck lamp and cylindrical aquarium; and the salad set, scattered through the picture, including three globular shakers for salt, pepper, paprika, two chromium topped bottles for oil and vinegar, one chromium mixing dish for dressing, and one crystal bowl with serving tools; from Russel Wright. Fish plates, adorned with scarlet lobster; B. Altman. Blown glassware from Contempora; designed by Vally Wieselthier. Metal horse and his brother in carved wood, wire caricatures of contemporary notables, and smoking accessories in chromium and wood; Rena Rosenthal

FROM THE OLD AND THE NEW



After-dinner divertissements

On this and the facing page are arranged five groups of small objects suitable for inclusion in the modern Christmas list. Some are useful and some frankly and solely ornamental; some are newer than the day after next; others carry the weight of antiquity; but all share equal honors in the light of Christmas candles. The after-dinner table at the left supports a 19th Century porcelain coffee pot in white and gold, shown with white porcelain demi-tasses; a small bowl for flowers, in frosted glass with gilt scalloped edges and Empire medallion in colors; an amazing oil-lamp clock, which, while marking the hour, also accommodatingly lights the scene; and a miniature backgammon board of fine 18th Century workmanship, delicately inlaid with ivory. The backgammon board is from Ginsburg and Levy; other objects, Bruce Buttfield. Flowers, Olivette Falls

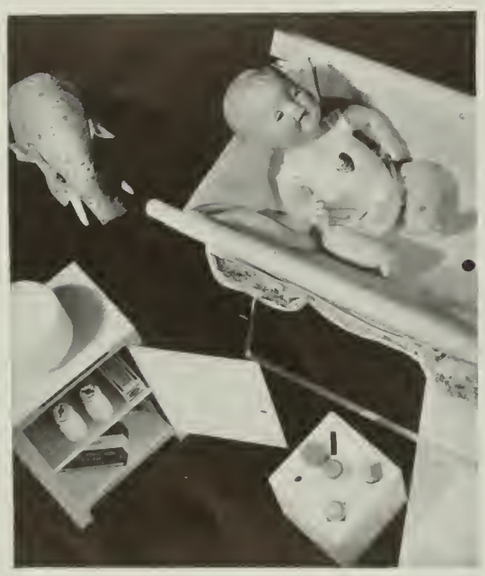
Celebrating this modern age



PHOTOGRAPHS BY STELLA F. SIMON

A diminutive dressing table with triple mirror and dotted swiss skirt and tassels is received with rapture when one is eight or ten. Childhood, Inc. The animal costumer is from the Dugout. The top of this modern desk, below, can be taken right off, leaving an excellent work table. Hampton Shops. Book ends from Bonwit Teller. Lamp and Noah's Ark cutouts on wall from Alice Starr









The newest thing in baby dolls, made of molded rubber, sister can douse right into the bath tub, and no harm done. Both from F. A. O. Schwarz. Toy refrigerators have gone automatic, too, at least in appearance—this one is from Ovington's. For the very little child—a magic box, calculated to teach him early that round pegs shouldn't be put in square holes; from Educational Playthings; or a calico elephant, from Bonwit Teller; a wire-haired terrier on a leash, from Ovington's; and a wooden ferryboat, Educational Playthings. If he is a little older—a jazzy set of traps, from Saks-Fifth Avenue; a garage with an oil wagon, a gasoline pump that really pumps, and an automobile with headlights that really light; or perhaps a very experienced looking fishing basket equipped with tackle, from F. A. O. Schwarz

IN AND OUT OF



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITING-SALZMAN

They've heard of football in the Animal Kingdom, so the Woolly animals decided to play the Wooden animals for the season championship. Here's the fighting line. First, Mickey Mouse, master of strategy, and Minnie, too. Then, the Great Leopard, who lazily lies across the gridiron like a camouflaged battleship. In the front, Fluffy Puss appears much too interested in Mickey, but the Green Gingham Dog stands between. There's pink plush Piggy and a fierce green plush Frog only waiting to have a button pushed to leap and emit a croak. The Woollies are weak as punters, but the tawny Billy-goat makes it up with his head work. The Woody team, however, has plenty of kick. The Donkey is doing his stuff to a Painted Fish, who volunteered to be the football. The Squirrel, Duck and Frog who will leap and waddle down an inclined board, are slightly at a disadvantage on the level, but the Bear with the wheelbarrow and the Elephant, when they get wound up, will charge through any line. Pig, plush frog and goat, from F. A. O. Schwarz; Mickey and Minnie Mouse, leopard, wooden bear and elephant, from Ovington's; gingham dog, Lewis & Conger; woolly cat, donkey, squirrel, duck and frog, from the Dugout; and made by disabled ex-service men; the fish is from the Grenfell Labrador Industries

THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING



A row of pert little cherubs, casting shadows before, usher in the new year; while below, left, five other cherubs are suspended in air over the Holy Family, their carolling supplied by the music box on which the little group stands. From Rena Rosenthal. The crèche directly below tells the story in words of one syllable and in tiny figures carved from blocks of wood. This is from Educational Playthings

...IN THE OLD STORY

The star rains its fire, the Beautiful sing, and the ancient spirit of Christmas comes down the ages to us in the tale of shepherds and wise men around a Manger. In the lower right hand corner, Robert Robbins has designed a version of the two thousand year old drama as the Crusading 13th Century might have imagined it. The kneeling King in armour might easily pass for Richard Cœur de Lion, himself, and the shepherds look as though they had stepped directly out of "Piers Plowman." With soft light falling on the polychromed figures, the group has much the same charm at Christmas time as stained glass in some shadowy old-world cathedral





PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITING-SALZMAN





PIPE ORGANS *in* DECORATION

MELODIES have been blown through pipes to an entranced world over many centuries, from those first piercing sweet notes out of the Pipes of Pan to the gilded columns of the massive church organ of today. We are astonished at what has been accomplished in the field of modern pipe music, progressing from the ancient simple notched reed to the magnificent, complicated structure of the modern organ. Through the use of electricity today the pipe organ has been adjusted to the modern home, and not only to the magnificent music rooms of the rich but to the comfortable, smaller homes of people of moderate means. And in addition to the joy of the music itself, these groups of pipes have been made to contribute fascinating decorative features.

Many people have in their homes today the same music that formerly was only to be found in the great choirs of cathedrals and to be enjoyed only on high days and holidays. Both the console and the grilles of the organ in the home of E. D. Godfrey, of Tarrytown, New York, are gracious details in the decoration of this drawing room of charming Latin feeling





AEOLIAN-SKINNER STUDIOS



Leaded panes in Gothic windows and carved panels are peculiarly appropriate details for a room with an organ. Above are two views of the pipe organ in Dudley A. Blossom's Cleveland home

The great attic in the Robert Law home at Portchester, New York, has been used for the pipe organ; the console is just below the stairs and the pipes are at the turning of the stairs. The posts are carved with musical instruments in relief







The pipe organ in the home of the late Mrs. E. H. Harriman at Arden, New York, on the balcony of this spacious great hall, through which the music lingers like notes in an old cathedral (top picture)

The organ console in the home of Arthur Curtiss James in New York is designed to accord with the paneling of a majestic gallery, which is filled with a collection of rare tapestries (the center)

Beyond a pair of handsome grilled doors stands the organ room in the home of Joseph E. Widener of Elkins Park, Pa. Carved paneling and a high ceiling complement the instrument (right)

Dinner for Two

BY DOROTHY WHITNEY



In the winter we dine and dance downstairs, in the gay Old English tap room

DINNER for two . . . we think back a bit pensively on the variations it's passed through during the last few years. We will pass quickly over the Good Old Days, wiping away a few reminiscent tears. Then—the Early Speakeasy days, with the brownstone fronts, and the "you know me, Charlie" banter at forbidding iron grill doors. Highly questionable food, highly questionable cocktails, and a general air of tension and sub-rosa excitement that made it all quite an adventure. The first chance we'd had to be surreptitious since our midnight fudge parties at dear Old Something-or-other.

Followed in turn by the Gilded Era, when really grand old mansions were turned into really grand new restaurants, and you had very Continental food and strictly pre-war wines. Terminated, alas, by the Great Panic, during which the authorities became suddenly authoritative—confiscating furniture and smashing the chandeliers with the greatest enthusiasm—and the proprietors, in self-defense, took to red-checked tablecloths and thick china again. Several were even caught looking thoughtfully at paper plates, and the dinner-for-two situation seemed to be going steadily from bad to worse, when somebody (who shall remain an Unknown Hero) had a very bright idea.

What, said our hero, about the country clubs, standing empty throughout the length and breadth of this depressed land. And so, beginning in one corner of Westchester, dinner for two has again become a civilized and very pleasant episode. All you need is a car, and a membership card, or an obliging friend who possesses both.

You start the evening off pleasantly with a drive through some rather attractive countryside. The club itself is set well back from the road. So well back in fact, that you can refer, in the grand manner, to its "approach". It lasts for a mile or so, through a very English park, with great trees lining the road. On you go, getting more and more impressed, until—just at the point where you're beginning to wish you'd worn your grandmother's tiara, or at least the new white satin—an Old English manor house springs out from behind the bushes at you. Grey stone, and very Tudor, with lots of ivy and trying to look three hundred years old.



—with Variations

A NEW IMPROVISION ON AN OLD THEME—THAT TWO SHOULD DINE TO THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF A SYMPATHETIC SETTING

Sunken gardens all around, and even a rose bush, pointed out to us as having been bootlegged from the Castle of Killarney—nice, but hardly worth the trouble involved, to our untutored eye. The interior of all this magnificence is in the best baronial tradition—high ceilings, paneled walls, marble fireplaces—gracious, though not exactly cosy. The thing to do is to descend quickly to the gay informality of the tap room, downstairs. Red and white linen tablecloths, oak paneling, and everybody you know, including the inevitable Mr. Winchell.

In the winter you dine and dance indoors. In the summer, out on the terrace. The outdoor setting is really delightful—the nearest we've ever come in this country to the picturesque charm of the Bois restaurants. Little tables under gay awnings, stars overhead, trees all about, and a stone dance floor polished to within an inch of your life and limb. Even little Japanese lanterns all about, and one great big Japanese lantern, that turns out to your complete surprise to be the moon. And off on the distant horizon, twinkling brightly, the lights of New York—looking, as usual, its very best from a great big distance. Who'd think, to look at all that twinkling loveliness, that it was really the native haunt of traffic jams, racketeers, riveters, and subway excavations? But seen from a Westchester terrace, with a moon above us and a cocktail in front of us, we can get just as sentimental about it as the next. Good Old Gotham, with all its faults, there's not a city in the world we'd rather have on our horizon.

It's all very satisfactory—except for one thing. We do resent those amber bulbs. Contrary to Mr. Wasserman it's always been our belief that the outstanding illusion of the world is not love, but the idea that amber lights are flattering to the feminine complexion. However, our naturally sunny viewpoint prevents us from harping on this one slight rift in an otherwise perfectly good lute, so we'll just put on several more layers of bright red lipstick and go our enthusiastic way.

To begin we'll proceed to think pleasant thoughts about the music. It's one of New York's finest orchestras, of the quiet sort. And right here and now we want to come out definitely in favor of the off-stage technique in (*Continued on page 62*)



In the summer—we dine and dance outdoors on the terrace, feeling so very Continental about it all

Holey-bogey Is My Game

BY ROSAMOND PINCHOT

I RECENTLY read an article on games in which the writer described herself as one of those unfortunate people who can't shine in any of the brainier ways of whiling away an evening. Well, if that young author is slow at bridge, I'll bet I'm slower. The awful truth is that I have never been able to master a single card game in my entire life. Even those two supposedly simple and amusing games known as Pig and Old Bitch leave me bewildered. Having no card sense is a serious affliction. There are always little tragedies in store for the sufferer. When, after a dinner party, the hostess cheerfully suggests bridge my heart sinks. All the clever, smooth guests settle down at tables with tall glasses and cigarettes, and I find myself in for a long dreary evening of talk with the dullest man in the room who doesn't play games either.

It seems to me that what kissing babies is to the politician, playing games is to a social career. Games help you to get on. And they are also a protection. The politician knows very well that to kiss a baby is as good as a speech, often better. The successful dinner guest knows that to play games adroitly is to avoid endless drivel about the depression and the latest play. How I've envied those bridge stars sitting in self-satisfied silence while I've struggled through a heartbreaking jungle of polite small talk.

So, after much suffering, I decided a year or so ago that I must learn something to play or stay at home. Conversation was running very low indeed. But I knew from sad experience that even to attempt to master bridge was hopeless. I couldn't seem to tell one card from another and the faces on the kings and queens were so tiresome. Backgammon was suggested. It sounded ideal. Several self-sacrificing men offered to teach me. I did my best but showed only slight improvement. After some months of half-hearted endeavor, I was still counting the points with my fingers. My friends, at the end of the first game, were likely to say, "And what do you think about the depression?" That was the signal for putting away the board. Again my heart would sink and we would go back to talk. It was very discouraging.

Then, one evening, a great thing happened. I actually ran into a game that I could master; or rather a game that didn't need a master. And it wasn't tit-tat-toe either. It's bagatelle, or rather that particular form of it called holey-bogey. In case these picturesque names confuse you, bagatelle is the generic term for all games played by shooting little balls across a board, either with a stick or with a shooter on a spring. Usually the objective is to land the balls in cups. The cups are marked with scores. You can have fun playing bagatelle *(Continued on page 60)*



You can have fun playing bagatelle from the start; it's a cheery game, that's never broken up a single home. You can lose as much money as at bridge, and be gayer at it. But don't get the idea that it doesn't take skill



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITING-SALZMAN

First you take the wand in hand and push the ball down the groove with a precise, masterful stroke

Courtesy Abercrombie & Fitch



The art lies in putting just the right impetus back of the wand to roll the little ball for a high score



Then—the moment of suspense while the chromium dot wavers crazily between one hundred thirty and zero



A HOUSE *for the* WEEKEND GUEST

Here the hospitality of Mrs. Nathan Todd Porter expresses itself by combining pleasantly with the rural beauty of old Norman countrysides, a generous leaven of decidedly modern urban comfort for her guests

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT MACLEAN GLASGOW



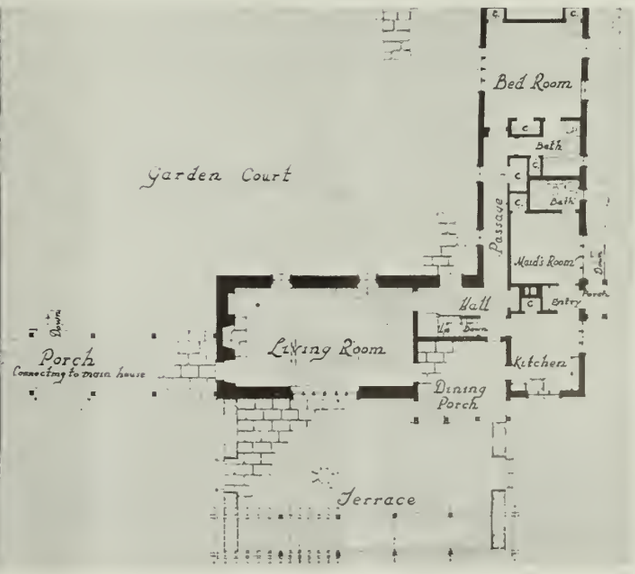
Conveniently connected by a porch to Mrs. Porter's own Westchester house, yet complete in itself, this little guest house is remote enough to be a charming retreat. The oak-beamed living room runs up two stories, and is full of the color of gaily embroidered homespuns. Opening directly on the terrace is the dining porch which has one entire wall made of tiny leaded panes of old glass

Frank J. Forster and R. A. Gallamore, archit









The entrance to this house is through an old Spanish wrought-iron double gate set in oak pillars. Red, brown and burgundy slate covers the projecting roof. The flagstone terrace is grey, and the patio is completely walled for seclusion. Among the interesting details which link this house with rural Europe are French casement panels, grapevines trailing over the arbor, and on the porch a pewter fountain and a set of old Spanish bells. The floor plan shows the intimate relation of the living and dining rooms to the terrace. Further privacy is secured by having the conveniently related service quarters quite remote from the living rooms and the part of the garden frequently used by guests

Diversions of Bermuda

A TRANQUIL AND COLORFUL LIFE GOES ON THERE BEHIND THE PLEASANT RESORT KNOWN TO THE CASUAL VISITOR

BY ELIZABETH SANXAY HOLDING



If you can believe it is Christmas, you buy your Christmas wreaths at the corner where dignified old women in voluminous draperies sell baskets of fruit. Below—Along the Esplanade looking across the harbor. The two fine figures in the center of the picture are en route to deliver your holiday wreaths and flowers. In the center the Mucka-jumbies, natives dressed like North American Indians, dance wildly about a May pole

SO MUCH has been written about the diversions of Bermuda, and certainly everything can be found there; superb golf, tennis, riding, sailing, fishing. As for dancing, you may begin that on shipboard the first night out, and dance every night of the year, except Sunday. You may dance on a hotel roof, or in a softly-lit grill; you may dance on a terrace by the water's edge, or on a hilltop. To think of a Bermuda night is to recall the faint sound of dance music in the distance, as characteristic of the place as is the chorus of whistling frogs, with their sweet, eerie note.

You can begin swimming on board ship too, and continue it, in scenes of enchantment. There are the beaches on the South Shore, some of them gay, with striped parasols and throngs of bathers, others quiet as if under a spell. There is one where the sand is pink, where black rocks stand up like spires, and the deep-blue waves come rolling in, to break in a shower of glittering spray. There is the marvellously clear and quiet water at Spanish Point, where one may swim into a cave, and the little striped "sergeant majors" and angel fish swim carelessly in and out among the bathers.



And there is that sport, most novel and most typical of Bermuda—bicycle-riding. Everyone there rides, young





Above—From the docks up the fine stairway to Front Street where everybody foregathers during the day. Below is a little street in quaint old St. George



and old, white and coloured, pretty girls in their bright dresses, clergymen, sedate old ladies, mothers with the youngest of infants in baskets before them. I have known Americans, who had not been on a bicycle since childhood, to hire one, to mount it boldly, to set off, so unsteady, so wavering as to cause terror to the onlooker, and yet ride for miles, without mishap, and return a confirmed cyclist.

There is everything in Bermuda for an active, lively holiday, and there is something more. Perhaps not quite enough has been addressed to the traveller who is more leisurely, who is in search of rest and quiet. Even the youngest feel that longing and that need sometimes, and, as a solace for tense nerves, and as a beauty treatment, a trip to Bermuda is supreme.

Hamilton is a busy port; ships come and go almost daily, from New York, from Boston, from Canada, from the West Indies, smart passenger liners, and sturdy freighters all the way from England. Sailboats skim the water, swift and adroit, there are speed boats, there are the ferries which are launches, and the lower ferry, which is a row boat. (Imagine going to work every morn- *(Continued on page 61)*

Personality Revealed in Flower



Vase de fleurs—Rousseau

Courtesy the Knoedler Galleries



Les anémones—Rédon

THERE are two dominating interests in really fine flower painting: one the sensitiveness of the painter toward beauty, which makes you see the magical bloom of the flower and smell the mysterious perfume—the other the artist's unconscious presentation, through technique and design, of his own personality, his own reaction to life. Of course this is done to an extent in all painting, in all art, but somehow we are more surprised when a flower painting introduces us to a certain spiritual intimacy with an artist than when this is accomplished through a landscape or a portrait.

In the present collection of flower paintings on exhibition at the Knoedler Galleries, probably the finest that has ever been brought together in New York, it is possible to identify, as though one had a catalogue, each artist with his picture. You go from room to room and find yourself saying, "Cezanne, Van Gogh, Rédon, Manet, Derain, Laurencin, Rousseau." Cezanne, cool, fine, clear, flowers that remind you of fragile landscapes; Laurencin, primitive, yet immensely sophisticated, passionate but not virile; Rédon, ethereal, fanciful, curiously ar-

Laurier rose—Van Gogh



Paintings



La jeune fille au bouquet de fleurs—Laurencin



Vase de fleurs—Dufresne

resting, and yet escaping analysis; Van Gogh, terrifically alive, as though the flowers had taken root in the jar and were growing and blossoming under one's very glance—that quality of strength and life that Van Gogh felt so keenly and expressed so vividly in all his painting, yet died feeling that he had failed to accomplish it. In the Monet flower piece we are not surprised that we so quickly recognize the painter because Monet has done so many amazing things with flowers, especially in these scenes of lazy little rivers in France, half covered with water lilies, which made such a sensation years ago, and still startle and delight.

Rousseau is as simple and savage in his flower painting as he is in the jungle. You are as startled by his contrasting flowers as you are by his painting of a wild tiger, peering through heavy tropical foliage, in that famous picture.



PHOTO BY DRIX DURYEA



PHOTO BY BUSHNELL-LINN



VICTORIAN HEARTHSTONES

IT SEEMS but a brief span since the Victorian Period was the bright and shining mark for all witticisms on dress and decoration. Today Victorian fashions have returned to us and entrenched themselves about our person and in our homes. We are 1860 in appearance and environment. We no longer venture a smile at those days of Abraham Lincoln and *Camille*, the frock coat and the bustle.

In the interior, above, is shown one of a three room entertaining suite, at the Hotel Carlyle. Here, the decorator, Mrs. Tuckerman Draper, utilized the best of the period, consistent with good taste. As a means of adding a touch of coziness, the rose flowered wallpaper tends to reduce the size of the room. With this a white marble mantel with its coal grate and brass fender serves appropriately in pleasing contrast. Upon it are placed bisque figures and ornaments, characteristically Victorian. At the windows long sweeping red satin curtains hang from gilt metal cornices. Left, above, is a notable type of Victorian marble mantel. Edwin Jackson. Below is another in white marble, 1860, with a white and gold mirror, luster vases, bisque busts and a shell box. Bruce Buttfield. Brass fender from Edwin Jackson



PHOTO BY BUSHNELL-LINN

A black lacquered metal coal container, decorated with roses, is at the left. At the right, a brass fan-shape screen is typical of Victorian elaboration. Bruce Buttfield. In the center is a green painted wood or coal box with gay flower panels. From the English Antique Shop



PHOTO BY DRIX DURYEA





The living-room of Mr. and Mrs. John Nickerson's Victorian house at Noroton, Conn., notably reflects the sentimentality of the age. Here, blue prevails as the color note—in the turquoise velvet carpet; the satin valances of the gray-blue flowered curtains and satin covered sofa. The marble mantle is one of several installed when the house was built, in 1855. With this is a polished steel fender mounted on flower decorated tiles. Above the mantle is a conventional American portrait and on the mantle shelf, alabaster épergnes and a bisque figure group. Bruce Buttfield. The stove, at the right, dates from about 1850. Below is one showing the elaboration of stove ornament introduced about 1842, from the collection of Aymar Embury II. The black iron mantle has inserts of "pearl painting." This is dated April, 1850. All are from Edwin Jackson









A pretty contrast in acting was offered recently when Eva Le Gallienne (right) and Lillian Gish were simultaneously playing *Camille*. Miss Le Gallienne's Marguerite is rich, rounded, beautifully accented; Miss Gish's tender, mannered, evanescent





Brought specially from London to play the part, Constance Collier, as the superannuated actress in *Dinner at Eight*, provides much of the fun in that most glittering production

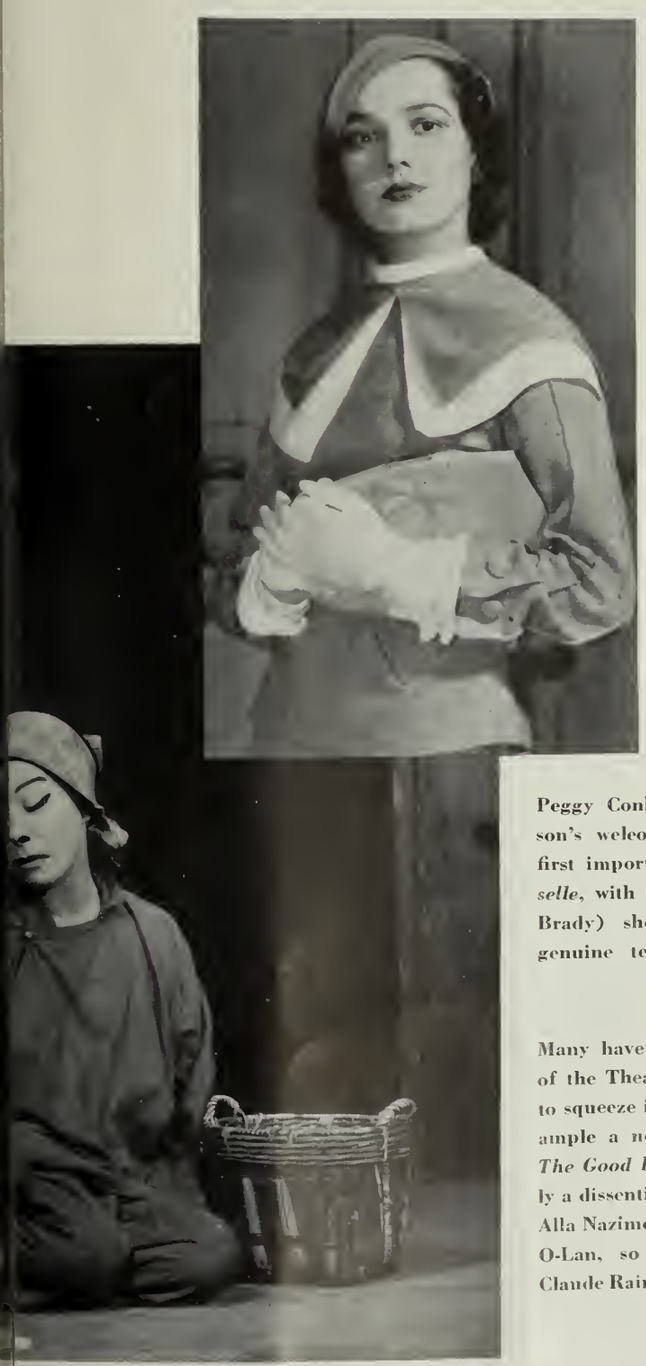
Pauline Lord, after two dramatic parts last season, is doing fine character work in a delightful comedy part—that of Abby, the servant girl, in *The Late Christopher Bean*

Broadway Up to Date

The Guild's fine work in Pearl Buck's "The Good Earth"—Alice Brady and Grace George ring the bell in a French comedy—musical comedy, revues, dramas and glittering trifles piece out the charivari of the passing show

BY BENJAMIN DeCASSERES

EVERY play has a forebear. The mother of *Dinner at Eight,* by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber, is plainly *Grand Hotel.* And, like *Grand Hotel,* it is immensely entertaining, amusing and vivid. It is also more nearly human and not so far away from us as the Vicki Baum play. The staging and production by George S. Kaufman are absolutely flawless. The acting down to the most trivial parts and bits has received the most detailed attention. Here is conscientious stage work—with appropriate settings by Livingston Platt—that has gathered up every loose end.



Peggy Conklin is one of the season's welcome newcomers. In her first important part (in *Mademoiselle,* with Grace George and Alice Brady) she reveals spirit and a genuine technical resourcefulness

Many have questioned the wisdom of the Theatre Guild in attempting to squeeze into stage proportions so ample a novel as Pearl S. Buck's *The Good Earth.* But there is hardly a dissenting voice in the praise of Alla Nazimova's intense and moving O-Lan, so capably supported by Claude Rains as her peasant husband

The quick-flying notes of the play are humorous, socially satiric and tragic. As a matter of fact, five separate embryonic plays are enacted before us in the space of the day preceding Mrs. Jordon's dinner at eight for ten persons. They are sharp peeps into the lives of all these persons who have been invited and the characters fairly jump at you in their clear-cut vividness. There is even a knifing in the kitchen.

The high spot to me is the fine acting of Conway Tearle. He is a famous alcoholic screen actor living in an hotel in the fifties. He is broke. And we see the frightful mess of a career that is all washed up until he turns on the gas in his room. He will not be at Mrs. Jordon's dinner. It is a poignant portrayal—one of Fame's ghastly jokes.

When the dinner finally comes off there is an anticlimax in which Mrs. Jordan's daughter, secretly in love with the movie star lying dead in his hotel room, moves around the stage uneasily wondering what has become of him. I liked this ending—it is unconventional. Nobody kissed anybody else. It is a sardonic finis.

This is not a great play. But it is bitter, grippingly real, and caused more spontaneous laughter than any play I have seen so far this season. *Dinner at Eight* is the Hound of Tragedy muzzled with Laughter.

ABBEY PLAYERS FROM IRELAND

A memorable performance of the Abbey Players—who bring to us *theatre* in its classical and spiritual meanings—is Paul Vincent Carroll's *Things That Are Caesar's.* The model for this brutal-comical play of domestic strife is Strindberg's *The Father.* But it is *The Father* humanized, reduced to a slower tempo, and, being laid in a Dunkirk public-house, a bit gayly drink-mandlin. But it is great drama, tearing, moving drama, gashed with keen satire and a direct, slashing dialogue. It is a psychological picture of Ireland today.

But it is (*Continued on page 57*)



S. Hurok, Impresario

A back stage view of Signor Podrecca's company of eight hundred marionette performers who will begin their American tour in New York just before Christmas. We are told that their costumes number one thousand. The ballet in the foreground and the leading lady who is waiting for her cue in the wings come to us fresh from triumphs in Paris and Rome

TEATRO DEI PICCOLI

The "Theatre of the Little" makes its American début for Christmas







The tender lover in the sequence above is Don Juan, who re-enacts his romantic story for us, as Fate and the skilful hands of Signor Podrecca's staff operate the strings

Ballets, parodies, comic opera, vaudeville, fantasy, even the circus, are within the scope of these accomplished marionettes. Below, ladies and gentlemen, is a company of Chinese acrobats



Lost: One Santa Claus

(Continued from page 19)

and lots of wassail within, and we'd wonder whether maybe Tony wasn't a new incarnation of the merry old fellow himself. But then wandering along and into Jack and Charlie's and from there over to Paul and Virginia's, we'd be struck in each place by the same bright glint, the same wreaths, the same atmosphere of fine old commercial jollity, and somehow it didn't quite ring true. It was then we decided they were all only substitutes for the orthodox Santa Claus and that the real article must have been frightened away and might even now be lying up under a log somewhere, enjoying a little holiday and waiting until the time was good and ripe for a triumphant return.

Anyway, that's as good a solution as we can dope out for the present state of affairs in which grim butlers hang skinny little Christmas wreaths in dejected windows and loop a few yards of wan electric light bulbs on lonely little Christmas trees, while the kiddies home from college shout informal good-byes at mama and rush pell-mell out to a succession of parties, leaving the hearthside alone with its andirons.

But not to be too pessimistic, we must admit having observed a few indications here and there that the new era is far from satisfactory and that the young ones are beginning to tire of it and turn conservative. It already looks as though people will one of these days revert to stockings, with oranges and candy canes leering out of the tops, and then no doubt the children will cease reproaching parents for giving them bicycles and toboggans instead of Scotch and evening clothes. On that happy day the boys and girls will once again start furtively slipping out of bed at dawn in their eagerness to get at the packages under the tree, the way they used to before revelry with a cover charge infected the youth of our nation with a passion for sleeping till noon. There may not be many who subscribe to the old order *this* year, and it's only conjecture, of course, but it looks to us as though the younger generation which adopted and encouraged the current Christmas racket were getting their fill of it, for themselves and for their parents too. For children are pretty intolerant souls in the long run and when they see papa and mama having fun and smacking their lips over night life and two-fisted drinking they begin to think there's a lack of dignity in the existing order or disorder of things and are all in favor of a change. We've watched the accusing baleful eyes of the arrogant young as they questioned mama concerning her stealthy early morning return from a night club jamboree and we can't help feeling that one of these fine days there may be a rediscovery of the home and a complete revival of the old naïve Christmases we used to know, unless Santa Claus has become embittered during his personal depression and isn't sufficiently forgiving to feed the hands that have been smiting him.

Wassail in Two-Four Time

(Continued from page 16)

Mrs. Biddle. Madame again very politely regretted, but the shop was indeed closed—and what was more—it was closed for the summer. Mrs. Biddle explained that she was going back to America, and if nothing else, couldn't she know the price so that she might write for the table after the summer season was over and the shop had reopened.

Up rose Madame in her wrath. "*Madame ne comprends pas. Dans ce moment, je me repose.*" On this detached philosophic note the incident was closed. But two months later Mrs. Biddle did write and buy the table. The anecdote is variously interpreted to prove that the French are a highly civilized race with a very sound respect for leisure. Or more cynically, that they're shrewd exponents of the low pressure school of salesmanship. In any event, the table is now having a brilliant career as the center of many a large group at Mrs. Biddle's Christmas parties.

These Christmas parties are typical of her justly famous technique of entertaining. Just the right mellow feeling of informality, against a background of ceremony and tradition. Guests come and go casually, all day long—are made welcome, and left to their own devices. No organized amusements in Tiller Girl formation. Little groups break up naturally and spontaneously. One around the punch bowl, one around a backgammon table, one chatting before the fire. And, largest of all, the group around the piano.

Here you are most apt to find the hostess, playing and singing. The latest Gershwin, new Noel Coward songs, little French chansons. Old English carols. . . . Sometimes the guests join in. Sometimes Mrs. Biddle sings alone—delightfully. No programme weighs the performance down. It has all the fresh charm of the impromptu.

The net result of all this is, as you would suspect, a most amusing party. Probably because it's such a delightful mixture of the old and the new in Christmas traditions. Old English carols and old-fashioned egg-nogs on one hand—Bermuda lilies and the latest musical hit on the other. It's refreshing, stimulating, sophisticated. . . . In fact, it's a little like peeping behind Santa Claus' white whiskers, and finding, (of all people), Mr. Noel Coward.

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY DANA B. MERRILL

PACKAGING CHRISTMAS

Above—Five papers that say it with silver and gold and vivid colors. Dennison's. The burden of the silver and green basket is to be eaten and read. Almost any invalid will take a turn for the better when confronted with a tray like this one, bedecked in cherries. And just to be fair to the healthy, the round tray, covered with silver paper, holds cocktail relishes and red boxes. Alice Marks. The striking black paper with silver holly leads off a group of lovely papers at Elizabeth H. Pusey's. The romantic figure subjects of the Macy paper beside it are black and silver too



Tying tissues repeat Yuletide motifs. Japan Paper Co. Very red satin is used with gold ribbon at Elizabeth H. Pusey's. Vivid cards are designed by the National Alliance of Art and Industry; engraved ones with cut out monograms for more elegant cheer are from Black Starr Frost-Gorham. Red candy boxes tied with silver gauze, and an oval box chastely bound round with a white band are found at Alice H. Marks. The labels and Chinese seals are from Dennison's. Cellophane and red ribbon suggest the abundantly plummy plum pudding underneath them. Plumbridge

This red hamper is decked out so lavishly that you would hardly guess how many cakes and candies and other delicacies are tucked away in it. Dean's. Small gifts in a white stocking, Elizabeth H. Pusey. A modern Jack Horner gets his thumb into a red cellophane-covered pie at B. Schackan's. Papers, the Japan Paper Co.



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Common or Garden Talk

Observations of an Amateur Gardener

BY GAY YOUNG

EVEN in the dead of winter, when you could reasonably expect that a temporary coolness might have tempered the most chronic gardener's enthusiasm for making the soil bring forth, you will find them up and down the land building the most remarkable gardens of all; rank exotic bloomful spots with nary a thrips or mole or aphid; gardens built entirely of the brilliant deceits of nursery catalog inks.

To aid and abet this harmless pursuit of easy-chair gardening, there have been some praiseworthy things done this year by the publishers of garden books. I say it timidly, lest I be caught up in the statement, but to my way of thinking some of them actually rival the new 1933 catalog of that favorite seedsman of yours —which is really going the limit in praise!

"FLOWERS and Folk Lore from Far Korea" is the most impressive volume; it is printed in Japan, and bound in black leather and gold. More than a hundred Oriental plants are described, and opposite each plate are legends and sage adages. There is, for example, the tale of the Jewelweed miraculously springing up on the grave of a maiden's lover, and of her starting the fashion for tinted nails by rubbing her fingers with its deep red petals. And there are such practical admonitions as, "Don't be high-minded, but humble, and, like the Persimmon, yours will be a beautiful life."

Many of the brilliantly colored flowers shown are total or semi-strangers, but others look familiarly like our own flower crops.

"DOWN the Garden Path" is a new book that all the garden clubs are talking about. It is written by the English novelist, Beverly Nichols. That remarkable gentleman goes right out in the snow and sleet and gathers the most astounding collection of flowers from his own garden: Christmas roses with stalks a foot high, *Daphne mezereum*, and *iris stylosa*, and *Saxifraga ciliata*, which, when it is on its good behavior will bloom on New Year's day.

And he actually goes into detail as to what magic you can employ to persuade flowers up through snow, and get them to blooming cosily under a glazing of ice. Mr. Nichols tells how he got his own garden trained to give him liberal bouquets of half a dozen different varieties of flowers, any day from December to late February. His publisher is Doubleday, Doran.

IF you have fingered lovingly the pages of old horticultural books, with funny drawings exposing the "mystery of husbandry," or showing the geometric intricacies of the vegetable gardens of some old British king, then you will be delighted to know that a good many of the choicest of these old prints have been reproduced in "Prints and Plants of Old Gardens," published by Garrett & Massie. The collector of these old prints, Kate Doggett Boggs, has included romantic gardens from fifteenth century illuminated manuscripts (with a little mild romancing going on right in the picture), grottoes, orchards with quaintly re-



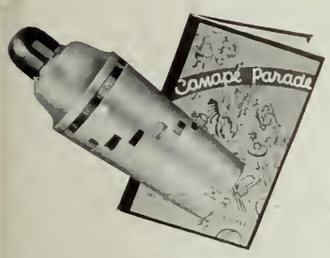
The first picture shows three sprays of *odontoglossum* orchids exhibited at the fall show of the New York Horticultural Society. The top spray is *odontoglossum Lucretia*, the second *o. Toredor*, and the third *o. crispum*. They are white, flecked with the red-brown characteristic of this orchid

Above are two sprays of orchid *oncidium varicosum*, brilliant yellow touched with a reddish brown. The delicate blossoms rest so lightly on their sprays that they hardly seem attached. These and the *odontoglossums* above were included in the orchid exhibits of Thomas Young, Orchidwood, and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Jewell

One of the sensations of the Horticultural Society's fall show, and a gold medal winner, was this large *cattleya* orchid, an American hybrid raised by George E. Baldwin, of Mamaroneck, New York. The petals and sepals are fleshy rich gold, and the Labellum is a very mellow rose tone

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Broadway Up to Date

(Continued from page 51)

Synge's great play, *The Playboy of the Western World*, that is not only the most popular but is the greatest play in the Abbey repertoire. I was present twenty years ago at its first performance in America when heads were clubbed and Irishmen were dragged out of the Maxine Elliott Theatre—all over a speech that today seems perfectly harmless. In fact, all these Abbey players work so perfectly together, with such *esprit* and spontaneous wizardry that I cannot conceive them otherwise than as stage-players.

The greatest of modern Ireland is represented in these plays—Yeats, Lady Gregory, Lennox Robinson (in the finely nuanced satire, *The White-Headed Boy*) and Sean O'Casey.

These are all great actors in great Irish plays. They are the soul of the Ould Sod; the tragic laughter of the most paradoxical and curious people in the world—the Irish.

THE GOOD EARTH

Since *The Green Pastures* I have not seen a play whose sheer human beauty and dramatic power have affected me as did the dramatization by Owen and Donald Davis of Pearl Buck's *The Good Earth*. It's a great triumph for the Theatre Guild.

To translate this famous book in terms of the stage would have been a hard task for any one. But the Davises have done a good job. Philip Moeller has done a masterly piece of directing. Lee Simonson has endowed the scenes with an Oriental beauty.

Alla Nazimova, as O-Lan, is the mother, the dense earth, the dumb-driven wife, the incarnation of suffering that has no voice. She moves from her first appearance as the slave in the House of Hwang to her death before her husband and his concubine like an apparition of Dumb Agony in all ages. If nothing else in this moving play were not memorable the acting of Nazimova would be worth the whole production.

It is Pearl Buck, the Davises and Nazimova who are the headliners in this great play.

MADEMOISELLE

Hardly believable! Was this woman who played the light-hearted, scatter-brained, harum-scarum Madame Galvosier in Jacques Deval's *Mademoiselle* the same Alice Brady who played the bitter, frozen-faced, inbitten, murderous Lavinia Mannon in *Mourning Becomes Electra?* This wonderful transition of portraiture stamps Alice Brady as a woman with a veritable genius. And she was also as beautiful in the French comedy as she was forbidding in the O'Neill tragedy.

This Parisian play is a novel and deftly woven story of a near tragedy in a young girl's life vividly silhouetted on a background of noisy gayety and brainless, but often amusing, chatter. Two plays are going on at the same time in the Galvosier household. They fit seamlessly. The first two acts are flawless. Grace George's Mademoiselle is memorable. The play sparkles and glows and is easily the best comedy of the season.

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alistic fish ponds in the very centers, and many old designs of French and English gardens.

That you might actually be tempted to raise some of these ancient trees and herbs in your own garden has been taken into consideration by the author. She includes a list of plants from garden books and herbals of the seventeenth and eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, and describes in considerable detail the conditions under which each may be grown.

FOR a very special departure in easy-chair gardening, Mrs. Louise Beebe Wilder's "The Fragrant Path" is published by Macmillan. When you have nosed your way through its 400 pages you will know that the Prince of Austria cottage tulip is the smelliest of these early varieties; what peonies and irises can be depended upon to exude fragrance; what odorous plants do their best work at night. To Mrs. Wilder's way of smelling, the Sweet Rocket or *hesperis* is the most delightfully fragrant of all night-scented plants.

There is an amusing classification of garden outcasts in the matter of scent. One would never dream that plants could get themselves up to be offensive in so many different ways. Just to illustrate, there is a kind of mimosa that smells like goats; "hound's tongue," that suggests mice; a tender shrub, *Escallonia illinita*, which smells like a clean pigsty; flowers whose odors remind one of old cheese, and roast beef, and vinegar, and onions, stale beer, and raspberries. Then there is the versatile *Orchis mascula*, which smells like vanilla when it first blooms, but like cats when it fades.

PEOPLE who take their Alpines seriously will perk up at the mention of an account of the curious doings of a Scotch gardener in the French court at the end of the eighteenth century, as related in the "Diary of a Scotch Gardener," published by Dutton's. The author, Thomas Balaikie, went to Switzerland "April the 13th, 1775" to find and classify Alpine plants, but the French court snapped him up for "*architect de jardin*" to build them an English garden, for which there was a craze in Paris just then. He stayed, and this volume is an account of his historical and agricultural adventures.





Top: Part of a tree chrysanthemum grown by Mrs. Harold I. Pratt, of Glen Cove, L. I., with hundreds of perfect white blooms in formal arrangement. From the New York Horticultural Show

Prizewinning Melba chrysanthemums from the Marshall Field garden. They are orange shading to yellow. Vase from the American Colony Shops

Left: Samuel A. Salvage's Louisa Pockett chrysanthemums. The one in the center, the largest bloom in the show, measured over a foot across



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State of N. Y. } ss
County of N. Y. }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Eltinge F. Warner, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the President of Arts & Decoration, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations to wit:

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Poverty Row

(Continued from page 26)

those Franklin stoves." I assured him that to own a Franklin stove was practically my loftiest ambition and we emerged into more breathable air again.

But it was not all as simple as it sounded. Almost everything we wanted to do seemed to conflict with some law. And when the plans were finally passed, we found that what with the new heating plant, it was not going to be an inexpensive operation. This meant that the rents would have to be higher. We could get other apartments for the new price.

"But they haven't got that view, and a cobble-stone street in front—"

"Nor as many clothes hanging out in back—", someone interjected sourly.

On October first some of us moved in. Anne Tiffany with wisdom born of experience saved the peace of mind, if not the lives, of three of the tenants by producing furniture and accessories from her own shop which made an enormous difference in the appearance of our flats. Mrs. Tiffany had seen the buildings during their most volcanic phase and had become so enthusiastic that she rented an apartment on the ground floor which she calls her "custard cup," because of its size and color scheme.

My own apartment, on that first day, didn't jell. There is a point, I imagine, in the creation of anything, be it an omelette or a living room, when it all looks a bit hopeless. I had planned a white room with accents of navy blue, but the monks' cloth curtains (chosen for economy) looked wrong with the white walls, and the white carpet—prematurely laid, had broken out in a rash of black and gray spots due to the moving-men's feet. Later, painted blue valances put the curtains right and a good dose of cleaning fluid applied with a scrubbing brush restored the carpet's virginal air.

I fell into bed after the weary business of moving and slept dreamlessly. At seven, however, I was awakened by a blood-curdling howl in the yard outside. Rushing to the window I saw a sad-looking man staring at his feet. After a short period of quiet, he threw back his head and emitted another hideous howl; then shambled through a hole in the fence into the next back yard and repeated the performance. Later I learned that he sold clothes lines, and that was his method of breaking down one's sales resistance.

Prince Obolensky wanted a modern apartment in brown, burnt orange and yellow. Curtains of linen, one brown and one yellow, a linen covered modern sofa, a long horizontal mirror, shining little modern tables made a comfortable man's apartment. And his living room, although identical in size and shape with the others, resembled neither Mrs. Wyckoff's, which was built around her family mahogany, Mrs. Tiffany's custard cup, nor my own blue and white one.

But if my friend the Clothes Line Man does not add to the joys of Poverty Row, and if I sometimes find it a little informal to have a dumb waiter in my bedroom, still I can sit at my desk in the living room watching the river traffic and see a piece of the sunset through the trees in the park, and I do not believe I could be persuaded to change apartments with anyone in New York.

Holey-bogey is My Game

(Continued from page 40)

from the start, and it doesn't get dull like parcheesi. You can win or lose just as much money as at bridge and be a lot gayer about it. People always look so grim at the bridge table; perhaps it is because they are thinking. I don't know. But don't get the idea that holey-bogey doesn't involve skill. It does. I know several experts who can shoot those little chromium balls into the 130 three times out of five. But you don't *have* to be skillful. And what's more important, you don't have to concentrate.

Holey-bogey is played on a polished board about three feet long and round at one end. All around the edge of the board is a narrow run to keep balls in. On the right side, there's a groove. With a wooden wand you push the balls along this groove and out into the field of the board. Here the balls come in contact with resilient brass pins from which they rebound into a score cup or back to the foot of the board. If you are very skillful you know just how much force to put into the wand stroke so that the ball will be sure to roll into a high number cup.

Like bagatelle, holey-bogey was played in medieval times both in England and on the Continent. Then for a long time, it was forgotten. I often wonder why in our age of invention, no one has been able to think of a single really good new game. Well, anyway, about two years ago some enterprising Finn rediscovered and modernized holey-bogey. Winter evenings in Finland are said to be longer and duller than in other parts of the world. So if holey-bogey could keep the Finns amused, you can see that it must be a pretty good game. They played with such enthusiasm that the English across the North Sea soon got the idea too. From England holey-bogey traveled in state to America via the lounge of the *Aquitania*. When I first came upon the game and welcomed it, there were only a few boards in New York. At the present time, I believe holey-bogey is as popular as backgammon and still gaining. People play sitting on the floor, standing at bars, or sitting at tables, alone, in pairs, in threes, fours, and even sixes. It's a cheery game, and a game that can boast of never having broken up a single home. This is an important point and meant to be taken seriously.

In Bermuda

(Continued from page 45)

ing in a row boat!) Yet, with all this activity, the effect is one of tranquillity; the gentle hills on the south, covered with cedars, dark between the pure blue of the sky and the sea, the little houses dazzlingly white, rose pink, soft yellow. The tempo of life changes, in this island; the speed is literally one horse power, not thirty or forty; the street sounds are different, no longer the thundering of trucks, the noise of automobile horns, but the clip-clop of horses' hoofs, and the ring of a bicycle bell. You *can't* hurry—and you don't want to any more.

Travellers there become aware of a new capacity for sleep. Those proud people who aver that they never sleep in the daytime are conquered. They fill up their day with engagements, eighteen holes of golf in the morning, then a swim, then lunch; after lunch a drive or a bicycle trip to some new place for tea. And they don't appear at tea, or come very late, and apologetic. "I simply lay down for a moment after lunch. . . . I never sleep in the day, but . . ."

There are days in the winter which are bracing, even sharp; to drive, to watch a tennis tournament you will want a warm coat. But the sun is hot on the beaches, the water never really cold. There are high winds sometimes, sudden and violent showers, but it is on the whole a climate of wonderful equability. And this has left its impress on the inhabitants. The Bermudians are quiet, decorous, formal, because they have never been disturbed. They have had no riots and invasions, none of the bloody and stirring history of the West Indies; they have no famines, earthquakes, volcanic eruptions; there isn't even a snake in their paradise. Both Nature and man have been kind to them. The tourists arrive in hundreds, thousands, and the island welcomes them, provides them with all they desire. But for the Bermudian, Bermuda is above all things his home; he holds sturdily to his own customs, and the essential quality of the place can best be expressed in the British sense of the word "homely".

A little after five, the homeward flight begins. The springless carts they call "trolleys" go rattling back to their stables, the town becomes deserted; the windows of the little white houses shed a warm light into the walled gardens. The bicycle lights are like fireflies in the dusk, flitting along the roads lined with oleanders, cedars, the shrub called "match-me-if-you-can", because no two leaves are alike.

Later you will see men in dinner jackets, women in evening dress in carriages, on bicycles, on foot, carrying electric torches. The hotel orchestras strike up, the busy ferries carry the pleasure-seekers now. Perhaps the regimental band from the garrison at Prospect is going across to play at a hotel on the other side of the harbour, stalwart North of England boys, looking amazingly young. A sailboat slips past in the moonlight, past the wooded islands; the people on board are singing. A double-decked ferry, brilliantly-lit, sets out; the coloured people are making a moonlight excursion.

The drinks to be got need no explaining. There is simply everything, Scotch and Canadian whiskey, English and German beer, Bacardi from Cuba, Holland gin. The local specialty is Bermuda milk punch, a potent and quite clear liquid, though it is genuinely made with milk. You can have a West Indian swizzle, or a Manhattan cocktail, or you can order a "mineral", which is a generic name for "soft drinks".

We had eight Christmases in Bermuda. It was somehow surprising to look from the windows of rooms which might have existed in New York or Brooklyn in the 90's, and see palms, pawpaws, banana trees in the garden. Just as it was always novel to go out in the evening, in a long frock, and get into a victoria, and, in ten minutes, be in a hotel where an orchestra was playing jazz.

Christmas there is a quiet day; it is not until Boxing Day that the Mucka-jumbies come. There is the sound of a drum, and a fife or whistle, queer, tuneless music that is pure rhythm, and here they come, almost invariably West Indian Negroes, dressed, for some reason of their own, in a strange variation of the American Indian costume, in high, feathered headdresses and costumes on which are sewn numberless little mirrors. Curious enough that they should dress as Indians, but to complete the delightful unreason, they often have with them a Maypole with coloured ribbons, around which they dance, weaving in and out, stamping, leaping grotesquely, to that tuneless rhythm.

The races at Shelly Bay take place on Boxing Day, and everyone goes, the tourists in victorias and surreys, the inhabitants in buggies, traps, in "trolleys", in delivery carts, and, of course, on bicycles. "Indians" go, too; it is a local institution.

Eight Christmases there. . . . On Christmas Eve, a tall cedar tree, glistening with tinsel and coloured balls in the Victorian drawing-room. And, toward midnight, there is the sound of singing in the distance.

"When shepherds watch their flocks by night . . ."

It is the waits, the band playing, the soft Negro voices coming nearer and nearer. The earth's first Christmas must have been a night like this, calm, clear and mild, the stars so near and so brilliant. . . . Such a quiet night. . . . So serene and gentle a little world; an oasis, where it doesn't much matter if the house door is left unlocked. . . . The cedar tree in the drawing-room is sprinkled with artificial snow, but from outside comes a faint fragrance of flowers. The lights are out; dancing stopped at midnight. . . .

"Silent night, holy night," the waits are singing, dim shadows in the road outside the house. . . .

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Dinner for Two—with Variations

(Continued from page 39)

dance music. You're aware that there's music there, somewhere in the background—but it doesn't blare in your ear, and split deafeningly through your best "bon mot." If you're the super-thyroid type that just can't sit quietly through a dinner, you can dance to it. If not, you actually can chat to it. *Viva—diminuendo!*

As to the food—just listen to the specialties of the house. Caviar au blins, green turtle soup, cream of sorrel, breast of chicken Bojoisky, breast of guinea hen sauterne, entrecote bordelaise, grouse, woodcock, and so on. What is America coming to? We'll all be a pack of querulous old gourmets practically any day now if we go on like this—quarreling with waiters because there's a drop too much something or other in the sauce. Obviously, the good old pioneer ham and eggs point of view about food is passing away.

If you're feeling exclusive, you can gather your little clan about you and have a private party in one of the two smaller rooms. One is really for stag parties—very masculine, and English, and sporting. Hunting prints, race track scenes, and so on. A great place for the boys to get together after a hard day at the stock ticker and turn into country squires and sporting gentlemen just for the night. If, on the other hand, the party includes some feminine beauty and wit, the other room is in order. Gainsborough over the mantelpiece, rose walls, Elizabethan chairs, silver candlesticks, Haviland China. Very charming, in a formal way.

But don't think that there's nothing to be done but eating and drinking and making merry. There are tennis courts, a golf course, and swimming pools (lighted up at night, incidentally, just to put ideas into the heads of gay young blades toward the end of warm evenings). We're also told that on a clear day you can see the Chrysler building and the Empire State building from the 18th hole of the golf course—as if *that* would endear the place to us.

Stables too—where you can keep your favorite saddle horse and polo pony, just in case, depression or no depression, housing polo ponies is one of your immediate problems. One hundred miles of bridle paths, membership in the Private Lanes Association, hunt breakfasts—all that sort of thing to keep the "horsey" set pink cheeked and busy.

Nor are things at a standstill. No indeed—great plans are still in the wind. Not satisfied with all these facilities, they're planning to make a skating rink, build a toboggan slide, and arrange skiing and winter sports facilities. Just mention airplanes, and they'd probably build an airport quick as a wink. . . .

And may we add, in our best bluebird of happiness manner, that not only this particular country club—but country clubs in general seem to be taking a new lease on life. All up and down the suburbs, they're taking off the slip covers, shaking out the camphor balls, and removing mortgages in great style. It's with the greatest of pleasure that we report this—the first indication of a returning prosperity. That almost defunct rural institution wasn't dead after all—just playing 'possum. Here it is, back on duty again, just as good as new. In fact (lifting one eyebrow knowingly) just a little bit better.

In the Spirit of Medici

(Continued from page 12)

they somehow relay it to the old Spanish reds of the divan, the antique tones of Spanish primitives on the walls, and of the 16th Century Flemish tapestry of the Stations of the Cross. At the same moment you realize how thoroughly a room for music it must be. Not merely because of its mood, but technically and acoustically, because of its wooden walls and the balcony at one end. The balcony is usually the dining room, but on occasion it has served most effectually as a minstrel gallery.

But going back to color. In the dining room the focal point we were talking of, is a row of clear vermilion Venetian glass goblets and two tall vermilion bottles on the buffet table in front of the window. How the light shines through this red, and through a few smaller old English blue ones, if it isn't magic, it is perilously near it. And then you notice the ceiling. Between the beams are painted panoramic Mediaeval hunting scenes. They are some of Mrs. Thomas's own work, and were inspired by the illuminations in a rare and ancient treatise on hunting by Gaston Phoebus, Conte de Foix.

Her real studio is located a few doors away. But sometimes she sets up an easel in her own room. Part of her bedroom has been raised a few feet, to form a sort of dais, and the windows across one side of the room face the north. One entire wall, the one not taken up by windows and the beautifully carved Renaissance bed and chest, is filled with bookshelves. And there are books practically everywhere else—on the footboard of the bed with the bust of her small daughter, on tables, and on the desk beneath half a dozen bowls of dahlias which happened at the moment to be sitting for their portrait. The dahlias alone seemed thoroughly modern, and totally unaffected by reincarnation and Renaissance atmosphere.



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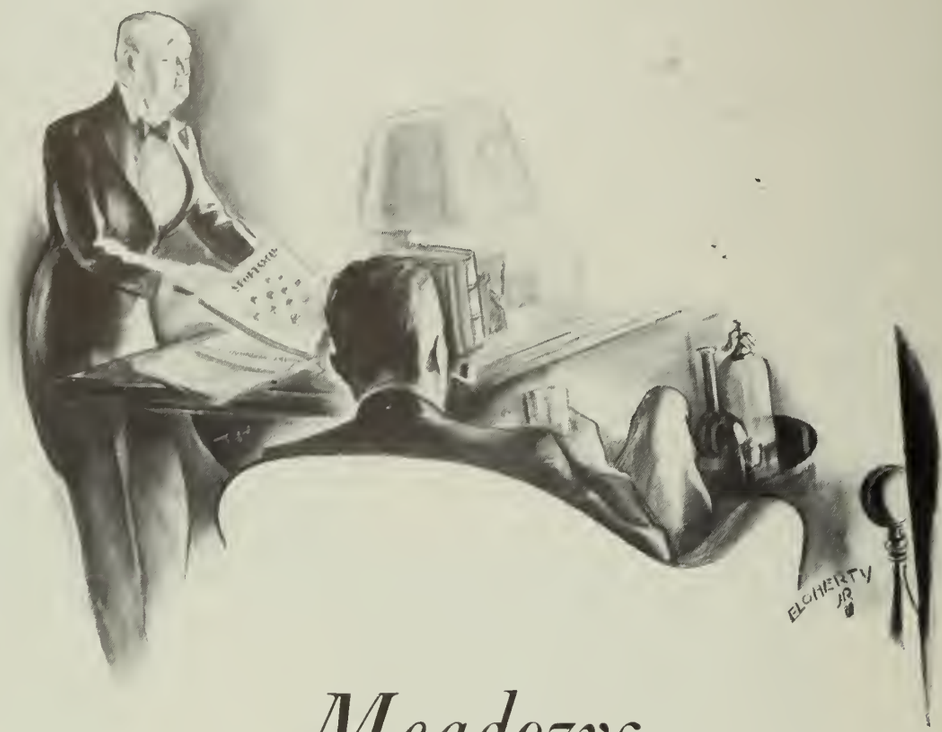
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THE

SPORTSMAN

RICHARD E. DANIELSON, *Editor*

60 Batterymarch Boston, Mass.



ograph courtesy of Nancy McClelland, Inc.

WOULD YOU HAVE THOUGHT TO DO THESE THINGS?

TO gain a crisp, stimulating effect through a strict adherence to a color combination of red, white and gray?

TO heighten the interest of plain walls by suggesting panels with a colorful wallpaper border?

TO use two strips of antique Directoire embroidery—red embroidery on rough linen—as trimming for your draperies?

TO copy the motif from these strips on a painted wooden valance?

TO achieve variety and a pleasant informality by using a mixture of furniture styles and fabrics—of plain and painted woods, of formal Louis XVI chairs and charming Louis XV tables, of satin and velvet and taffeta and plaid silk?

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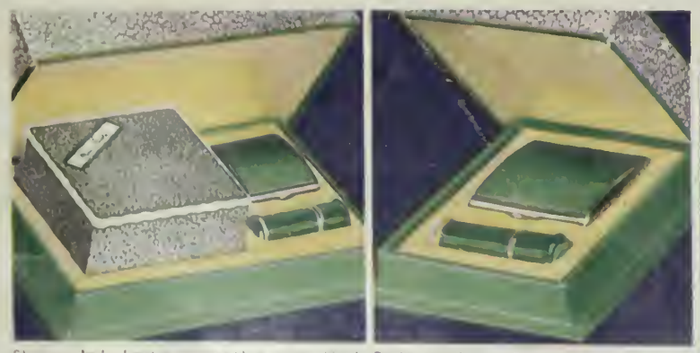




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